

WIN A FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD! see page 32

Radio MIRROR

OCTOBER

10¢
A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION

Another Hilarious
JACK BENNY
"VACATION BROADCAST"
as funny as his program

•

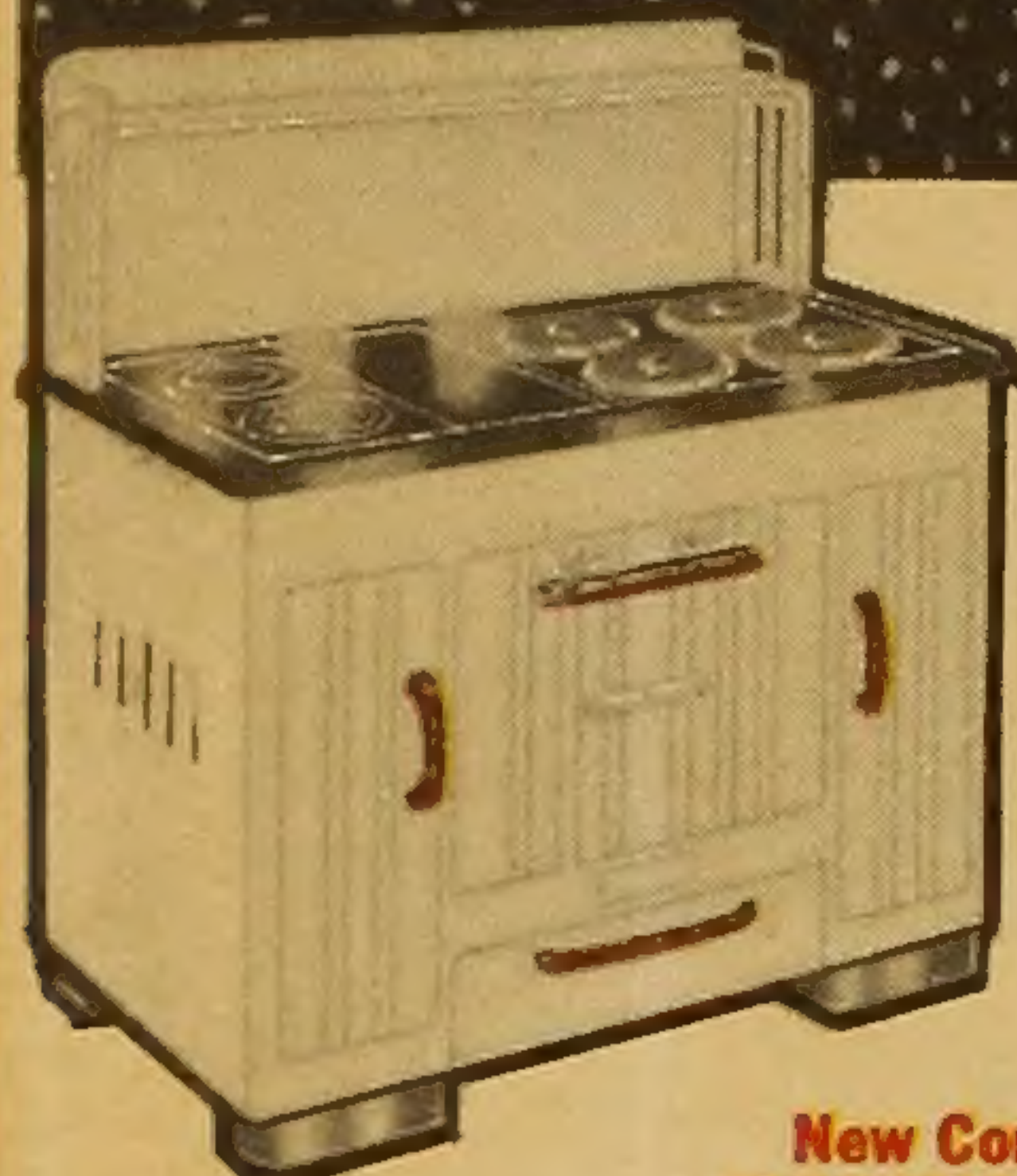
Beginning
HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
ALICE FAYE'S
ROMANTIC LIFE
ON AMECHE AND ALICE FAYE





THEY SAID A STOVE LIKE THIS WOULD COST
A LOT-- BUT IT DIDN'T. I GOT IT AT THE

**FACTORY
PRICE!**



**"—and I paid for
it by the month"**

"Take the advice of one who knows—mail the coupon to-day for the new **FREE Kalamazoo Catalog**. You'll save yourself time and money.

**New Combination
ELECTRIC and COAL
Range**



"I wasted days looking at all makes of stoves. They said that what I wanted would cost a lot. Then... came my Kalamazoo Catalog. In *ten minutes* I found *exactly the stove quality I wanted*—and surprise of surprises—it cost *less than I had expected to pay*.

**Nearly 200 Styles
and Sizes**

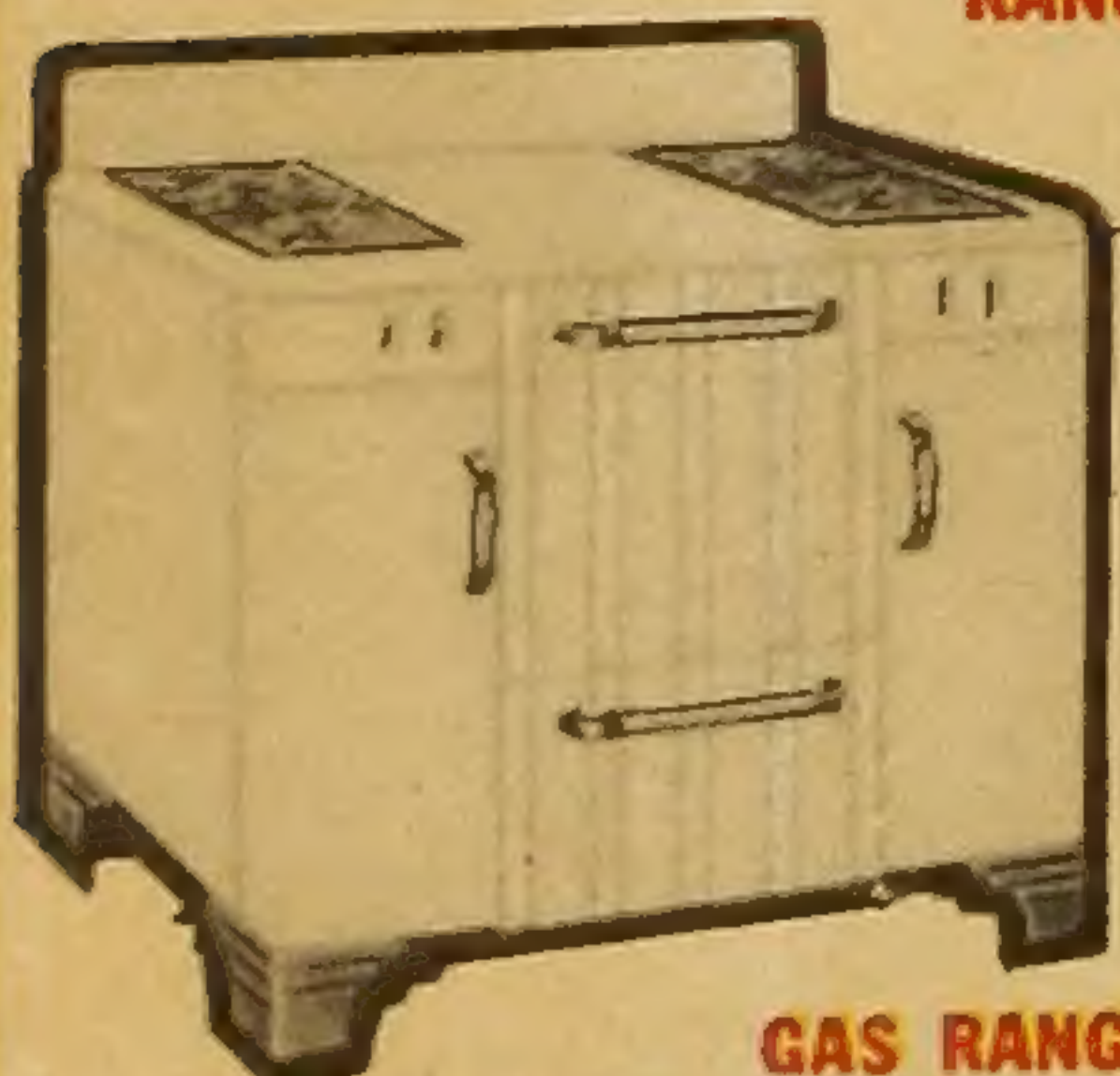
"Mail the Coupon! You'll get a real thrill out of this catalog —(I did). You'll find nearly 200 styles and sizes of Heaters, Ranges and Furnaces—many illustrated in beautiful pastel colors—actually more bargains than in 20 big stores.

As Little as 12c a Day

"You'll be amazed to find how far your pennies stretch. Some stoves cost as little as 12c a day at the **FACTORY PRICE**—and 18 months to pay, if you wish. Terms all of us can afford.

**Stoves Sent on Trial—
1,200,000 Users**

"You'll like the way Kalamazoo does business—friendly, liberal, fair, square—the same 'Factory-to-You' way they have dealt with 1,200,000 satisfied

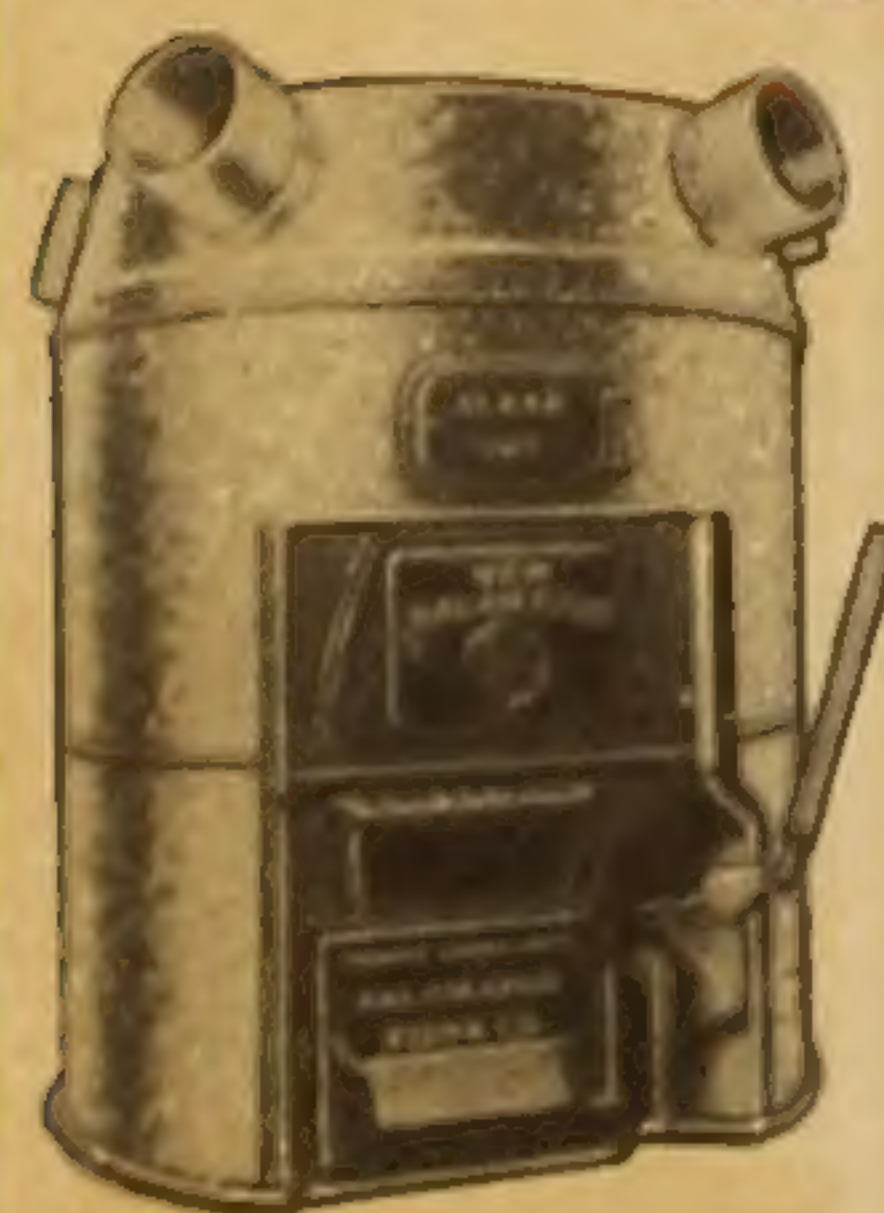


**COMB.
GAS AND COAL
RANGE**

GAS RANGE



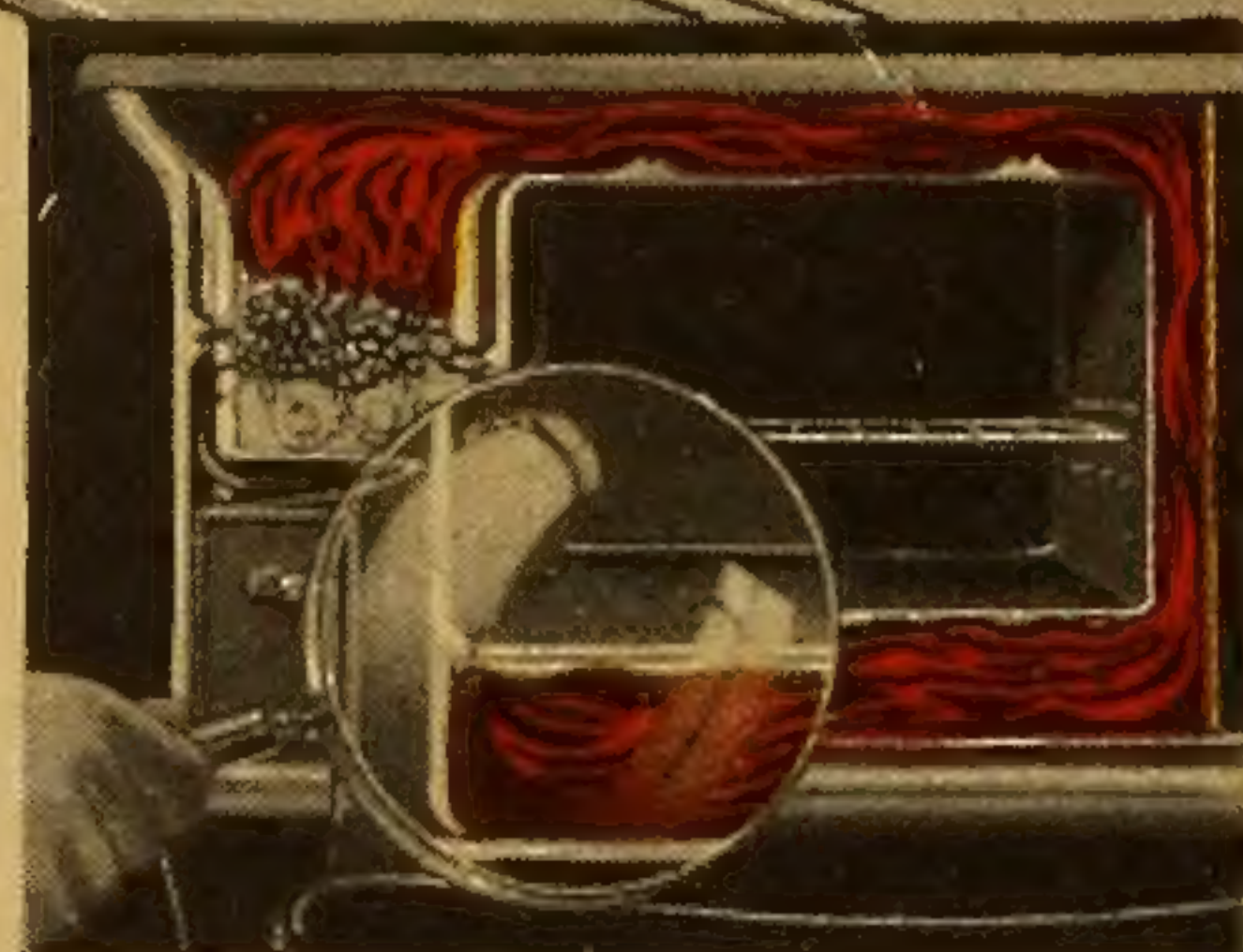
HEATERS



FREE furnace plans



**COAL
and
WOOD
RANGES**



**oven
that floats
in flame**



**Approved by
Good
Housekeeping
Institute**

users for 37 years. Everybody has a good word for Kalamazoo. Kalamazoo ships any product on 30 days trial. You make up your mind in your own home as I did. No urging! Service is fast—24 hour shipments. The Kalamazoo guarantee is—satisfaction or money back—and no red tape.

New Ranges—New Heaters

"In this new Kalamazoo Catalog you'll see new modern stoves of sparkling beauty—Porcelain Enamel Coal and Wood Ranges in white and delicate pastel colors—new Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges—and something altogether new, a *Combination Electric and Coal Range*. Also new Gas Stoves—Oil Stoves—New Coal and Wood Cir-

culating Heaters—Oil Heaters—Garage Heaters—Furnaces (free plans)—all at Kalamazoo **FACTORY PRICES**. You'll see the 'Oven that Floats in Flame'—porcelain enamel oven bottoms—copper-lined reservoirs and dozens of other features. You'll read about Kalamazoo Prize Winners. A whole bookful of interesting facts about cooking and heating.

"My suggestion is:—mail the coupon **AT ONCE** for free Catalog! Don't take my word—see it yourself. See what you save at **FACTORY PRICES**."

KALAMAZOO STOVE & FURNACE CO.
469 Rochester Ave. Kalamazoo, Mich.
Warehouses: Utica, N. Y.; Youngstown, Ohio;
Reading, Penn.; Springfield, Mass.

MAIL COUPON TODAY for FREE CATALOG

CLIP THIS COUPON

Kalamazoo Stove and Furnace Co., Mfrs.,
469 Rochester Avenue, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Please send me your **FREE FACTORY CATALOG**. Check articles in which you are interested

Coal and Wood Ranges ☐
Coal and Wood Heaters ☐
Combination Electric and Coal Range ☐
Combination Gas and Coal Range ☐

Oil Heaters ☐
Oil Ranges ☐
Gas Ranges ☐
Furnaces ☐

Name.....
(Print name plainly)

Address.....

City.....

State.....

**"A Kalamazoo
Trade Mark
Registered
Direct to You"**



INTRODUCING
RADIO MIRROR'S
ROLL OF HONOR

Major Bowes

FROM time to time, the editor of RADIO MIRROR will, if there are worthy candidates, select for inscribing on a roll of honor the names of radio artists whose contribution to the pleasure of listening has made them deserving of special tribute.

To select a name to begin such a roll of honor, the editor's choice is Major Bowes. Major Bowes because, with a new season of radio entertainment under way, with sponsors signing new stars, re-signing old ones for new programs, buying new time, hiring new orchestras, his Thursday night amateur hour, a full sixty minutes of entertainment, swings merrily along ahead of all the rest.

Major Bowes, who started a craze that broke out in a rash from coast to coast, has lived beyond the amateur fad, has outlived the jokes, the stories, and the imitators—until now, when the announcement of an amateur show causes less than a ripple of excitement, he has the most consistently popular hour show in radio. Every week, for fifty-two weeks, he continues to be the master showman.

Major Bowes began with a unique idea that caught the public's fancy with its novelty. He became the most talked about man in the country two years ago. He should have faded out following the pattern of other crazes. But, unlike mah jongg and clock golf, Major Bowes is still a favorite. He has developed his unique idea from a novelty appeal to a permanent program of solid listening values.

Because he has thus proved himself radio's master showman, the name of Major Bowes is the first to be enscribed by the editor on RADIO MIRROR's roll of honor.

To those who may follow, let the trail he blazed be inspiration.

Fred R. Sammis

ERNEST V. HEYN, EXECUTIVE EDITOR

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, Art Editor

FRED R. SAMMIS, EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN, Ass't Editor

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Coming

NEXT MONTH



Fall has a way of getting into our blood, so expect a November issue brimming with exciting features. For instance, the story—one-part hunger, one-part comradeship and one-part rivalry—starring Tyrone Power and Don Ameche. If you're a fan of theirs, you can't miss this. Or even if you aren't, because you are bound to be after reading this.

Added attractions

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*COVER DESIGN—DON AMECHE AND ALICE FAYE

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PROFESSOR QUIZ

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1. What child star is a better actor, according to Fred Allen, than nine out of ten adults in radio?

2. What popular radio songstress is just beginning to reap the rewards of years of patient study of operatic technique?

3. What radio and movie star has converted part of her Connecticut estate into a refuge for wild life?

4. What pianist and orchestra leader once taught the wealthiest girl in the world to play the piano?

5. What radio star possesses the only copies in existence of the first two songs the late George Gershwin wrote?

6. What orchestra leader, recently winning fame as a radio comedian too, now finds himself cast in a comedy part in a forthcoming movie?

7. What orchestra leader holds the record for the greatest number of coast-to-coast broadcasts from a hotel dance floor?

8. Who plays Judge Hugo Straight on Milton Berle's program?

9. What radio co-stars and happily married couple have established a \$500,000 trust fund for their two adopted children?

10. Is Nelson Eddy's hair blond or brunette?

11. Who is Alice Leppert?

12. Name eight radio stars whose names end in ns.

13. What is "red milk" and who doesn't drink it?

14. What comedian is best known as the Broadway Hillbilly?

15. Who is Meyer Kubelsky the father of?

16. What comedian can't see, can't hear, and has a wooden leg?

17. Why is Parkyakarkus like a Boston advertising man?

18. What singer's name is linked with Elissa Landi, and why?

19. Who gets a laugh by saying, "T'ain't funny"?

20. What star announcer has 85 sponsors?

(You'll find the answers on page 77)



Consult a Doctor instead of a Lawyer

The simple "Lysol" method of feminine hygiene has ended many a "misunderstanding"

MANY a neglected wife would get a happier solution of her problem, if she consulted a doctor instead of a lawyer. For very often, a husband's neglect arises from a wife's failure to keep herself immaculately, *intimately* clean.

Are you sure you haven't been guilty of carelessness in your own personal hygiene? You may not be aware of this offense. Yet it may be intolerable to others; particularly to your husband. Better learn about "Lysol".

Too many women fail in this matter of personal daintiness. If the truth were known, "incompatibility" often means ignorance of correct feminine hygienic measures for cleanliness.

Ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. For more than 50 years "Lysol" has been recommended by many doctors, and used by countless women, for antiseptic feminine hygiene. "Lysol" is widely used by the medical and nursing profes-

sions, for exacting antiseptic needs. There are many valuable personal and household uses for "Lysol", and every druggist carries it.

THE 6 SPECIAL FEATURES OF "LYSOL"

1. NON-CAUSTIC... "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions... effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3. PENETRATION... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

4. ECONOMY... "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. ODOR... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6. STABILITY... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK Products Corp., Dept. 10-R.M.
Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

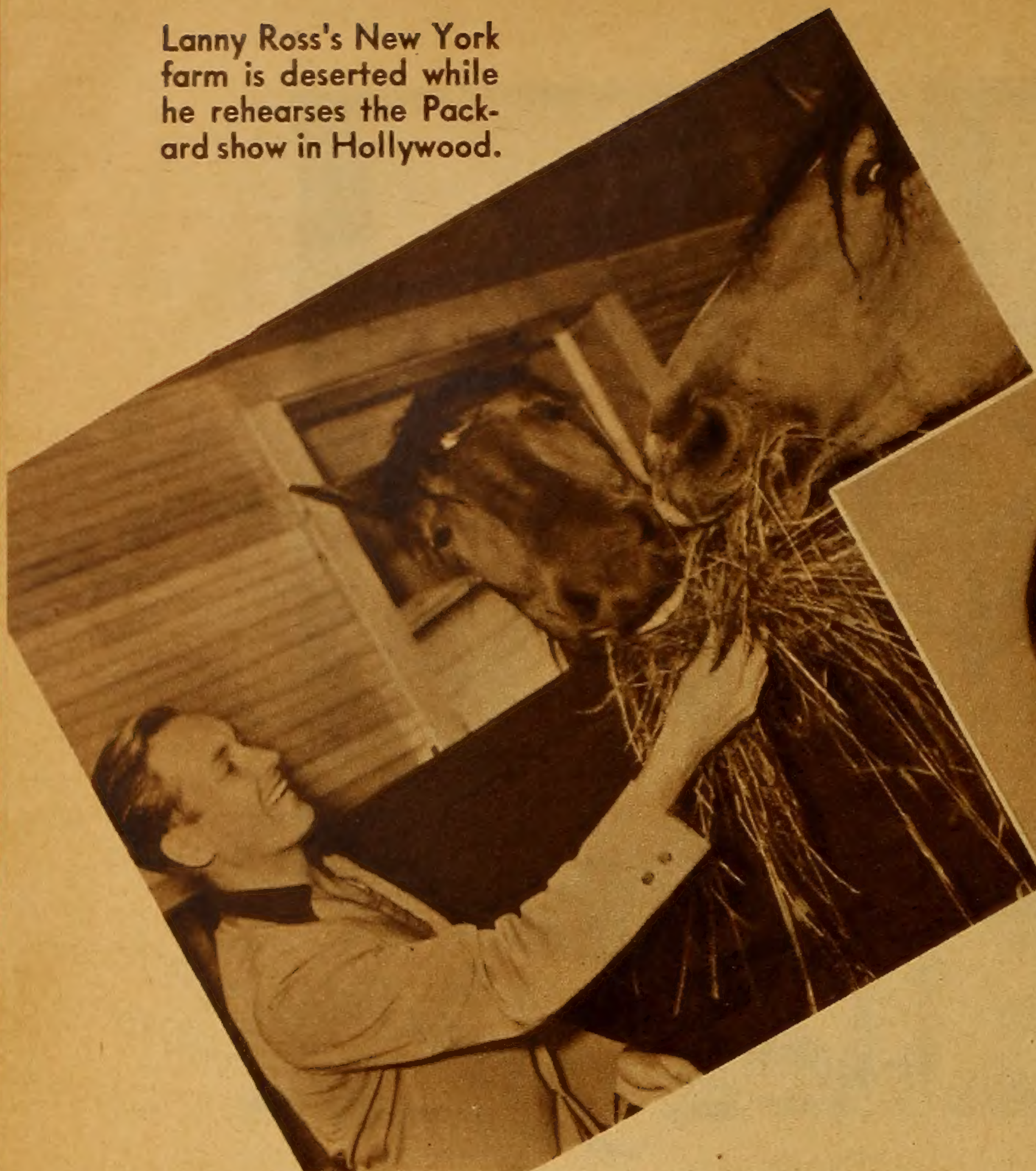
Address _____

Copyright, 1937 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Lanny Ross's New York farm is deserted while he rehearses the Packard show in Hollywood.



The new bride on tour! Below, Martha Raye with Emery Deutsch at New York's Paramount.

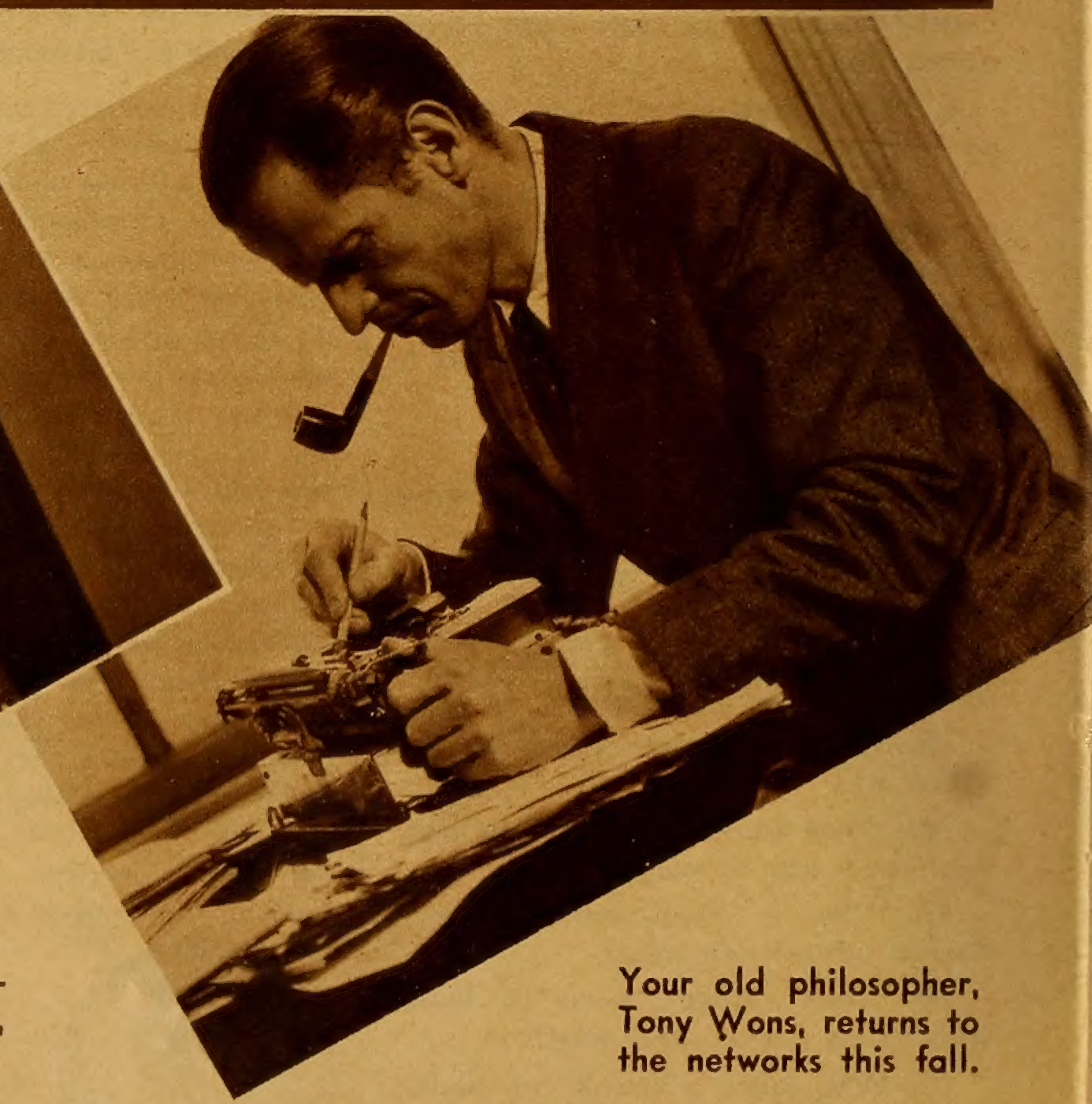


WHAT'S NEW?

By
TONY SEYMOUR



Four generations—
Myrt's mother, Myrt,
Marge and baby Jean.



Your old philosopher,
Tony Wons, returns to
the networks this fall.

**RADIO'S CRACK HEADLINE HUNTER BRINGS YOU ALL
THE VITAL STATISTICS WRAPPED IN BREEZY GOSSIP**

JACK BENNY and Mary Livingstone spent two days in New York, on their way to Europe. As far as Jack was concerned, he was already a week at sea. He went around New York, calling on sponsors, and attending broadcasts, dressed in slacks, a sweater, a gay sport cap, and rope-soled sandals. To him, Fifth Avenue was just the sun-deck of the *Normandie*.

There was at least one person in New York who hadn't ever heard of Jack Benny before—a caption writer on one of the Metropolitan papers. Under a news picture of Mary and Jack in this paper appeared the words: "Mary Livingstone, radio comedienne, who will sail on the *Normandie*, and her husband, Jack Benny, who is also on her program." Mary sent the picture and caption to Portland Hoffa, up in Maine, offering to use her influence to get Portland the same kind of publicity.

* * *

WHO says Goodman Ace doesn't take life seriously? When his doctor told him it would be a good idea to take up golf, Ace appeared for his first day on the links carrying an adding machine.

* * *

THEY'LL be calling Vincent Lopez "Prof" this fall up at New York University, where Vince will act as guest lecturer in the regular music course. The music department at N. Y. U. had decided that swing music is important enough to rate a place in serious study, and it picked Lopez to explain how the music goes 'round and 'round, and how to make a merry-go-round break down. Just to sweeten the lessons, Lopez will illustrate his points with piano solos. Going to college certainly is fun!

* * *

AS part of his job of lining up plays for the fall and winter Lux Theater season, Cecil B. DeMille wrote to forty Hollywood stars and asked them what plays they'd like to present on the air. Thirty-three picked plays they'd already done in films; the other seven wanted to do current Broadway successes. We tried to find out the names of the stars, but nobody would tell us. If they had, bet it would have been apparent that those seven stars were the ones who are really interested in acting, rather than in making money.

* * *

MARTHA RAYE stayed over in New York an extra day after her personal-appearance engagement at the Paramount Theater just so she could attend the premiere of Paramount's newest spectacle, "High, Wide and Handsome," which is being road-showed in
(Continued on page 87)

WORLD'S MOST POPULAR LAXATIVE SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED!

EX-LAX NOW BETTER THAN EVER!



FOR OVER 30 years, millions of people have been proclaiming Ex-Lax "the ideal laxative" . . . "Ex-Lax is *everything* a good laxative should be!" they told us.

But, in the world of science, there are no such words as "good enough." Skilled chemists are constantly at work, seeking new means of making good products *better*! And in the Ex-Lax laboratories the "impossible" has been accomplished!

After a long period of patient effort, a way has been found actually to *improve* Ex-Lax . . . to make it *even better* than ever before. A more satisfactory and efficient laxative in every way!

• **TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!** No matter how much you may have liked Ex-Lax before, it tastes even better now! Its delicious all-chocolate flavor is smoother and richer than ever!

• **ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!** Always dependable in action, Ex-Lax is now even *more effective*! It empties the bowels more thoroughly—more smoothly—in less time than before.

• **MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!** Ever famous for its mildness, Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you get, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative. No shock—no violence!

Ex-Lax works by the "Gentle Nudge" system. It simply gives your intestines a *gentle nudge* at the point where constipation exists, emptying the bowels thoroughly but *easily* and *comfortably*!

Ex-Lax won't upset your system or disturb your digestion. It won't cause stomach pains, nausea or weakness. Ex-Lax affords as near a natural bowel movement as any laxative can give.

If you are suffering from headaches, biliousness, or that dull "blue" feeling so often caused by constipation—you'll *feel better* after taking Ex-Lax! And you'll be grateful for the absence of "forcing" and strain that make the action of a harsh cathartic such an unpleasant experience.

Your druggist now has the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes! *The box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever!* Get a box today!

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. F107, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Now Improved—Better than Ever
EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

FACING THE MUSIC

Warner Bros. photo by Schuyler Crail

**B y
K E N
A L D E N**

Wow, Johnny's got it hot. This film with Dick Powell starring, is Warner's latest contribution to art.



Below, Johnny proves it's all in fun by ending a hot lick with a grin for the cameraman.



This month get a lesson in scat singing from radio's old favorite, Johnny Davis, who scats for Fred Waring. Here's Johnny swinging out in the new musical "Varsity Show" which features everybody from the Waring gang.



Well, if Johnny hasn't shown you how to be a scat singing trumpet player by now, it just proves they're born, not made.



**KEEP ABREAST OF DANCELAND'S
PARADE OF THE FOUR HUNDRED
IN THIS DEPARTMENT BY FOLLOW-
ING YOUR FAVORITE LEADERS**

FRED WARING isn't too sure about Hollywood. Though his new Warner Brothers picture, "Varsity Show," netted the Pennsylvanian \$260,000 and future movie work, he may have to give it back in \$500,000 worth of talent. No sooner were the rushes viewed by movie moguls than scat-singer Johnny Davis was signed to a personal contract. On top of that, Fred's two eye-filling singers, Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, photographed like a double order of Simone Simon. At the moment the girls are deciding whether to stay with the band or join their sister, Lola, in celluloid careers.

At press time Waring makes another news story. For the first time in three years he and his brilliant aggregation begin a four-week engagement in the Silver Forest Room of Chicago's swank Hotel Drake, August 27. The network is Mutual. Waring, because of commercial commitments and his fabulous price tag, has been absent from cafe and stage dates. But his new sponsor—it will be one of three, Fred hasn't decided definitely—doesn't begin watching the Warings go by until September, so the Tyrone, Pa., maestro is picking up some change until his commercial debut in the Fall.

* * *

Bing Crosby started something when he appeared in "Waikiki Wedding." Since the release of that cool, refreshing excursion to Hawaii, a new cycle in dance music has hit the country. In place of muted brass and "swingy" saxophones, have come whining guitars and ukuleles. In New York, three outstanding dance haunts—the Hotels Lexington and Roosevelt and Leon and Eddie have gone in for Honolulu dance combinations and tropical tunes. Rooms have been changed from black and silver chromium effects to tropical plants and shredded costumes. Dark-skinned natives with glistening white teeth have replaced night-club complexioned musicians. And the dance crowd love it. When the last rum punch has been served, waiters say "Aloah" instead of "Good Night."

* * *

Strange things happen in the music world. Take Bill McCune for instance. He's the lanky lad who created a stir last season in Westchester with his staccato rhythms. Currently his band is ensconced in Brooklyn's Hotel Bossert.

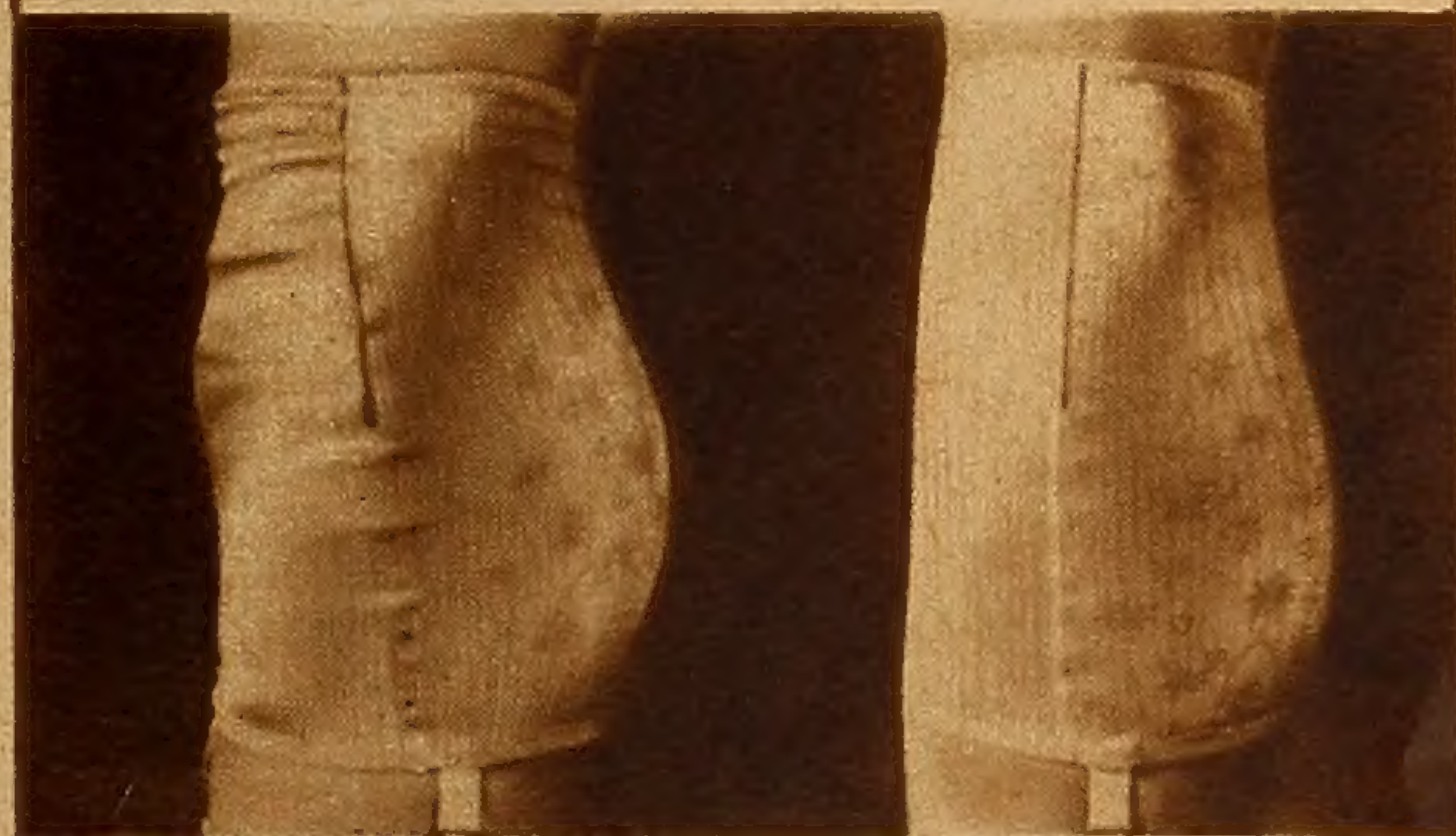
On Saturdays (the biggest day in any bandleader's life because of extra dance sessions and more customers) Bill plays dinner and supper music until 2:30 A. M. Then when the last white suit and mousseline de soie have whisked away from the parquet, Bill and his men remove their coats, open their collective collars and rehearse until the dawn breaks. (Continued on page 59)

LOVELY FASHION MODEL REVEALS FIGURE-SECRET

My girdles always hold in my figure because I wash them often with Ivory Flakes. It prevents "girdle-bulge"

118 lbs. of allure! Divinely slim yet divinely rounded. Nature didn't do it all! Like all smart models, this girl finds that clothes simply will not fit unless she wears a girdle. "My girdles fit perfectly for months!" says Alicia Quigley, famous model, "because I restore the shape by washing my girdle often with pure Ivory Flakes."

"GIRDLE-BULGE" CURED OVERNIGHT



This "sloppy girdle" with unsightly bulges is the result of too few washings.

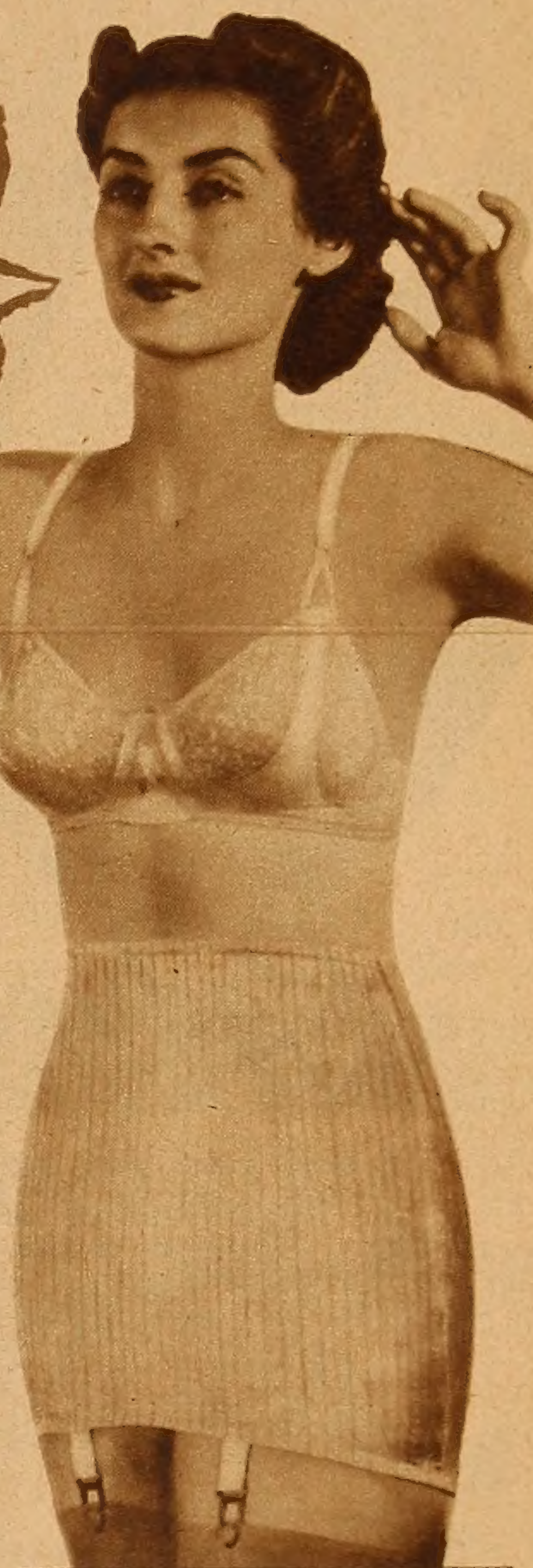
The same girdle... its shape restored overnight when washed with Ivory Flakes.

"Use flakes of pure soap" stores tell me

"When I ask salesgirls in fine stores what they mean by pure soap, they always say 'Ivory Flakes,'" explains Miss Quigley. "They say Ivory Flakes are the only soap flakes made of pure Ivory Soap that's safe even for a baby's skin. Ivory revives elastic and other fine materials."

Alicia gives you washing hints: "Wash girdle in lukewarm Ivory Flakes suds, using soft brush. After rinsing, roll in towel to remove water. Shake and hang up at once! Girdle will be dry by morning—as snug-fitting as if new!"

IVORY FLAKES



WHAT A FIGURE!



TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • MADE BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

WHAT DO



Quickly...
Correct Your
Figure Faults

Perfolastic Not Only
CONFINES, It also
REMOVES Ugly Bulges!

GIRDLE OR
BRASSIERE
may be worn
separately

IF YOU
DO NOT

Reduce
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

... it will cost you nothing!



Quickly
Reduces Hips,
Thighs and
Diaphragm.



Takes away
Abdominal Fat
and "Bulge
Derriere".

TEST
Perfolastic
at our
expense!

BECAUSE so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making the above unqualified agreement. Thousands of women today owe their slim, youthful figures to this safe, quick way of reduction. "Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and reduced 9 inches", writes Mrs. Derr.

Immediately Appear Inches Smaller

■ You appear inches smaller at once and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are *actually reducing* at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm. Every move you make puts the massage-like action to work at just the spots where fat first accumulates.

No Diet, Drugs or Exercises!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living in any way ... and with the loss of fat come increased pep and energy.

■ Why not test Perfolastic NOW ... and prove what it will do for you? You do not risk one penny. If it does not reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days it will cost you nothing! Learn the details of our 10-Day Trial Offer in the FREE illustrated booklet!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 2810, 41 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET in plain envelope, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____



Florence George,
singer, starts her
first big commercial on the Pack-
ard show Sept. 7.

YOU WANT TO SAY?

\$20.00 PRIZE

RADIO WAS HIS LIFE SAVER

I HAVE always admired people who get up with renewed vigor and zip after being knocked down. That's why I like W. C. Fields and his new Chase & Sanborn Show. In fact, I pack up my rod and reel hours earlier just to get back home and listen to this wizard of words and wielder of wit. I never knew that anyone could look as funny as Fields and sound funnier. His inimitable way of saying things, his utter lack of radio conventions, is skyrocketing him to the top.

Battling against great odds, physically and mentally, W. C. Fields caught at the life saver named "radio" and is reviving, thanks to his spirit.

Besides the immense enjoyment this man has given the country, he has given it a new moral, too: "You're never out, if you can clutch the Air!"

ANTOINETTE CAHA,
Cicero, Ill.

\$10.00 PRIZE

WHO INVENTED THE GUEST STAR?

The guest star idea has become irksome to me. It seems

more or less an admission that the program cannot go over on its own merit, but that some outsider must be brought in to bolster up an act. I shall not mention the name of any special program, as that is not necessary. But, when I want to tune in on Jimmy Jones' program—I want to hear him, and not some movie actor, who is dragged in to say a few words and to take up time. Purposely I have made a check among my friends and acquaintances, and with only a few exceptions, they all take my view on the subject. There is something friendly in an act or program which contains the same individual or group of individuals over a period of time—it's like the oldtime stock company which we loved so well.

MARY ANDERSON,
Portland, Oregon.

THIS IS YOUR PAGE! YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE, \$20.00
SECOND PRIZE, \$10.00
FIVE PRIZES of \$1.00

Address your letter to the
Editor, RADIO MIRROR,
122 East 42nd Street, New
York, N. Y., and mail it not
later than Sept. 24, 1937.

\$1.00 PRIZE

HEARTACHES

My heart aches with pity for the poor masculine radio announcers each and every time I hear their bass and baritone voices speaking daintily of all manner of feminine doo-dads. It just doesn't seem right to hear a man go into ecstasies over the smoothness of a face powder, or the exquisiteness of carefully laundered undies. It makes me wonder what manner of thoughts (Continued on page 63)

After Dishwashing

IF YOUR HANDS COULD TALK, THEY'D SAY:



Hot Dishwater is sure hard on hands.

Creamy Lotion soon makes hands smooth!

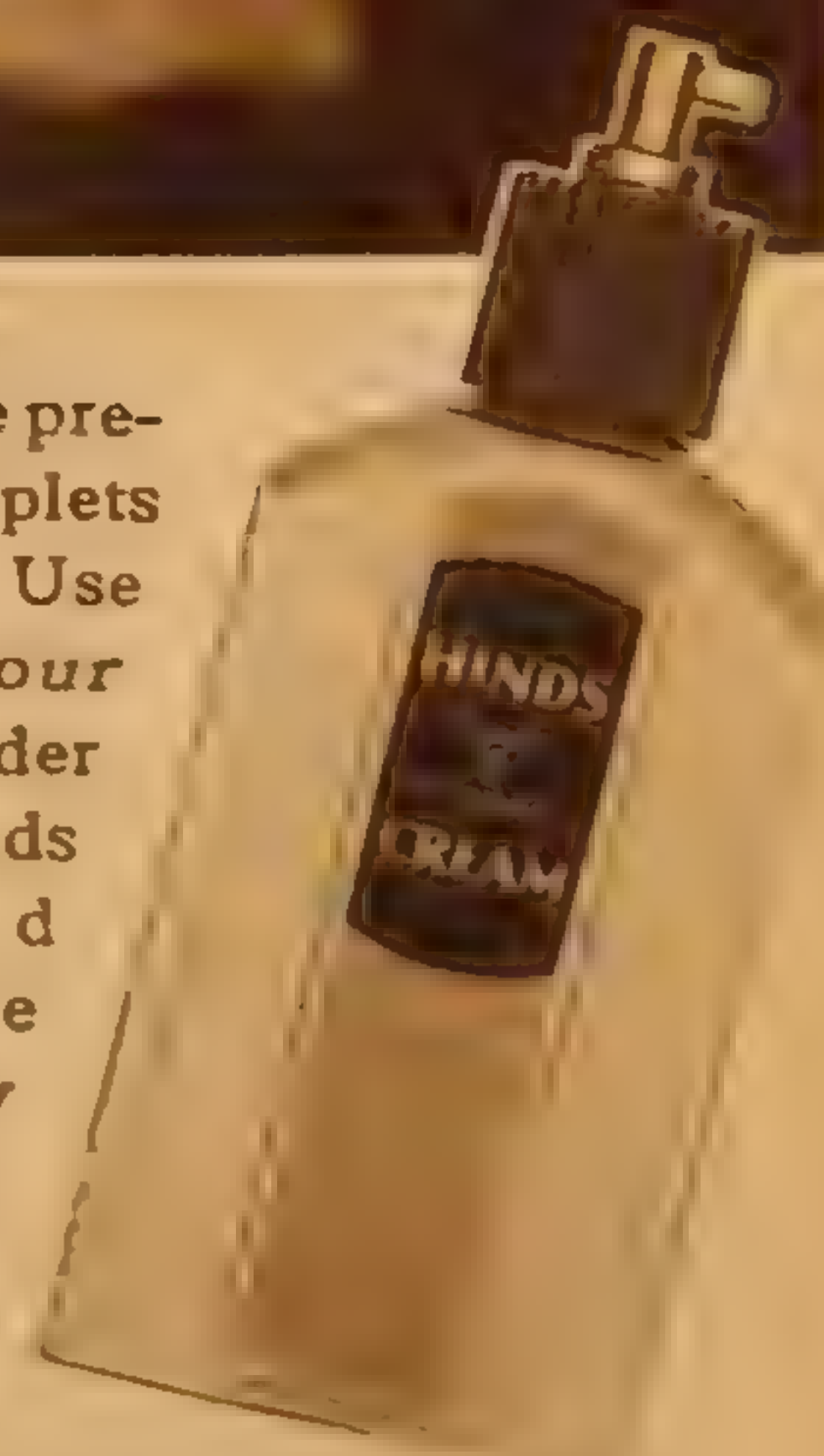
DOING dishes day in and day out! No wonder your hands get dry and puffy... look red and coarse. What those hands need is the quick comfort of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Extra-creamy—extra-good to abused skin. Smooths away that rough sandpaper look. Contains the "sunshine" Vitamin D that skin absorbs. Use Hinds for soft Honeymoon Hands! \$1, 50c, 25c, 10c.



Copyright 1937 NEA Service, Inc.

"Every day is Hinds day with us"

FOR HONEYMOON HANDS



Every day the precious quintuplets put on Hinds. Use Hinds for your children's tender chapped hands and scuffed knees, and note how nice they say it feels.

QUICK-ACTING..
NOT WATERY

Copyright, 1937, Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

HINDS

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

CONSTIPATED? STOMACH UPSET?



REMEMBER BOTH when you choose a laxative

EVER notice how often constipation is accompanied by an upset stomach? It's doubly important then, to choose your laxative as you would your food. Avoid heavy, greasy indigestibles. Take FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative. It's not a heavy, bulky dose. Has nothing to further burden an already over-taxed digestion. On the contrary, the very act of chewing increases the flow of mouth juices that aid digestion.

Moreover, FEEN-A-MINT's tasteless, laxative ingredient does *not* act in the stomach. Acts only in the *intestine*, which is where constipation exists—where you want the right results. No griping, nausea, discomfort, or lost sleep.



WHY DIDN'T
I FIND OUT
ABOUT
FEEN-A-MINT
SOONER?

Do you feel dull, headachy, out of sorts, due to constipation? Let FEEN-A-MINT help put the sunshine back in life. You will like its delicious flavor, and you'll find that no other type of laxative can do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does. Discover for yourself why more than 16 million people have *already* switched to FEEN-A-MINT! At all druggists, or write for generous FREE trial package. Dept. 107-G. FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

NO OTHER
TYPE OF LAXATIVE
CAN DO EXACTLY WHAT
FEEN-A-MINT
DOES



COAST-TO-

By
RUSS KING

Vicki Vola, KGO star, has a good reason for thinking that the world is upside down.



Jimmy Willson, below, is WWL's program manager, in New Orleans. He's helped many a star.



SAN DIEGO, California: If you are a far-west listener and a believer in the old adage that no news is good news prepare yourself for a shock and then tune in the Good News broadcast originating from San Diego's KGB, Thursdays at 2 P. M., PST. That's right! As the title indicates, this KGB program features only good news and should shake your faith in the adage as well as rest your ears from the accounts of murders, suicides, accidents and other bits of ill-fortune so often heard in the newscasts.

Fort Wayne, Indiana: While we're on the subject of news broadcasts that are different, there's the one over WOWO every afternoon at 2:30 P. M., CDST. This fifteen minutes, known as Les Femmes Premier or,

COAST HIGHLIGHTS

in the King's English, Ladies First, also lives up to its name. The broadcast deals wholly with the women of the world who figure in the day's news, with, of course, flashes from Hollywood and other style centers detailing the latest in milady's fashions. In other words, Ladies First—and last.

Pittsburgh, Pa.: A program which helped make KDKA its usual popular self right through the hot summer months is George Heid's Revue, weekly at 7:30 P. M. Thursdays. First coming to the microphone in mid-July, George's Revue more than lived up to his premier prediction that it would be fifteen consecutive minutes of smiles. Pat Haley is the master of ceremonies who keeps the smiles breaking as the Lawson Sisters and Heid do the vocalizing. Al Dileria adds instrumental variety with his accordion while a novelty swing group, directed by Al Egizi, contribute the orchestral decorations. It's watch the smiles go by Thursday evenings at KDKA.

SEEING STARS

SOME folks believe Jimmy Willson is psychic, but Jimmy only smiles when the subject of his uncanny "star" discovery comes up. And well might Jimmy smile as he thinks back to that day when his only ambition was to be a radio singer, and he suddenly found himself not only a regular singer on the station but left in charge for the afternoon with a group of programs and phonograph records on his hands when the regular announcer, who served also as a time salesman, was called away unexpectedly on a hot tip. But Jimmy took the whole thing in stride and at the end of the afternoon found he was not only a singer but an announcer as well. That was the beginning of Jimmy

the star finder, and in the following years he served on many stations in every capacity except engineer.

For the past three and a half years he has been program director of WWL in New Orleans and has been instrumental in the development of the several stars that station has promoted to national prominence. Most of us readily recognize stars when they *are* stars, but Jimmy apparently recognizes their possibilities long before their brilliance is dazzling to any extent.

To name a few Jimmy has prematurely spotted, there are Dorothy Dell, Jerry Cooper, and Louis Prima. Even in high school Dorothy was recognized for her beauty by all before she was acclaimed Miss Universe, but Jimmy saw something besides beauty in Dorothy Dell, and his opinion, backed by his practical encouragement, that she was star material, was certainly confirmed later. Not so long ago Jerry Cooper was a nonentity outside of his immediate circle, but Jimmy not only saw Jerry Cooper the singer, but also Jerry Cooper the singing star who needed only a bit of polishing to make his light shine forth. So, in his position as program director, Jimmy helped guide Jerry along the hard road upward. About Louis Prima? But we all know of that orchestra leader's accomplishments since his early days with Jimmy at WWL.

Jimmy admits his greatest kick in life is spotting and developing future stars, and next to that he most enjoys singing for shut-ins wherever they may be. He is a popular singer with his WWL listeners in his regularly sponsored program of self-arranged sentimental songs and hymns. In private life he is married and daddy to a recently adopted lovely little girl. Another little star in the making, would be our guess.

(Continued on page 74)

Glare-Proof!

for smart young vagabonds

Pond's 3 "Sunlight" Shades flatter
your face in strong open daylight

Bright light . . . Black shadows . . . Now there are "Sunlight" shades to soften that glare on your face. Specially blended to catch only the softer rays of the sun . . . Flattering! Away from the old sun-tan shades.

Try them at our expense. Or buy a box, and if you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box, and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Summer Brunette Sunlight (LIGHT)
Sunlight (DARK)

Test them FREE! in glaring Sunlight

Pond's, Dept. 8RM-PK, Clinton, Conn. Please rush me, free, Pond's 3 new "Sunlight" Shades, enough of each for a 5-day test. (This offer expires Dec. 1, 1937)

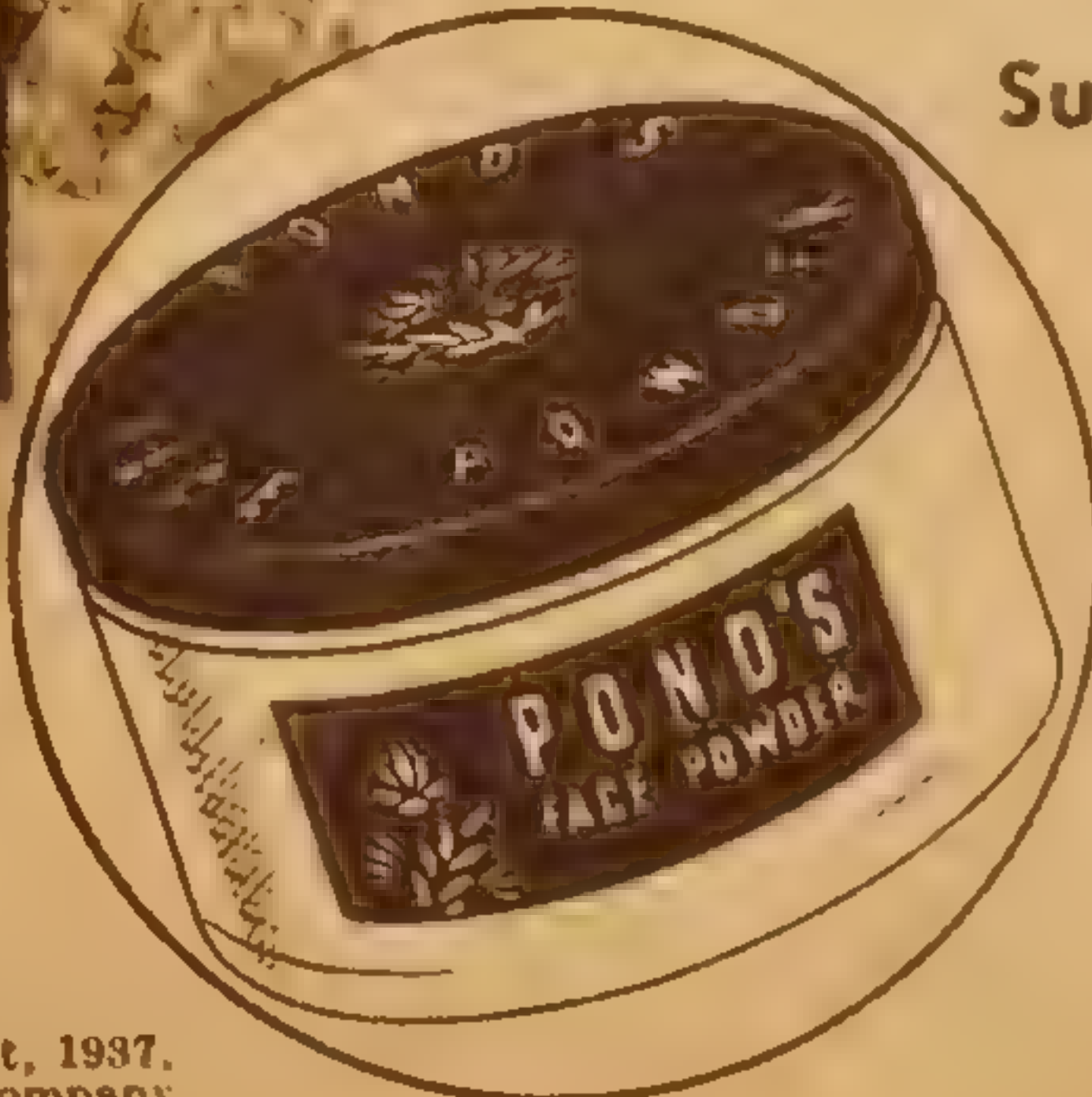
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Street _____

City _____

State _____

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Pond's Extract Company



"I BELIEVE"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Because no other news commentator colors his reports with such outspoken opinions, RADIO MIRROR deems it important for readers to know the philosophy of this man who always says what he thinks. Mr. Carter's opinions are not necessarily those of this magazine.*

THE AMAZING CREDO THAT GUIDES BOAKE CARTER'S BROADCASTS

you listen to his broadcasts though you may hate his point of view. A hard philosophy, perhaps a bitter one to some, but a philosophy he has worked out for himself through experience and observation.

Boake Carter went on talking, his voice rising to keep pace with the faster click of the news

BOAKE CARTER—red haired, short of stature, with a perpetual half smile of irony and an Irish instinct for battle that flames high, dies down and flames high again in the same second of reaction—has an amazing credo by which he writes, broadcasts, and lives.

It is amazing because so few of us can face devastating facts or admit the existence of situations which apparently are without remedy. With his credo, Boake Carter faces all facts and admits the existence of all situations.

That is why I was able to bring an editor the most exciting interview I've ever had. For Boake Carter has explained the philosophy behind his CBS broadcasts that sow such argument and reap such dislike.

He spoke to me the same day the rumors began that he was soon to be curbed on his program. He was getting too hot for the air. He told me:

"I'll never be censored, either in radio or in what I say in print. Should the time come when I can't say what I want, I'll quit broadcasting. The going is getting rougher. Now is when every man should speak up."

And so he explained his philosophy and showed why his broadcasts are so full of bias, so filled with violent opinions that listeners write in daily demanding he be silenced for good.

Listen to him speak first on the subject of war, for what better test of a man's philosophy than that?

"War is inevitable.

"Believing I know human nature, I say that war can never be prevented. We will always have it. It is a fault, but a natural one, of human beings to fight. If Germany antagonizes Great Britain, what does Great Britain do? It spends seven billion dollars on armaments! There's your answer. How can you prevent war? You can't!

"My real credo is to apply the rules of human nature to everything, every situation. That is why I say that when war comes again, we won't be able to stay out indefinitely. Of course we should try. A baby knows that.

"Perhaps if we can stay out for two years, we'll be all right. The next war will be so fierce I can't see how it will last more than that length of time.

"But—if we stay out of war, which isn't likely, it will cost us plenty of money. We lose approximately ten billion dollars every two years we do stay out of war. This hits industry. Payrolls have to be cut. Money is lost by business and industry. If we don't want to pay the sacrifice of war in human lives, then we ought to be willing to pay for it in cash.

"Money should be raised by taxation during war time, and the government should give industry ten billion dollars for every two years we stay out of war! It is a hard price to pay, but war itself is an even harder one."

That is Boake Carter's philosophy, the credo that makes

machines as the world whirled another day to its destiny.

He took up taxation. He said, "You'll notice in my broadcasts that I have always fought for *fair* taxation. What I don't like are all these hidden taxes. Not being allowed to know what you are taxed for. I believe that people should be awakened and made tax conscious so that they will realize how much it really costs to run this country.

"The income tax base should be broadened to include a larger number of people!

"The whole tax system should be simplified. As it is, a man must be a wizard to figure out his income tax, to know what he pays for and why.

"That," Boake Carter continued, the ironical smile pulling up the corners of his mouth, "requires a discussion of relief." He stood up for the first time during the interview and walked back and forth.

"There has never been a frank audit made on the number of people supported by relief. This should be done. When we know this," he said, "we'll know what we are paying for, and be better able to understand the position of the government on taxation."

At this point the telephone rang. Carter placed earphones over his head, and went about the business of his call. The use of the earphones gives him liberty to use his hands for writing. Concluding his conversation, he faced me squarely on the subject of unemployment.

"I believe that unemployment is a permanent factor, and always will be. Technological displacement (labor saving machines) is also a big factor. There are many other things that enter into the problem also. Much of unemployment is the fault of the laborer, and his foolish tactics in striking. This causes employers to put in more machines, which rids them of their labor problems to an extent. Then too, the trend is to manufacture cheap goods, and the more this is done, the more labor is displaced. One way we can take care of unemployment is more taxation. Another way is a system of State Capitalism, or decentralization of industry. More factories spread out over a wider area. It is a great problem, and I believe that some day the answer for it will turn up."

On labor, Boake Carter takes firm stand. One only has to listen to his broadcast to see how well he backs up the following statement.

"I do believe in organized labor," he stated flatly. "I am for the old craft unions which magnificently take care of their men. I am against the CIO, and John L. Lewis' form of organized labor. And why?" the commentator continued before I could answer. "Because it does not respect a man and his craftsmanship. It does not take into account the most fundamental of all human emotions—competition. My credo for a union is this: It (Continued on page 85)



**NO RADIO COMMENTATOR SPEAKS WITH SUCH COURAGE
AND SUCH BIAS! HERE AT LAST HIS LISTENERS CAN
LEARN HIS BELIEFS ON TODAY'S VITAL QUESTIONS**

IT was uncommonly quiet inside the crowded Leppert apartment on Fifty-first Street in New York, where Alice Leppert had decided to have her baby because a hospital confinement was a luxury in those days and a policeman's salary twenty-two years ago didn't provide for luxuries.

Outside taxi horns hurried the play-going crowd into the theatrical district and newsboys hawked the latest casualties of the war which was ravaging the face of Europe. A block away elevated trains rumbled by regularly, investing the cacaphony of street noises with an ugly but fascinating rhythm.

The Lepperts' two noisy sons—Bill, ten, and Charles, eight, had been packed off to their Aunt Mae's for the night. Charles Leppert was at his wife's bedside, excused for a few hours from patrolman's duty, grandmother Jane Moffitt beat a path from the kitchen to the bedroom, bringing hot water and clean clothes for old Dr. Leymoine. The boys had left the house at six o'clock. At eleven, it was all over and Dr. Leymoine was telling Mrs. Leppert that her baby was a fine girl.

The fine girl's mother smiled. She was as blonde and blue eyed as her daughter was destined to be when, twenty years later, she descended—a bundle of happiness, energy and rhythm—upon Hollywood, headed for stardom in films and on the air.

A fine girl?

Mrs. Leppert opened her eyes to see for herself.

"She has awfully long legs."

Alice Faye (she picked out her last name herself fifteen years later because Frank Fay was in his hey-day, and she thought his name might bring her luck) *did* have long legs. She was walking on them when she was seventeen months old, and before she was three she was dancing on them, dancing without benefit of lessons—often without

benefit of music for her own pleasure, or for anyone who would stop in his work or his play long enough to watch. Alice at four was the spotlight attraction at all the Leppert family picnics. Aunts and uncles and cousins, dozens of them, would crowd around her when the family gathered for an outing at Rye Beach or Van Cortlandt Park on Sunday afternoons, applauded her fancy stepping and exclaim to one another that Alice surely would be a dancer one day.

Alice's mother was surer of this than anybody, for it was she who accompanied the eager-eyed girl to the Broadway picture houses on festive afternoons, and watched her rapt attention to the dancing feet of the show girls. And it was she who must take her to the stage door after every performance, there to watch until the last number of the troupe had gone. This ritual had a climactic finish, which only Alice and her mother knew, and neither ever told the men in the family, who wouldn't understand. After she was quite certain that the last chorine had disappeared, Alice herself would turn show girl, prance to the stage door, and make a studied exit, mincing through imaginary crowds, with a haughty smile for her subjects.

Mother and daughter went to the theater, all during Alice's childhood, every Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Leppert—who says she never was much for neighborhood parties, or gossip, or even for keeping house if you had to make a fetish of it—preferred movies to bridge, and Alice would gladly forsake her favorite friends and all the games they could play together to sit in the theater and watch the dancers. Mrs. Leppert says that Alice used to mutter to herself during the performance.

"*I can do that,*" she'd say. And she'd go home, before the mirror in her bedroom, and prove it.

Alice's dancing was all in fun, at first. She was eight years old, and in the third grade at P. S. 69 on 54th Street and Sixth Avenue. Adjusting her own childish ambitions to

BEGINNING

HIGHWAY TO



**THE TRUE LIFE STORY OF A POLICE-
MAN'S DAUGHTER WHO CALLED
HERSELF ALICE FAYE FOR GOOD
LUCK AND WHO PROVED THAT
YOUTH CAN CONQUER HEARTACHE**

By PAULINE SWANSON

Born with the longest legs the doctor had ever seen, Alice Leppert had rhythm in her soul. At the age of nine, she danced for her family. At twenty-two, she's star of screen and radio.



Happiness

her mother's wishes for her, Alice had decided, quite finally, that she was going to be a school teacher. This ambition faded a few years later, Alice says, when she'd seen a few school teachers and decided that "they didn't have much fun."

ALICE took school in her stride from the first. The teachers liked her because her violent enthusiasms kept the class interested in *something*, even if it was composition one day, and geometry the next. And the neighborhood kids liked her because she could be counted upon always to think up something to do. Perhaps it was an ice skating contest in Central Park, perhaps it was charades, with Alice's mother's entire wardrobe summoned into service for costumes, but whatever it was, it was sure to be exciting.

Alice never came home from school without at least one girl friend in tow. Made to feel at home at once by

Alice's Grandmother, Jane, who met the children at the door with milk cookies, the young visitors usually forgot the clock, and found themselves at six o'clock sitting down to a supper of pot-roast and spaghetti with the family. (Pot roast and spaghetti is still Alice's favorite food, but she can't have it any more because motion picture cameras do things to hips.)

Probably Alice would have gone on with her games and her school books, keeping her dancing for her party days, if her wide-open blue eyes hadn't noticed something lacking in her family's life. There wasn't enough money.

Charles Leppert had given up his job on the police force and was making a modest living as a salesman of hospital supplies. There was enough money for rent, and for food for the family, but Alice noticed that her mother juggled grocery lists painstakingly in order to have enough money on Saturdays for their theater tickets, and she knew

that it was worrying about money which kept her father from joining wholeheartedly in the fun when the family rounded up on Sunday for a picnic.

The importance of money was brought home to ten-year-old Alice with a jolt one day when she ran downstairs ahead of her mother and motioned a taxi to the door.

"Let's ride today," she beamed at Mrs. Leppert as her mother appeared in the doorway. And she stamped her foot with annoyance when her mother blushed, and sent the taxi driver away with an apology.

"Why must we *always* go in the subway?" Alice complained. The chorus girls at the Capitol always rode away in taxis.

"Because we're poor," her mother said simply. "Taxis are for rich people."

Then and there, her mother believes, Alice decided that

Alice, as she made her Hollywood debut. Few friends recognized this glorified blonde version of Rudy Vallee's protégé.

20th Century-Fox



she would be rich people, too. It was a long way from a crowded apartment in the Fifties to the luxurious, taxi-infested life which she imagined for herself, but Alice had her own seven-league boots. She was to cover the distance in a few short years—on dancing feet.

From that day, Alice watched the dancers at the Capitol and danced before her bedroom mirror with new purpose. From Big Brother Bill, by this time earning his own way in the world as a bank clerk, she coaxed the money for dancing lessons at a neighborhood dancing studio. She'd go to the studio directly from school. Then, along toward dusk when Alice hadn't returned to the apartment, her mother would put on her hat and go to the dancing school to bring her young daughter home.

His little sister's new enthusiasm was hard on Brother Bill who now was devoting his Friday nights to the Collegiate Club's weekly dances. Alice was immune to insults from Bill's friends who laughed when "that long-legged kid" begged to be taken along, and tagged along—invited or not. As it happened, Alice had the last laugh in this case for she turned up at the Collegiate Club herself after a year or so, with a whole string of boy friends, and out-danced the lot.

BILL, whom sixteen years in a little-sister-infested family had taught the ways of a diplomat, settled the problem by bribing a friend to give Alice singing lessons on Friday nights. The lessons lasted two weeks, because the teacher wanted Alice to start at the beginning—with scales and exercises—and Alice wanted to sing the newest popular tunes. Like that! She didn't have time for details. She had a long way to go, and she was in a hurry.

"I can't teach her a note, but she's marvelous," her teacher told Bill later. "She doesn't know a thing about music, but she knows everything about rhythm."

Rhythm! Another name for Alice's seven-league boots, boots beating out time as Alice danced her way to financial independence before she was fifteen, as later she launched a new kind of singing—could the name be "swing"?—and became the first girl to win success as soloist with a dance band.

Alice had done with all lessons when she reached her thirteenth birthday. In that year she put aside her childhood, and schoolbooks with it; overnight she was grown up.

Two personal tragedies—the first real unhappiness she had ever known—played their part in her step from a happy child, playing "pretend" games with her friends to a young woman seriously bent upon making her own way in the big city. Alice's grandmother—and confidant—white haired Jane Moffitt, died in her sleep on her eightieth birthday. It was the first time death had come close to thirteen-year-old Alice and suddenly she was aware of the relentlessness of time. Thirteen years aren't many, but Alice counted them over and told herself again that if she were to do all the living she meant to do in her own eighty years, she'd better hurry, hurry.

Her first encounter with the business of making a living also had its heartbreak. With her understanding mother's permission, and her mother's high-heeled shoes for confidence, Alice went one afternoon after school to answer a Ziegfeld chorus call. Those hours of practicing before the mirror had had their results, so Alice's time-step compared favorably with the best of them when the dance director looked over the crop of applicants.

But when he singled Alice out for questioning, the director asked no questions about dancing, but simply:

"How old are you?"

"Fifteen," Alice lied.

"Better go home and wait (Continued on page 62)

Wish you were here

The scene: Lake Placid; the mermaid: Kate Smith; the reason: vacationing.



The Smith Estate in upper New York State is the apple of Kate's eye. Left, her golf's not bad either.

Right, an extra swell picture of Kate playing tennis which tells its own story—she's the champ.



Kate in motorboat costume for a spin on the lake. Vacation days end September 30 when Kate broadcasts again.

Jack Benny's

"VACATION"

**RADIO MIRROR PRESENTS ANOTHER SIDE-
SPLITTING RADIO-BROADCAST, FILLED
WITH ALL THE LAUGHS THAT HAVE MADE
HIM NUMBER ONE COMEDIAN—DRAW UP
YOUR CHAIR AND BEGIN TO CHUCKLE**

Jack Benny and Mary started their vacation in cool, cool Hollywood.



EDITOR'S NOTE: Brought you through special permission of Jack Benny, to fill the hot evenings with amusement until he returns from his trip abroad—another radio-broadcast. You can't hear it, but you can read it and get thirty minutes of the same fun you have when you tune in his Sunday night program. On these pages you will find more of the best laughs and playlets that have made this the year's most popular program. It's all based on material furnished by Jack himself.

IMAGINE it's Sunday evening at your regular time for listening to Jack, Mary, Don Wilson, Phil Harris, Kenny Baker and the gang. There go the NBC chimes . . . "This is the National Broadcasting Company" . . . then we hear Don Wilson: DON: The Jell-O program! Starring Jack Benny, with Mary Livingstone and Phil Harris and his orchestra. The orchestra opens the program with "It Looks Like Rain in Cherry Blossom Lane."

(We hear the brightest of the hit tunes, played as only Phil Harris and his gang can play it.)

DON: Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, Jack, Mary, and all the rest of us are still aboard the good ship *Jelloa*, taking a European vacation cruise. You wouldn't know Jack—he's so tanned and healthy looking he's almost handsome—and here he is!

JACK: Jello-O again folks . . . Don, I wouldn't care *how* you introduced me tonight. You can kid me all you want to and I won't mind. I feel too good, too full of pep and everything. My, what a tonic this ocean sun is!

DON: Well, you do look fine. Even the circles under your eyes are tan.

JACK: And then I had such a swell time at the masquerade ball last night.

DON: Funny, I didn't see you. How did you dress?

JACK: Oh, I didn't bother much. I just stuck forty candles on my head and went as a birthday cake. How were you dressed, Don?

DON: I sat on a plate all evening with a lot of sliced bananas around me.

JACK: Oh, *you* were that dish of Jell-O, were you? I might have known. Wasn't it kind of uncomfortable sitting on a plate all evening?

DON: I didn't mind it, until someone started to pour cream and sugar on me.

JACK: Here comes Mary. Funny, she must

When he hit the hot spell in New York, Benny had to cool off like this, just before he and Mary boarded the boat for Europe.

BROADCAST"

have been there last night but I didn't recognize her either. . . . Hello, Mary. How were *you* disguised at the party?

MARY: (It's Mary all right. There's no mistaking that voice.) Why, I had on a big red hat with a long yellow feather, tan buttoned shoes, a brown furpiece around my neck, a parasol in one hand and a bookcase in the other.

JACK: Mary, *what* were you supposed to be?

MARY: A rummage sale.

JACK: Oh!

DON: Say, Jack, did you see Phil Harris? He was asking if you'd brought your violin along on this trip.

JACK: (Trying not to sound pleased.) Oh he was, eh? Did you hear that, Mary? Phil wants to know if I brought my violin. Maybe he wants me to play with the orchestra. . . . Oh, Phil, were you looking for me?

PHIL: Yes, I was. Say, Jack, have you got your violin with you?

JACK: Yes sir, I have it right down in my stateroom. Did you want me to play the next number with you?

PHIL: No, we're looking for a fly swatter.

JACK: Oh yeah? Well, I'm going to hand you fellers the surprise of your lives. This summer—starting just next week—I'm going to take a few more lessons and brush up a little bit. Then you'll see.

MARY: A few more? Go on, you never took any violin lessons.

JACK: I did, too!

MARY: Then your teacher didn't.

JACK: (Good and mad now) Say, listen here! I could play "The Bee" when—

DON: Now, Jack, don't let it get your goat. We were only fooling. Why, you know how we all love you—particularly after you've given us this swell trip and everything—

JACK: Yes, it has been fine, hasn't it? Still, I'll be glad to get back to Hollywood, go on the air again, and start my new picture. You know, I was so good in my love scenes in "Artists and Models" that in my next picture they're going to give me two leading ladies.

(Continued on page 93)



WHILE BING'S AWAY

Paramount



Crooner Crosby's vacationing with Dixie and the kids while the Kraft Music Hall gang merrily carries on.

1. ALL SOULS CHURCH (MUSIC HALL)
FIRST COMMERCIAL
ARMASAS TRAVELER TALK
BOB BURNS MONOLOGUE & BAZON'S SOLO
FOURSOME SPOT
2. BUNGALOW, PICCOLO AND 3
Talk
3. THEY ALL LAUGHED
SECOND COMMERCIAL

- FRANCIS TALK
JOSEPH TALK
4. BUNGALOW
TALK
BOB BURNS' GUITAR SOLO
6. WHERE OR WHEN

Bob Burns forgot his pipe to keep the show running. Above, Ken Carpenter ringing those famous chimes.

Photos by Hyman Fink



This is comedian Burns' bazooka as it looks after he throws it on the floor at the end of his solo. Now you know why you hear that terrible crash Thursday evenings.

Above, Bob Burns presenting Mary Boland with the gift package of Kraft products and beautiful serving tray that each guest of this program takes home after the show.



Above, the elegant coat rack for guest stars and bandmen. If you get your own coat you're lucky. Right, Bing's "office" became a lunchroom as soon as he turned his back.



ONCE AGAIN MOVIELAND'S MOST
DARING RADIO REPORTER STARS
IN HIS NEW ROLE OF MAGAZINE
GOSSIPER AND CRITIC DE LUXE



Above, Harriet Parsons took over the reins while mama Louella tripped to Europe. Left, Al Pearce takes a tongue lashing in Fidler's open letter this month. Below, guess why Gail Patrick pinch-hit for Dorothy Lamour.

BEHIND THE



OSWALD (Tony Labriola) is in a dither and has consulted a lawyer. His beautiful blonde wife just shoved off for a New York visit that is scheduled to last a year and Oswald thinks she's left him for good. Hence the appeal to the counselor. * * *

Joan Bennett was kept off the Lux Radio Theater—not for the reasons the press agents told you about—but because a make-up man at the studio stuck the point of some scissors in her eye—accidentally, of course. * * *

The reason Gail Patrick did that Hollywood Hotel stint in place of Dorothy Lamour was a conflict brought about by similar type of products. Dorothy's sponsors wouldn't release her to plug a rival brand of goods. * * *

Frances Langford, pert pipestress, received an interesting piece of fan mail. A pink hand-crocheted dress—with a

B y



Hyman Fink

Jimmie suspects Frances Langford and her manager, Ken Dolan, are married. Left, Warren Hull, the new Show Boat spieler.

HOLLYWOOD FRONT

bill for \$150. Frances returned both dress and bill—they were equally distasteful. And despite repeated denials, I'm pretty sure Frances has been married to her manager, Ken Dolan, for more than a year.

* * *

Two singers worth notice: Bill Roberts, the baritone who is rapidly making a name for himself on the coast here over NBC, and Florence George, who thrilled a recent Crosby hour audience with her super coloratura and who, happily, has signed for the new Packard hour.

* * *

BOOS AND BOOSTS: Margaret Speaks continues to please with her crystal-clear soprano. . . . Howard Barlow is rapidly becoming one of the better conductors of both classical and popular music. He's on a par, in many minds, with Meredith Willson and Andre Kostelanetz. . . . A choice sprig of wall rocket (all right, look it up) to

Joe Penner for his very sad gags (despite the fact that children seem to like him) and his sadder "comedy" situations. I fail to see humor in insulting remarks. . . .

* * *

As far as the radio audience is concerned, Judy Garland, Maureen O'Connor and Jolly Gillette might just as well be big grown-up ladies. Such maturity is difficult to believe in children—yet a wise man once said that girls grow faster than boys. Maybe that's why Bobby Breen still sounds very young on the air.

* * *

Heap laughs occurred when Fibber McGee and Molly tossed a farewell buffet supper at one of Hollywood's roof garden cafes. Just as the guests were about to tear into the victuals, a swarm of flying ants (uninvited) hove into sight and settled on the condiments. Within five minutes the tables were literally covered with the pesky

pests. A master mind ordered the lights out and the party sat in total darkness for half an hour, until the anties had gone. A good time was had by all.

* * *

Nino Martini entertains the fond desire to hop off to Italy as soon as his current picture is finished but maybe Mussolini will make it tough on the tenor. Benito might remember that Nino did some very fancy soldiering and give him a gun. And anyhow, whatever will Nino do about leaving lovely Elissa Landi behind?

* * *

Dorothy Lamour may be a sophisticated siren in the movies but she's a plain home-body in real life if this incident is any indication: At a recent cocktail party, Robert Armbruster (who has taken over Werner Janssen's duties on the Chase and Sanborn show) sang some Dwight Fisk-ish ditties (slightly off- (Continued on page 68)

J I M M I E F I D L E R

Show Boat Sweetheart



After a long radio sojourn in the East, Virginia Verrill, singer of torch songs, is sunning herself again in her native California. She's Jack Haley's heart interest on the revised Show Boat, as well as Samuel Goldwyn's new film find.



A FEW weeks ago the last of the old-time comedians went on the air for the first time. His name is Jack Haley—that's right, the "Wake Up and Live" guy with the wild eyes and the sappy look. He followed—at last—the long parade of his old pals, guys who had pounded the boards of vaudeville way back in the old days—Phil Baker, Jack Benny, Joe Penner, Fred Allen, Nat (now George) Burns. He followed—at last—their path to the greatest stand a gag and patter man ever played—radio, a country-wide audience, the Big Time.

That in itself is a news item. Because there aren't any more of that breed left, and there aren't any more of them these days coming up the hard way, the only way that ever produced a great laugh artist.

But the story I have is what kept Jack Haley off the air all these years—and why he's taking the plunge at this particular time. Both may hand you a surprise.

Don't think I'm talking about Jack Haley and the Show Boat. Show Boat isn't his show and Jack knows it. It's Charlie Winninger's show. Jack's just been around in a warm-up spot. Here's the inside: they were breaking him in for a ready air audience when he starts his own program for Log Cabin Syrup October 5, over NBC. You'll have him then, unadulterated—a half hour of Haley, and I hope you like him. If you don't, a lot of people I know will be pretty disappointed and Jack Haley might shrink back into his shell for another eight or ten years. Just as he did the first time.

I suppose I don't have to explain that Jack Haley holds a clear title to the most colossal inferiority complex Hollywood ever ran across. He worries constantly; he frets; he takes every skin scratch to heart; he's as sensitive as a seismograph, as easily depressed as a barometer on a cloudy day. Everyone in Hollywood knows how Jack fretted himself out of screen stardom for years and years. The story of "Wake Up and Live" is one of those stories that usually happens only in books like "Wake Up and Live." How he busted through that complex and came to life at last is a classic by now.

But not many know about the incident that sent him scurrying away from radio, so thoroughly disgusted and downcast that for years he turned a stony ear to air offers and refused any part of a program.

It happened (*Continued on page 81*)

By

KIRTLEY BASKETTE



20th Century-Fox

**HE'S THE SURPRISE OF THE
YEAR—THE GUY WITH THE
WILD EYES AND SAPPY EX-
PRESSION BUT IT WAS HIM-
SELF HE SURPRISED MOST**

HOW ABOUT

Haley?

THE AKRON *Cop Killers*

A GANG BUSTERS' BROADCAST
YOU CAN'T FORGET

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the third of a series of Gang Busters' broadcasts reprinted in RADIO MIRROR through the special permission of the program and Phillips H. Lord, who directs this half hour of exciting entertainment every Wednesday night over the CBS network.*

I HATE cops! Hate every flat-footed dick that ever pounded a pavement! I want to kill them! I want to blow their heads off—see them buried six feet in the ground!”

Rosario Borgio was not quite a madman. But out of his tortured mind he had evolved a scheme which was maniacal in its sweep, its grandiose simplicity. He hated cops. All his friends hated them. Then why not kill them all, one by one? It was as direct as that, and as fantastic. It could never have succeeded, but it could have created such a reign of terror as this country has never known.

Only two things prevented Rosario Borgio's scheme from being the forerunner of a nation-wide uprising of the underworld against the forces of law and order. One was the treachery of a member of Borgio's own gang—a man whose name has never been learned. The other was the superlatively fine detective job done by Captain Michael Fiaschetti of the New York police.

This most bizarre of crime stories began on Christmas night, 1917, in Akron, Ohio. Patrolman Ralph Sanders was taking a last look at the Christmas tree he and Mrs. Sanders had just decorated, before going out on his beat. The glow of the candles fell on his broad, honest face as he said:

“May, somehow I have a feeling I'm never going to forget this minute . . . standing here with you in front of the tree . . . the kids all in bed . . . just the two of us here . . .”

He was right. He never did forget that minute, for he was still thinking of it a few minutes later when he shut the door of his home behind him and went down the ice-glazed sidewalk, humming softly to himself. He had gone only a few steps when out of the shadow of a tree he had just passed came a spurt of flame—another and another. In quick succession three bullets buried themselves in his back, and he fell. He was dead before his wife, who had heard the shots, could reach him.

The Akron police could find no explanation for the killing, nor had they been able to find any clue two weeks later, on the night of January 11, 1918. On that night Patrolman Joe Hunt and Patrolman Edward Costigan met at the intersection of their beats, and walked along together for a few moments, talking.

Both men were depressed and worried over the murder of Patrolman Ralph Sanders. The cold-blooded way in which he had been killed, and the absence of clues, set the case apart from the ordinary hazards of a policeman's life.

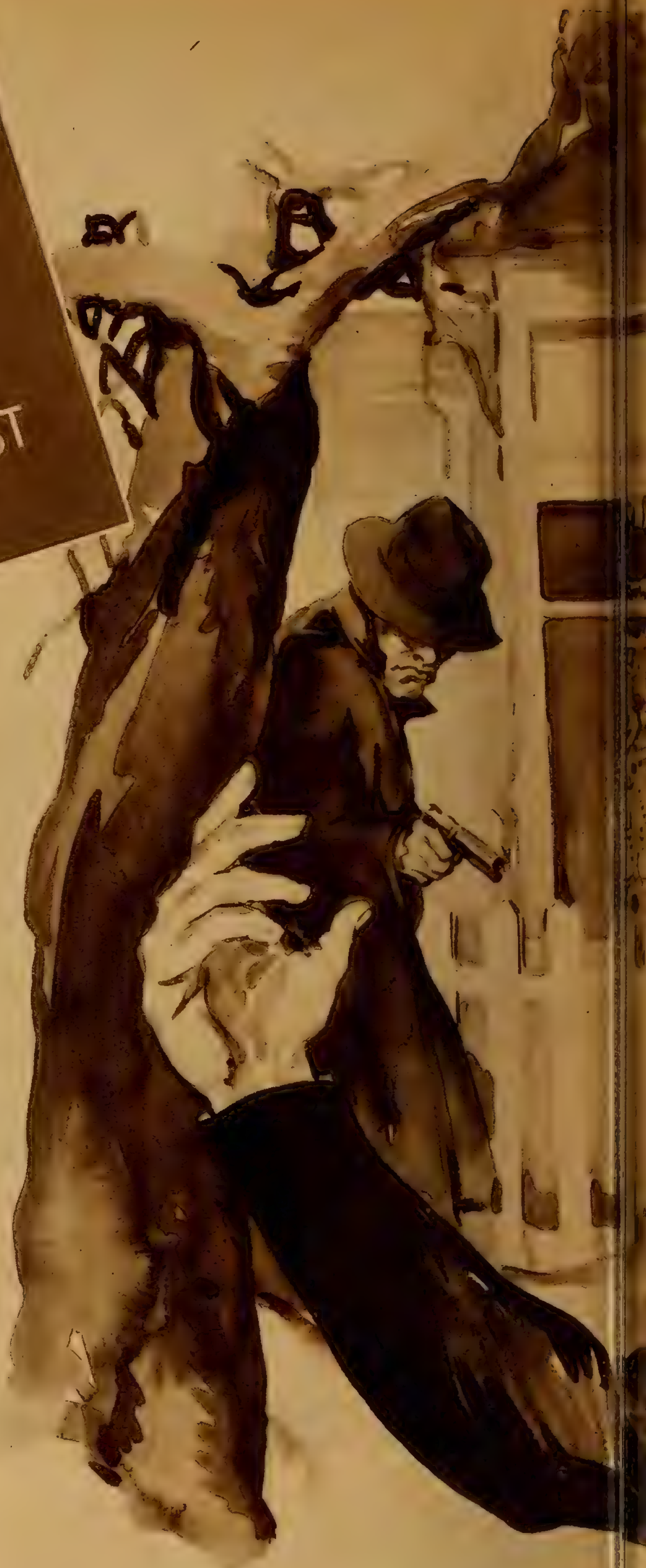




Illustration
by
Anning Alden

From the darkness behind Patrolman Sanders came a spurt of flame. The killers had begun their work.

The night was one of the coldest of the year, and few people were out. The street on which Costigan and Hunt were walking was entirely deserted, and they were glad of each other's company. But it did them no good. Suddenly, from behind them, two shots rang out—then two more. Both Hunt and Costigan were dead when they were found.

The fourth in the series of Akron killings came two months later, on March 16. Patrolman Gethin Richards was the victim. Once (*Continued on page 56*)

NOW YOU CAN READ IT IN
STORY FORM! THE AMAZ-
ING SAGA OF A FIEND WHO
TRIED TO LEAD THE UNDER-
WORLD IN BLOODY REVOLT

HOW

Dorothy Lamour

FOUND LOVE

WINNING the title of Miss New Orleans should have been the biggest thrill of Dorothy Lamour's life, but she spent the money for a trip to Chicago and found Herbie Kay. It was in the Blackhawk restaurant and Herbie was leading the orchestra. Dorothy didn't meet him, but she saw him—all evening long she watched him. Love engulfed her like a tidal wave.

It made no difference then that her money was gone. Leave Chicago and her love? Impossible. So Dorothy learned to run an elevator in a Chicago department store until she managed an audition with Herbie and won the job as vocalist with his orchestra.

For three years she sang and silently and hopelessly adored her leader. Three long years while Herbie continued to overlook her. Just once he sent her flowers and then forgot again that she existed. Three years is a long time for a girl just turned twenty. Dorothy quit and went to New York to forget him. But like any story book romance, Herbie flew after her and proposed. They were married after as hectic a chase for licenses, rings and ministers as you could find in a Wodehouse novel.

Two days after the "I Do's," Herb was back on the stand leading his orchestra. A thousand miles away, his bride sang torch songs in night clubs and on the radio.

They said, "Dorothy and Herb are crazy if they expect to make a go of this marriage!"

It was the unanimous opinion. Not one of their friends believed that Dorothy Lamour and Herbie Kay could stay married, or even in love, for six months. A few people,

who conceded that the marriage might conceivably prosper, but only at the expense of two wrecked careers, were regarded as optimists.

They said, "Those two are plain nuts!"

Taking everything into consideration, it looked very much as if the calamity howling friends were right. Never did a marriage start out on a shakier foundation.

In the first place, both Dorothy and Herb had iron-clad contracts which kept them in separate places. Dorothy's made it necessary for her to remain in New York City. Herb's took him traipsing all over the country with his band. Dorothy was beautiful; Herb was handsome. Both were young—and human. Men would swarm around Dorothy, women around Herb. How could either of them remain faithful to an ideal, and to a sweetheart who was thousands of miles away?

They said, "You can't lick a set-up like that. It isn't in the cards."

The gloomy prophets were almost right. They forgot only one thing—that Dorothy and Herb were so much in love they were willing to fight for their happiness. They were willing to meet the very real problems that menaced their marriage. They couldn't afford to accept the verdict of disaster, couldn't afford to let circumstances wreck their relationship. For that relationship was all of life to



Dorothy's husband is Herbie Kay but in the film "Hurricane" Jon Hall is her lover.

them.

It was this desperate need to stay together that sent them to a second marriage, a year and a half after their first. It was the same need that led them, barely in time, to the creation of an amazing marriage (Continued on page 65)

WHEN A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG BRIDE WITH IDEAS OF HER OWN SUDDENLY DISCOVERS THAT A CONTINENT HAS SEPARATED HER FROM THE GROOM, THERE'S TROUBLE AHEAD!



Personality CLOSE-UPS



Radio's perfect mother: Marion Barney, above, richly deserves the title for her work as the wise, kind Mrs. Young of Pepper Young's Family. Born in San Francisco, Marion went on the stage right after leaving college, and soon became the youngest leading lady on Broadway. In 1929 she turned to radio, playing the mother in Red Davis, the serial which was the original version of today's Pepper Young's Family. Her work was so good she still plays the part.



Dolly Dawn, above, is the petite, black-eyed and black-haired vocalist with George Hall's orchestra, heard on CBS. She began her radio career on a local New Jersey station five years ago, when she was fifteen. A chance on Hall's amateur program led, two years later, to a job as his singer. For a hobby she collects toy dogs. . . . Pinky Tomlin, left, is the singer and comedian who's helping Eddie Cantor's show to keep going while Eddie's vacationing. He's from Arkansas, and has written many popular songs. The first he ever wrote, "The Object of My Affection," was an immediate hit.





With a voice as beautiful as her face, Nadine Conner, left, is a welcome addition to the Show Boat cast. Nadine comes from an old California family—she was born twenty-seven years ago in a house built in 1850 by her great-grandfather. She still lives in this house, spending her spare time riding horseback . . . Billy Bailey, below, is headed for stardom on CBS, which is featuring her in several of its sustaining shows. Blue-eyed and golden-haired, she's a former Milwaukee music teacher. Vacationing in New York, she sang for a music publisher, and her contract with CBS is the happy result.

Sixteen-year-old Jane Rhodes, below, has her first network job as one of the singers on the Packard summer show, with Johnny Green's orchestra, but she's no radio novice. When she was only seven she was a child star on several Los Angeles stations, under the name of Betty Jane, and she's been a favorite on the West Coast ever since. She just signed a contract with RKO, and is to be in "Stage Door," with Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers.



Can you swing it?

1. For those who admire "hot licks"
"Schmaltz music" is only for hicks.
When Benny is "sending"
No home fires they're tending

2. "The dog house" is swing for bass viol;
And to play it takes plenty of guile.
You slap it and spin it
For all there is in it

3. There once was a guard at Sing Sing
Who nicknamed the prison Swing Swing,
He led the jam band
Till a jail-break was planned

4. There was a young girl of Sautelle
Who thought the sweet kind of music
quite swell,
Then she got "in the groove"
So her neighbors would move

YOUR ENTRY COUPON

1.
.....
.....
2.
.....
.....
3.
.....
.....
4.
.....
.....

Name

Address

WHETHER or not you've been bitten by the swing bug that's threatening the peace of the whole country these days, here's your chance to have more fun than you've had all summer and to share in twenty-eight exciting prizes.

Imagine yourself a mile in the sky aboard a luxurious United Airlines plane, skimming through the clouds, bound for the wonder city of the world—Hollywood! You won't have to imagine if you get busy and win first prize in this hilarious contest. Finish these four limericks with the most outstanding last lines and climb aboard that silver ship for the trip of a lifetime.

In Hollywood the winner will spend three whole spell-bound days, visiting the coast to coast Tuesday night radio program on the CBS network, seeing at first hand the movie stars at work, and visiting all the glamour spots you've read about, as the guest of the program itself.

It's easy, it's amusing, it's rewarding! To the second prize winner there goes a beautiful cabinet model Pilot radio. To the writer of the third best set of last lines goes a smaller Pilot radio. And to the next twenty-five winners go de luxe Ronson lighters.

No strings, no catches, just a matter of thinking up clever last lines which rhyme with the first two lines of each limerick. And to make it still easier, here's a sample last line for the first limerick: *Though their wives may raise awful kicks.*

Probably you'll want to use swing language in making your last lines. So here is a glossary of swing terms to guide you:

Jam or jives—swing; *licks or hot licks*—a swing phrase of music; *rider man or sender*—a star hot soloist; *Get off on it, go out of the world, or get in the groove*—to render an inspired swing solo; *Schmaltz*—ordinary sweet music; *Cats*—members of the band; *Dog house*—bass viol; *Push Pipe*—trombone; *Grunt iron*—tuba; *Licorice stick*—clarinet; *Plumbing*—trumpet; *Suitcases*—drums; *Gobble pipe*—saxophone.



Tune in Benny Goodman's Swing School, sponsored by Camel Cigarettes, Tuesday nights at 9:30 EDST, over the Columbia network. Above, Benny, himself.

WIN A TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD!

— ENTER —

THE BENNY GOODMAN SWING LIMERICK CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE Free trip to Hollywood

SECOND PRIZE Cabinet size Pilot radio

THIRD PRIZE Pilot radio

TWENTY-FIVE PRIZES Ronson lighters



CONTEST RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications Inc. and members of their families.

2. To compete, study all four Limericks carefully and then write your own last line for each in the space provided on the coupon. To be considered for a prize your entry must be on the official coupon.

3. Entries will be judged on the basis of aptness, cleverness and appropriateness of last lines. The entry with the best set of four last lines rated on this basis, will be awarded a round trip to Hollywood via United Airlines with a three day stop-over in the film capital. To the next best entry will be awarded a cabinet size Pilot radio. To the third best goes a smaller Pilot radio, and to each of the twenty-five entries next highest in rating will be awarded beautiful Ronson lighters. Duplicate awards will be paid in the event of ties.

4. The judges will be the editorial board of Radio Mirror and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

5. All entries must be received on or before Tuesday, October 5, 1937, the closing date of this contest.

6. Address all entries to Radio Mirror Swing Contest, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., by First Class Mail.

On the air he's Jack Benny's timid-like-a-rabbit tenor, but on the screen he comes into his own. Meet the new Gable threat.

Kenny Baker finds it easy to make love to Jane Wyman in the new Warner comedy, "Mr. Dodds Takes the Air," to be released soon.



What TIMID TENOR?

A serious moment, as Kenny and Jane double their pulse count—Can this be the young man whose shyness Mr. Benny kids so much?

The clinch! and what good is any romance without it? On second thought, though, isn't Kenny holding back a little? Still timid!

By
JACK SMALLEY

Hollywood won't like this story, but Olivia told it because of the lesson that it teaches.

**RADIO CAN MAKE
YOUR DREAMS COME
TRUE, JUST AS IT
DID FOR BEAUTIFUL
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND**



IF YOU WANT TO *Act*

DRAMA critics invariably sneer, Broadway stars laugh up their sleeves and Hollywood's guest-star circle shrugs its shoulders in disdain. With them, it's always the same story—radio deadens the art of acting, radio drama doesn't compare. Radio, to make it more painful, is just a pleasant way of picking up spare change.

But Olivia de Havilland—beautiful, young, of the modern school of Hollywood success for whom brilliant stardom is no longer just a dazzling dream—has found the truth to be different.

Olivia de Havilland never knew how to act until she agreed to take part in an hour-length radio drama. And she's anxious to admit it. The first thing she said was, "If you want to learn to act, turn to radio. Any young actor

should look on radio as his great opportunity. If you've ever tried to get on the stage you know that it's practically impossible. But there are thousands of radio stations which do offer you a chance to learn to act.

"Look at me. Radio makes me a better actress every time I go on the air. It gives me the inspiration and excitement I've never found in the movies. And it's teaching me things about the job of acting the movies can't even touch!"

And when you know Olivia, you know that radio also is bringing her the one thing she has always wanted above everything else.

She told me all this one afternoon at Warner Brothers' Studio, where she was making (Continued on page 90)

HOW TO BEAT LIFE

NOT every successful man is qualified or able to talk about success or to give advice on how to achieve it. In fact, I've known some whose advice I'd have run miles to avoid following—simply because it was obvious that success hadn't been worth the price they'd paid for it.

Lowell Thomas is a different sort of person entirely, principally because he is a happy man first of all, and a successful one after that. I'd gone up to his country estate near Pawling, New York, to talk to him, and I soon saw that he owned something much more precious than the beautiful old mansion-house, the swimming-pool and tennis-courts. He had the ease of mind that comes independently of material things. And I knew that when he talked of "success" what he really meant was "success combined with happiness."

For that very reason, too, he could talk frankly. His success secrets are principles that no man need be ashamed to follow. Yet they're eminently practical as well. No vague generalizations about thrift or industry does Lowell Thomas offer you when you ask how to achieve success. He has simply learned seven things in his life-time—seven things that, taken together, have made him a famous radio commentator and writer and have provided him with money, possessions, security.

THE most important truth I've learned," he told me, "and the belief upon which my whole life is based, is that you can get anything you want if you really make up your mind you want it, and go out after it. And since that is true, *always use an elephant gun instead of a pop gun.* Try for something really big, instead of trying for something small. No matter what your profession, make up your mind to be a big shot in it instead of a subordinate. Don't say to yourself that what you really want is too far away, too big, for you to reach—because it is really true that nine times out of ten it's as easy to get the big prizes as it is to get the little one, provided you consciously and determinedly aim for the big one.

"Second, and still talking in terms of hunting, now that you are out with your elephant gun, *don't aim for an elephant and nothing else.* Who knows?—a hippopotamus might come along, and it's as big game as an elephant any day. If success is your aim, don't limit the field in which you can attain it. I suppose, when I was starting out in the world, I was aiming for big game in the newspaper business. Then another form of big game—radio—came along, and I turned to it. You must be adaptable enough to seize the big opportunities when they present themselves.

"The third thing I've learned is the value of *infinite patience.* It's the biggest game that requires the longest and most patient stalking. I've seen so many men throw away their opportunities because they lacked the patience to wait just a little longer for the right moment. That moment will come, all right, if you stay on the alert for it long enough.

"The fourth necessity for success is *the knowledge of how to work.*" Thomas shook his head reminiscently. "I learned that when I was a youngster. I had to. My father made me learn it. Every Saturday of my boyhood was spent in sawing up stove wood, for so (Continued on page 72)





By
D A N W H E E L E R

**SEVEN SECRETS OF SUCCESS HAVE
BROUGHT LOWELL THOMAS LIFE'S
GREATEST RICHES—SEVEN SIMPLE
RULES THAT ARE FASCINATING TO
LEARN AND INSPIRING TO FOLLOW**

Neither swimming pools nor tennis courts
nor riding stables on a beautiful country
estate can bring real happiness without
the inner contentment that Thomas finally
achieved with his rules for beating life.





ONE HOUR

**MUSIC BY
RICHARD A.
WHITING**

**WORDS BY
LEO ROBIN**

**COPYRIGHT
MCMXXXII by
Famous Music
Corp., New
York, N. Y.**

REFRAIN *p-mf*

How I I would love to spend One this Hour With You One As

hour of just be-ing with you Then I'm
friend to friend I'm sor-ry it's through..

I could say what I'm feel ing feel and con-
tell-ing you Just how I feel I hope

ceal-ing feel in my heart too. To-
you feel that way too. Let's

night when all our danc-ing is thru And I'm
make a date for next Sun-day night

Chords: D7, A7dim, G, A7, D7dim, Ami7, D7, A7dim, G, C, D7, C, Bb, Ami7, D7, D7+5, G, A7dim, G, A7

WITH YOU

SOON YOU'LL HEAR HIM SING IT AGAIN ON THE
AIR—THE MERRY, TUNEFUL EDDIE CANTOR THEME
SONG. FREE TO THE READERS OF RADIO MIRROR

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. Chord symbols are provided above the vocal line for guitar or piano accompaniment.

System 1:

Chords: D^{dim.}, A^{mi}7, B7, E^{mi}.

Lyrics: moon-beams fall on ros-es and dew, Per-
here to state 'twill be my de-light To

System 2:

Chords: A^{mi}, C^{dim.}, G.

Lyrics: haps you may ev-en say that you love me
sing a-gain, bring a-gain, The things you want me

System 3:

Chords: A7, D^{dim.}, A^{mi}7, D7.

Lyrics: too, and I let me stay One
to, I love to spend this

System 4:

Chords: 1. G, D7, 2. G.

Lyrics: Hour With You. How Hour With You.
hour with you. I hour with you.

FROM THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE
"ONE HOUR WITH YOU"

Deanna Durbin's supposed to be on her vacation, but she's just finished her second starring role in Universal's "100 Men and a Girl," and will be back with Eddie Cantor in Sept.

Photo by Ray Jones



Fashion Parade of the Month..... OCTOBER

FOR HER FALL WARDROBE
MISS ELYSE LAW CHOOSES

3 "Smoky Nail Shades"



Old Rose

For country week ends in Del Monte, Elyse Law chooses a suit of the new tapestry tweed, in clover-lavender. "Cutex Old Rose is heavenly with it!" she says.



Robin Red

Miss Law will wear this gown of royal blue to the Spinster's Ball at the Palace Hotel, this Fall. "Won't Cutex Robin Red be marvelous with it?" asks Elyse.



Thistle

Miss Law has chosen Albany green for a town dress to wear lunching at the St. Francis Hotel. She picks the new Cutex Thistle for this . . . a rosy faun color.

SAN FRANCISCO'S smart younger set boasts one of the loveliest debutantes ever presented to Society. Elyse Law's beauty is the kind that is only seen once or twice in a lifetime . . . Divinely tall, slim, with hair that shines like wheat in the sun, a faintly golden skin, blue eyes deep-set under a high, pure brow.

She's a very vital young person, too! Golfs, swims at Pebble Beach, Santa Barbara. Adores far places . . . has traveled a lot. Likes music, the theatre. And has a really extraordinary flair for color and design in clothes.

In composing her color harmonies,

she uses the rich and subtle new "smoky" nail shades with unusual imaginativeness. "I never get tired of playing my Cutex nail shades against costume colors," she says. "I wish every girl appreciated what exciting possibilities they offer as contrast."

WHY NOT STUDY the three suggestions above, and then see what effects YOU can achieve? There are 11 shades to choose from altogether. And, being Cutex, they'll all wear for days . . . won't thicken up in the bottle . . . won't fade . . . but will shine and twinkle like bright little stars! And since Cutex is only 35¢ a bottle, you can start with 3 shades at least! At any shop, anywhere!

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris



CLOVER—Luscious with green, blue, brown, gray, black.

TULIP—A new bright accent for black. Goes with every color.

Also Rust, Light Rust, Natural, Colorless, Rose, Burgundy.

Send 16¢ for CUTEX INTRODUCTORY SET

NORTHAM WARREN CORPORATION, Dept. 7-B-10
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 16¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked. ☐ Rust ☐ Burgundy ☐ Thistle ☐ Clover ☐ Tulip ☐ Old Rose

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____



“Don’t you
dare
kiss me”

She knew that he adored her . . . that she was fond of him . . . that she ought to encourage him . . . because after all he was attractive and successful. Yet the thought of him making love to her was actually revolting. She wished she could tell him why, but she didn’t dare . . . the subject was just too personal . . .

GIVE THEM A HINT

There is nothing more fatal to friendship and romance than halitosis (unpleasant breath). The matter was once too delicate to talk about. Now, in the new candor that is sweeping America, more courageous women haven’t hesitated to hint to boy friends that the use of a little Listerine would make them more agreeable. Tactfully presented, the suggestion nearly always works. It’s self-protection for women and a favor to men. Use Listerine before all social engagements. Remember it makes the breath sweeter, more wholesome, and more agreeable.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

FOR HALITOSIS
USE **LISTERINE**

The Quick Deodorant



RADIO MIRROR •
Almanac
AUG. 24 TO SEPT. 23

**EIGHT NEW PAGES DESIGNED TO DOUBLE YOUR LIS-
TENING PLEASURE! DAY BY DAY PROGRAM LISTINGS
AND NEWS FOR THE WHOLE MONTH—VITAL INFORMA-
TION ABOUT YOUR DAILY BROADCASTING HIGHLIGHTS**

ALL TIME GIVEN IS EASTERN DAYLIGHT

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Melody Hour
NBC-Red: Goldthwaite Orch.

8:30
NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures
NBC-Red: Children's Concert

9:00
CBS: Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's
NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
NBC-Red: Orchestra

10:00
CBS: Church of the Air
NBC-Blue: Russian Melodies
NBC-Red: Bible Highlights

10:30
CBS: Romany Trail
NBC-Blue: Walberg Brown Ensemble

11:00
NBC: Press-radio News

11:05
NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen, contralto
NBC-Red: Ward and Muzzy, piano

11:15
NBC-Red: Bravest of the Brave

11:30
CBS: Major Bowes Family

11:45
NBC-Red: Henry Busse Orch.

12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Southernaires
NBC-Red: Hour Glass

12:30 P. M.
CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
MBS: Ted Weems Orchestra
NBC-Blue: Music Hall of the Air
NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table Discussion

1:00
CBS: Church of the Air
NBC-Red: Dorothy Dreslin

1:30
CBS: Poets Gold
NBC-Blue: Our Neighbors
NBC-Red: Dreams of Long Ago

2:00
CBS: St. Louis Serenade
MBS: The Lamplighter
NBC-Blue: The Magic Key of RCA
NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers

2:30
CBS: Dramas of the Bible
NBC-Red: Thatcher Colt mysteries

3:00
CBS: Everybody's Music
NBC-Blue: Noble Cain Choir

4:00
CBS: Spelling Bee
NBC-Blue: Sunday Vespers
NBC-Red: Romance Melodies

4:30
NBC-Blue: Fishface, Figgssbottle
NBC-Red: The World is Yours

5:00
CBS: Our American Neighbors
NBC-Blue: There Was a Woman

5:30
CBS: Guy Lombardo
NBC-Blue: Smilin' Ed McConnell

6:00
CBS: The Chicagoans
NBC-Blue: Grenadier Guards Band
NBC-Red: Catholic Hour

6:30
NBC-Blue: Ernest Gill Orch.
NBC-Red: A Tale of Today

7:00
CBS: Columbia Workshop
NBC-Red: Jane Froman, Don Ross

7:30
CBS: Harry Von Zell
NBC-Blue: Werner Janssen
NBC-Red: Fireside Recitals

7:45
NBC-Red: Fitch Jingles

8:00
NBC-Red: Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen, W. C. Fields.

8:30
CBS: Texaco Town

9:00
CBS: Ford Symphony
NBC-Blue: Rippling Rhythm Revue
NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round

9:30
NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music

9:45
NBC-Blue: Irene Rich

10:00
NBC-Blue: Concert
NBC-Red: Sunday Night Party

11:00
CBS: Press Radio News
NBC-Blue: Judy and the Bunch
NBC-Red: Orchestra

11:30
Dance Music

SUNDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By DON AMECHE

Never burn your bridges behind you unless you have a rowboat handy.

Highlights For Sunday, Aug. 29

RADIO'S perennial favorite, *Smilin' Ed McConnell*, blooms again late this afternoon—5:30 E. D. S. T.—on NBC's Red Network. . . . Will be on the air all season, giving his all for the Acme White Lead and Color people. Palmer Clark's orchestra, Larry Larson, and a choral group are Smilin' Ed's capable assistants. . . . Smilin' Ed proudly claims to be radio's fattest man, likes the title because many years ago somebody said, "Everybody loves a fat man." . . . Born in Atlanta, Ga., on January 12, 1892, Ed was a minister's son, and an all-round athlete in school. . . . Is an automobile fan, and has owned sixty-two of them at various times. . . . Last spring purchased a supercharged car that can go 135

miles an hour if he really wants it to. It was a compromise between Ed and the Mrs.—he really wanted to buy a seaplane. . . . Keeps his baby's first shoe before him when on the air. It's gold-plated. . . . Is superstitious as anything, and thinks number nine lucky. Likes hotel rooms that add up to that number. . . . Served in war with army air service, and during war was once pronounced dead by drowning when his troop train plunged from a bridge. . . . Tonight, via CBS at 8:00, hear the last broadcast of the Milton Berle show. . . . Via CBS at 5:00, comes a polite salute to *Venezuela*—it's one of *Our American Neighbors*. . . . Irene Rich is on now at a new time—9:45 tonight, NBC-Blue.



Welcome Smilin' Ed McConnell back to the air this afternoon at 5:30 on NBC.

Highlights For Sunday, Sept. 5

TODAY'S CBS salute to *Our American Neighbors* goes to *Uruguay and Paraguay*, so, lovers of Latin music, remember you have a date at five o'clock—Eastern daylight time, of course. . . . Did you know an old favorite is on tap again? Name: Jeannine Macy. Former occupation: being the "Lilac Time" girl on the program of that name. Present occupation: singing on *Universal Rhythm*, tonight at 9:00 on CBS. . . . Jeannine's absence from the air came as a natural result of her marriage to Tom Richley, staff musician at WLW in Cincinnati when Jeannine worked there. . . . It's a boy. . . . Jeannine's another Rudy Vallee discovery. He heard her on a children's program on WHAM, Rochester. Helped her get a

job at Castle Farm in Cincinnati, which led to her work at WLW and Lilac Time. . . . That *Universal Rhythm* show leaves its Sunday-night spot after tonight, now that the dignified *Ford Symphony* has had its summer rest and is raring to go after Bach and Beethoven again. . . . Rhythm pops up *Saturday* after next at 9:30 on the CBS network. . . . Other shows for you to look forward to this afternoon and tonight: *Harry von Zell's Summer Stars*, CBS at 7:30; *Frank Munn and Jean Dickenson* on NBC-Red at 9:30; *A Tale of Today*, with Raymond Johnson and Laurette Fillbrandt, on NBC-Red at 6:30; the *Sunday Night Party*, with more stars than you can shake a five-tube set at, on NBC-Red at ten.



Once the Lilac Time girl, Jeannine Macy now is featured on *Universal Rhythm*.

Highlights For Sunday, Sept. 12

SUMMER'S almost over—here comes the *Ford Symphony* back on the air, the vanguard of the winter season. Don't bother to put on your white tie and tails, but come along to the nearest CBS station at 9:00 E.D.S.T., and wrap an ear around a couple of classics. . . . Director tonight and for the next few weeks is Jose Iturbi, the fiery little Spanish piano-playing maestro. Guest soloist is John Charles Thomas, who used to have a program of his own but confines himself nowadays to visiting shows that need a good baritone for the evening. John Charles is husky, looks more like a strong man than a singer, but leaves you in no doubt about what he is once he cuts loose on an aria. . . . Is as fond of boating

as he is of singing. . . . Is a minister's son, born in Meyersdale, Pa. Used to sing for his father at camp meetings, working up from boy-soprano to adolescent-bass. . . . Almost decided to be a doctor, but music won out. . . . Got into comic opera, where he stayed for several years. . . . In 1924, made his debut in "Aida" in Washington, two days later got married, and shortly after that broke 90 at a Florida golf club. . . . Counted 1924 a banner year. . . . Sang for the first time at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1934, and hasn't missed a season since. . . . Owns an 85-foot yacht, "The Masquerader," where he spends all of his spare time. . . . Owns no land home at all—always rents them.



John Charles Thomas is guest soloist on the *Ford Symphony's* return this evening.

Highlights For Sunday, Sept. 19

MAKE way tonight for hizzoner the Mayor of *Texaco Town* . . . *Eddie Cantor*, refreshed by a summer of rest (all he did was make a new movie and sit in on every rehearsal of the *Texaco* summer show, and that's a rest for Eddie), is back on his program tonight, 8:30 on CBS. . . . And once more Sunday night begins to seem like Sunday night, with Eddie spending that (half) hour with you again. . . . Also check for tonight the premiere broadcast of the new *Mutual* program sponsored by the *Commentator Magazine*. It's a dramatic-variety program on MBS' coast-to-coast network, from 10:00 to 10:30 P.M. . . . Nor do you want to miss *Rippling Rhythm Revue*, NBC-Blue at 9:00, and that old-know-it-

all, Winchell, same network at 9:30. That Honeychile you hear trading gags with Bob Hope on *Rippling Rhythm Revue* is Bob's third Honeychile girl stooge. . . . Her name is Clare Hazel, and she's as Southern as her accent. . . . Meant to be a newspaper woman, and wrote stories when a child for her dad's newspaper in Bennettsville, S. C. . . . Was editor of her high school paper. Then went to Queens College in Charlotte, N. C., and made the mistake of getting a part in a freshman play. . . . After that, phooey on journalism! . . . Came to New York after graduation, got a break when Bob, needing a new Honeychile, heard her Southern drawl and hired her. . . . Now she's also busy on the Broadway stage.



Honeychile, on the *Rippling Rhythm Revue*, is played by blonde Clare Hazel.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Morning Devotions
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire

8:15
NBC-Blue: Island Serenaders
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies

8:30
NBC-Blue: William Meeder
NBC-Red: Home Songs

9:00
CBS: Metropolitan Parade
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Fields and Hall

9:30
CBS: Richard Maxwell

9:55
NBC: Press Radio News

10:00
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs

10:15
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife

10:30
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill

10:45
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
NBC-Red: Today's Children

11:00
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum

11:15
CBS: Heinz Magazine
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife

11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming

11:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh

12:00 Noon
CBS: Swinging the Blues
MBS: Journal of Living
NBC-Red: Girl Alone

12:15
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin

12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent

12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday

1:00
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Blue: Love and Learn

1:15
CBS: Hymns: Betty Crocker
NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife

1:30
CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
NBC-Red: Words and Music

1:45
CBS: Hollywood in Person

2:00
CBS: Kathryn Cravens

2:15
CBS: Jack and Loretta

2:45
CBS: Ted Malone
NBC-Red: Girl Interne

3:00
CBS: Col. Jack Major
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family

3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins

3:30
CBS: Pop Concert
NBC-Blue: Let's Talk it Over
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills

4:00
CBS: Bob Byron
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones

4:15
NBC-Red: Personal Column

4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light

5:00
CBS: Clyde Barrie

5:15
NBC-Red: While the City Sleeps

5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Don Winslow of the Navy

5:45
CBS: Funny Things
NBC-Red: Jackie Heller

6:30
Press Radio News

6:35
CRS: Sports Resume

6:45
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas

7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Hughie Barrett's Orch.
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy

7:15
CBS: Song Time
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra

7:30
MBS: The Lone Ranger
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner

7:45
CBS: Boake Carter
NBC-Red: Passing Parade

8:00
CBS: Alemite Half Hour
NBC-Blue: Good Time Society
NBC-Red: Burns and Allen

8:30
CBS: Pick and Pat
NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone

9:00
CBS: Lux Theater
MBS: Gabriel Heatter
NBC-Red: McGee and Molly

9:30
NBC-Red: Hour of Charm

10:00
CBS: Wayne King
MBS: Elder Michaux
NBC-Red: Contented Program

10:30
CBS: Neck o' the Woods
NBC-Blue: Radio Forum

11:00
Dance Music

MONDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By HORACE HEIDT

If you want a thing done in a hurry, ask a busy man to do it.

Highlights For Monday, Aug. 30

AT 11:00 A. M. today, Elsie Mae Gordon pauses in her mad flight from studio to studio to play Phoebe in *Trouble House*, for the *Heinz Magazine of the Air* on CBS. . . . Elsie Mae is busier than a bird dog. . . . Sometimes doesn't know what program she's on, she works on so many. . . . Reason is that she's so versatile. . . . Can play anything from a cry-baby to a grandma, from a parrot to a cow. . . . Carries a big bag around with her, and in rehearsal intervals produces a piece of knitting from this bag and sets to work. . . . Knitting is always a sweater for her ten-year-old son, Gordon White. . . . Likes to ride horseback, swim, hike and drive her car through the country. . . . Has been on the air since 1922,

when you used to envy your neighbors their crystal set. . . . Sometimes drops radio work entirely and goes on a short stage tour, doing her specialty—dramatic monologues—in front of audiences. . . . Is an individualist, she says, dislikes intolerance, and has no favorite books, symphonies, plays or authors, no superstitions and no hobbies. . . . Reminder: *Myrt and Marge* are on at a new time now, 10:15 A. M., CBS. . . . So is your old pal *Ted Malone*—he's taken over M. & M.'s old quarter-hour, 2:45 P. M., also on CBS. . . . Ted's been doing some investigating about people's favorite books. Discovered that the Bible is most people's favorite—but also that few people have read it enough to know it really well.



Busy Elsie Mae Gordon plays Phoebe on *Trouble House*, part of *Heinz Magazine*.

Highlights For Monday, Sept. 6



"World's best cook" Crosby Gaige is returning to the air today on NBC-Blue.

LABOR DAY—and NBC is celebrating by starting a new program: *Kitchen Cavalcade*, starring Crosby Gaige, Monday through Friday at 10:45 on the Blue. A must for housewives, would-be housewives, and bachelors who cook their own meals. . . . Gaige modestly says, "I consider myself the world's best cook." On this show he gets a chance to prove it. . . . Gaige is one of New York's better-known theatrical producers. . . . Was recently one of the men responsible for the mammoth stage spectacle, "The Eternal Road." . . . Born in Skunk Hollow, New York, he was the son of a postmaster. . . . After graduation from Columbia University, went right into the business of helping produce plays.

. . . Is a bachelor and has an adopted son named Jeremy. . . . Owns a farm near Peekskill, where he raises rare herbs to make into spices to put into his pet culinary efforts. . . . Doesn't think much of women who complain that running a home is the hardest job in the world. Say it's the easiest, instead. . . . The *Barrymores*, John and Elaine, are in a modern play for a change—Philip Barry's "The Animal Kingdom." Listen in on NBC's Blue network. . . . Set aside 1:15 P. M. to listen to *Dan Harding's Wife* on NBC-Red. The cast: Dan Harding, Merrill Fugit; Eula Sherman, Margerette Shanna; Hester Forrest, Ann Stone; Mr. Fowler, Robert Griffin; Annette Dupre, Laurette Fillbrandt.

Highlights For Monday, Sept. 13

TODAY'S star news: the *Lux Theater* is back on the air tonight, at nine o'clock on CBS, raising the curtain on another fall and winter season of weekly hit plays, starring the guys and gals who make Hollywood what it is. . . . Once more Cecil B. DeMille is waving the baton, or whatever it is movie directors use instead of a megaphone when they direct radio plays. . . . C. B. deserves the title of Pioneer Hollywoodite if anyone does. . . . Wonder why he doesn't do an air adaptation of his first big hit picture, "The Squaw Man," which made history when Hollywood was only a sleepy Mexican village. . . . If you met DeMille you'd be surprised to learn that your notion of what a great director looked like was

all wrong. . . . He's soft-spoken, dignified, and looks more like a successful banker than a guy who handles temperamental stars. . . . When a boy, he ran away from school to enlist in the army during the Spanish-American War, but failed because he was too young. . . . Then became an actor and did right well at it. . . . Gave it up to become manager of a play brokerage. . . . Met Jesse Lasky in 1913, when both were practically broke. . . . They pooled the few dollars they had to make "The Squaw Man." . . . Opposite *Lux*, on NBC-Blue, John and Elaine Barrymore present the play: "Accent on Youth." . . . Another premiere today: the *Journal of Living*, at noon, on MBS.



Back for another season of dramatic thrills: De Mille's *Lux Radio Theater*.

Highlights For Monday, Sept. 20



Margaret Brayton is the comical Mrs. Billingsley on the Burns and Allen broadcasts.

PREMIERE of the day: a program sponsored by Campana, on NBC-Blue, from 8:30 to 9:00 P. M. . . . When your Almanac went to press nobody knew what this show would be, who'd be in it, or what it would be about. . . . If they knew, they were keeping it a secret. . . . But the sponsors are the same people who bring you the *First Nighter*, which you've enjoyed these many years. First Nighter stays on the air, too. . . . Mutual starts a series of programs this afternoon from the Persian Room of the Plaza Hotel in New York. Your danceband maestro for these shows is Will McCune. . . . Margaret Brayton is the girl who plays the nutty Mrs. Billingsley on the Burns and Allen, program, tonight at 8:00 on

NBC-Red. . . . Margaret's a joke expert. . . . Has traded gags in front of the mike with Jack Benny, Edward Everett Horton, Al Pearce, and many other air favorites. . . . In fact, she got her radio start with Al Pearce in San Francisco. . . . She's loved the stage ever since the days when, a child, she used to watch Edmund Lowe from backstage at the old Morosco Theater in Los Angeles, where her stepfather, Bert Wesner, was director. . . . Parents disapproved of stage ambitions, but Margaret stuck to them. . . . The National American Legion convention starts today in New York, and all networks are on hand to report its highlights. Main one today: the parade. . . . It will be miles long.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

- 8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Morning Devotions
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
- 8:15
NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies
- 8:30
NBC-Red: Moments Musical
- 9:00
CBS: Dear Columbia
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Fields and Hall
- 9:30
CBS: Richard Maxwell
MBS: Journal of Living
- 10:00
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
- 10:15
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
- 10:30
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
- 10:45
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
NBC-Red: Today's Children
- 11:00
CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum
- 11:15
CBS: Heinz Magazine
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
- 11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: Mystery Chef
- 11:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Allen Prescott
- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: Girl Alone
- 12:15 P. M.
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
- 12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
NBC-Red: Barry McKinley
- 12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday
- 1:00
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Blue: Love and Learn
- 1:15
CBS: Hymns: Betty Crocker
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
- 1:30
CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
NBC-Red: Words and Music
- 1:45
CBS: Hollywood in Person
- 2:15
CBS: Jack and Loretta
- 2:30
CBS: Dalton Brothers
NBC-Blue: Music Guild
NBC-Red: It's a Woman's World
- 2:45
CBS: Ted Malone
NBC-Red: Girl Interne
- 3:00
CBS: Theater Matinee
MBS: Mollie of the Movies
NBC-Blue: Airbreaks
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
- 3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
- 3:30
CBS: Concert Hall
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
- 3:45
NBC-Blue: Have You Heard
NBC-Red: The O'Neills
- 4:00
CBS: Bob Byron
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
- 4:15
NBC-Red: Personal Column
- 4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
- 5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Don Winslow of the Navy
- 5:45
CBS: Drama of the Skies
- 6:30
Press-Radio News
- 6:35
CBS: Sports Resume
- 6:45
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
- 7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
- 7:15
CBS: Song Time
NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
- 7:30
CBS: Helen Menken
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner
- 7:45
NBC-Blue: Vivian Della Chiesa
- 8:00
CBS: Mark Warnow
NBC-Blue: Husbands and Wives
NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
- 8:30
CBS: Al Jolson
MBS: Listen to This
NBC-Blue: Edgar A. Guest
NBC-Red: Wayne King
- 9:00
CBS: Al Pearce
MBS: Gabriel Heatter
NBC-Blue: Ben Bernie
NBC-Red: Vox Pop—Parks Johnson
- 9:30
CBS: Benny Goodman
MBS: True Detective Mystery
NBC-Red: Lanny Ross
- 10:00
CBS: Your Unseen Friend
- 10:30
NBC-Blue: Past Masters
NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler
- 10:45
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
- 11:00
Dance Music

TUESDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By AL PEARCE

Make acquaintances quickly; make friends slowly.

Highlights For Tuesday, Aug. 31

STARTING today, the *Heinz Magazine of the Air* gets complicated in its time-scheme . . . Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays it's to be broadcast from 11:15 to 11:30; Wednesdays and Fridays, 11:00 to 11:30—both A.M., both E.D.S.T. . . . Up to now, you've heard it only three days a week, instead of five. . . . Tonight's your last chance to listen to *Johnny Green's* music, *Trudy Wood*, *Jimmy Blair*, and *Jane Rhodes* on the *Packard* show—9:30 to 10:30 on NBC-Red. They're being replaced, next Tuesday, by *Lanny Ross & Co.* . . . This afternoon's *Singing Lady* play: the story of Leonardo da Vinci, the Italian painter, written by the Singing Lady herself. . . . at 5:30, NBC-Blue. . . . That is, un-

less there's a last-minute change in plans. . . . Your Almanac repeats: it takes no responsibility for sudden changes of mind on the part of sponsors and performers. . . . Recommendation for that after-lunch slump: *Words and Music*, NBC-Red at 1:30. *Ruth Lyon*, star of this show, used to think how swell it would be if she had a lovely singing voice. . . . But her major study in her Normal, Ill., school, was Romance languages. . . . Then somebody advised her to study voice as an aid to learning languages. . . . She graduated from college and went to work teaching French . . . but met Wayne King and he gave her a job as soloist . . . Station WMAQ heard her and offered her a job.



Soprano Ruth Lyon's featured on NBC's popular *Words and Music* show today.

Highlights For Tuesday, Sept. 7

BIG doings afoot tonight in Hollywood. . . . It's premiere night for two top-notch shows. . . . Both star old favorites. . . . One's on NBC, the other on CBS. . . . And they're on at different times, so you can listen to them both. . . . First comes *Al Jolson*, back at his old time, 8:30 on CBS, and with his old sidekicks, *Parkyakarkus* and *Martha Raye*. . . . Swapping insults with Parkie, songs with the girl he calls Moutha. . . . Al's given up appearing in pictures from now on, and radio will get the full force of the famed Jolson personality. . . . At 9:30, on NBC-Red, the new fall and winter *Packard* show gets under way: *Lanny Ross*, *Charlie Butterworth*, delicious soprano *Florence George*, and

Raymond Paige's music. . . . You know about Lanny and you know about Charlie, and you know about Raymond (he's been the dispenser of harmony on Hollywood Hotel), but *Florence* is making her commercial debut in this show. . . . She's the coloratura type of soprano. . . . Is a newly-created Paramount contract player. . . . Has studied the piano since she was five. . . . Hates lobster, cottage cheese, bugs, worms, and snakes; loves horseback riding, driving a car, reading, playing the piano. . . . Was selected one of the three most beautiful co-eds at her alma mater, Wittenberg College in Ohio, and if she went back there would undoubtedly get the honor all over again.



Al Jolson, with Martha Raye and Parkyakarkus, starts his new series tonight.

Highlights For Tuesday, Sept. 14

YOUR Almanac's scoop of the day: *Aunt Jenny*, who tells her *Real Life Stories* on CBS at 11:45 this morning and every morning except Saturday and Sunday, is *Edith Spencer*, a radio and stage veteran. . . . Her identity is carefully guarded from the public, but perhaps it won't hurt you to know. . . . Had a career of twenty-five years on the stage before entering radio. . . . Between shows is besieged by fellow actors and actresses with requests to read their futures, as astrology and numerology occupy her spare time. . . . Lest you forget—*Helen Menken* is on the Columbia network now, tonight and every Tuesday at 7:30, New York time. . . . Did you know that *Charlie* (*Always Wrong*) *Butterworth*, who

panics a couple of million people tonight on the *Packard* show (9:30, NBC-Red) graduated from Notre Dame University and never laid toe to pigskin all the time he was there? . . . Would never have gone on the stage if he hadn't become a reporter on the South Bend News-Times a few days after he was admitted to the Indiana Bar. . . . At a Press Club dinner Charlie did a monologue that his fellow-members thought was funny, and they told him he ought to be on the stage, not in a news room. . . . Says he helped create the Hollywood Bowl: "When I first came out here the Bowl was an ordinary theater. But I played in it and brought down the roof, and they've never had one since."



Edith Spencer, wearing her costume as Aunt Jenny who tells those life stories.

Highlights For Tuesday, Sept. 21

CARL HOFF'S the good-looking lad who supplies the music tonight at nine o'clock, CBS, for Al Pearce and his gang. . . . Is an appropriate maestro for the show because, like Al himself, he's a Californian. . . . Earned his own money in high school by running a small orchestra. . . . Was with Paul Ash in Chicago, writing arrangements. . . . Finally organized his own band again, and has been successful ever since. . . . Accompanied Al on his across-the-continent-and-back again tour. . . . Always writes his musical arrangements in a sound-proof room, but when in New York never locks the door of his swanky Central Park West apartment. . . . and often quietly goes to bed while his guests are still hav-

ing a good time. . . . When they get tired, they leave. . . . Stands six foot one in his stocking feet. . . . *Bill Comstock*, as you ought to know, plays *Tizzie Lish* on the *Watch the Fun Go By* show. . . . Wears his Tizzie costume during the broadcast, and many in the audience who don't already know he's a man never suspect it. . . . Began his entertainment career as a vaudeville drummer. . . . From the pit watched the comedy acts on the stage, learned a lot, and finally created his own sketch. . . . It wasn't very good, and neither was his next attempt. . . . The war interrupted further experiments. . . . Bill was in it and was gassed in action. . . . Tried out Tizzie five years ago on a local station.



Handsome young California-born Carl Hoff is Al Pearce's cross-country music-maker.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Morning Devotions
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire

8:15
NBC-Blue: Island Serenaders
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies

8:30
NBC-Blue: William Meeder
NBC-Red: Home Songs

9:00
CBS: As You Like It
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Fields and Hall

9:30
CBS: Jack Berch

10:00
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs

10:15
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife

10:30
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill

10:45
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
NBC-Red: Today's Children

11:00
CBS: Heinz Magazine
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum

11:15
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife

11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming

11:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Hello Peggy

12:00 Noon
CBS: Cheri; Three Notes
MBS: Journal of Living
NBC-Red: Girl Alone

12:15
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin

12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent

12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday

1:00
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Blue: Love and Learn

1:15
CBS: Hymns: Betty Crocker
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife

1:30
CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
NBC-Red: Words and Music
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour

1:45
CBS: Hollywood in Person

2:00
CBS: Kathryn Cravens

2:15
CBS: Jack and Loretta

2:45
CBS: Ted Malone
NBC-Red: Girl Interne

3:00
CBS: Manhattan Matinee
MBS: Mollie of the Movies
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family

3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins

3:30
CBS: Current Questions
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

3:45
CBS: Concert Hall
NBC-Red: The O'Neills

4:00
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones

4:15
NBC-Red: Personal Column

4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light

5:00
CBS: Elsie Thompson
NBC-Blue: Animal News Club

5:15
NBC-Red: While the City Sleeps

5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Don Winslow of the Navy

5:45
CBS: Funny Things
NBC-Blue: Kidoodlers

6:00
NBC-Red: Allen Prescott

6:30
Press-Radio News

6:35
CBS: Sports Resume

6:45
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas

7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy

7:15
CBS: Song Time
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra

7:30
MBS: The Lone Ranger
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner

7:45
CBS: Boake Carter

8:00
CBS: Cavalcade of America
NBC-Red: One Man's Family

8:30
CBS: Ken Murray
MBS: Tonic Time
NBC-Red: Wayne King

9:00
CBS: Frank Parker
NBC-Red: Town Hall Tonight

9:30
CBS: Beauty Box Theatre

10:00
CBS: Gang Busters, Phillips Lord
NBC-Blue: Healani of the South Seas
NBC-Red: Your Hit Parade

10:30
NBC-Blue: Minstrel Show

10:45
NBC-Red: Alistair Cooke

11:00
Dance Music

WEDNESDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By FRANK PARKER

Your boss probably wishes he were you.

Highlights For Wednesday, Aug. 25

THAT sports fan in your family's going to monopolize the radio to-night between 11:30 and 12:30, New York time. . . . He'll be listening to the *Catholic Youth Milk Fund* bouts. . . . Network, *NBC-Blue*. . . . These are fights as are fights. . . . Not championship stuff, like tomorrow's little argument between Joe Louis and Tommy Farr, but plenty of action and excitement. . . . This afternoon's *Singing Lady* story, on *NBC-Blue*, at 5:30: "The Swineherd," a fairy tale by Hans Christian Andersen, dramatized and set to music by Irene Wicker, the *Singing Lady* herself, and her accompanist, *Milton Rettenberg*. . . . You and your children can listen to the *Singing Lady* only four times a week

during the summer, you know. . . . That Friday afternoon broadcast will be resumed this fall. . . . Milton Rettenberg, who has an awful lot to do with the swell music the *Singing Lady* has on her program, is a native New Yorker. . . . Studied law at Columbia University, and was admitted to the New York bar. . . . But he was born under the wrong star to be a lawyer. . . . His birthday's January 27, the birthday of Jerome Kern and Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, who had a little bit to do with music too. . . . The ex-Kaiser of Germany was also born on January 27, but who cares? . . . Milton tried to practice law, but Paul Whiteman took him on tour with him, and the law lost a good musician.



Milton Rettenberg's responsible for much of the music on the *Singing Lady's* show.

Highlights For Wednesday, Sept. 1



Aragon Ballroom patrons welcome Freddy Martin back—and so do listeners to MBS.

PATRONS of the *Aragon Ballroom* in Chicago are happy tonight—their favorite leader, *Freddy Martin*, is returning. . . . He's returning to you, too, if you'll tune in your local Mutual network station. . . . Freddy's a Clevelander. . . . Became an orphan when he was a baby, and was put in a foundling home in Springfield, where he first showed an aptitude for music. . . . Young and handsome, he makes feminine hearts flutter in time with their feet. . . . You'll recognize his program by the theme song, "Bye-Lo-Bye Lullaby," which *RADIO MIRROR* published not so long ago. . . . Your highlights for the day: *Jack Berch*, who's on at 9:30 in the morning now, *CBS*; *The Story of Mary Marlin*, *NBC-*

Blue at 10:00; or *NBC-Red* at 12:15; *Pepper Young's Family*, *NBC-Blue* at 10:30 or *NBC-Red* at 3:00 P. M.; *Edwin C. Hill's* newscast, *CBS* at 12:15; the whole *Gold Medal Hour* on *CBS* between 1:00 and 2:00, for news, gossip, music and drama; *Club Matinee* on *NBC-Blue* at 4:00; *Cavalcade of Music*, *CBS*, at 8:00; *Wayne King* on *NBC-Red* at 8:30 (unless you don't feel romantic and would rather laugh—in that case you want *Ken Murray*, same time, *CBS*); *Town Hall Tonight*, with *Walter O'Keefe*, *NBC-Red* at 9:00. . . . After all, *Fred Allen* has decided to return to the air, and for the *Town Hall* sponsors again too. . . . He'll be back in the fall. . . . Maybe broadcasting from Hollywood.

Highlights For Wednesday, Sept. 8

HAVE you been missing the *Personal Column of the Air*? . . . Better not, because you can't tell when you're going to hear something of vital importance to you on it. Time: 11:15 A.M. on *NBC-Blue*, 4:15 P.M. on *NBC-Red*. . . . Only radio could devise a program like this—it's a mixture of drama, comedy, lecture, and newspaper agony column. . . . Original idea of the show was concocted by Octavus Roy Cohen, who's better known for his humorous stories about colored people. . . . He turned the idea over to his wife, *Inez Lopez*, who prepares the program and acts as narrator on it. . . . She and Cohen live in an apartment in New York's East Fifties, work in adjoining rooms. . . . They keep

very regular hours, sitting down at their desks at eight-thirty every morning. . . . Inez keeps three secretaries to help her open mail from listeners and pick out good items for the air. . . . Has helped, with this program, to reunite many long lost relatives and sweethearts. . . . Inez is small, dark haired, fair skinned, and has an authentic Southern drawl—authentic because her birthplace is Birmingham, Ala. . . . Leave the radio on the same station after you've listened to the morning session of *Personal Column*, and you'll visit again with radio's best-loved threesome—Vic, Sade and Rush. . . . And after them, still on the same station, *Edward MacHugh*, the Gospel Singer, singing your favorite hymns.



Personal Column of the Air has Inez Lopez as its narrator and leading light.

Highlights For Wednesday, Sept 15 and 22



Erik Rolf, announcer and actor on *CBS' Gang Busters* tonight and every Wednesday.

SEPTEMBER 15: *Wednesday* night. . . . the night an awful lot of people stay home so they won't miss *Gang Busters*. *Phil Lord's* brain child is going strong in its second consecutive year, and has even been sold to the movies. . . . Buyer was Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and *Gang Busters* is the first radio show ever to be bought by Hollywood for a full-length picture. . . . Another *Wednesday*-night show, *One Man's Family*, started to turn itself into a picture, but never got farther than the negotiation stage. . . . Phil's to supervise the scenario and production of the movie, but won't appear in it. . . . One of the actors you'll hear tonight on *Gang Busters* is *Erik Rolf*. . . . Nickname, "Jumbo," because he's

been putting on weight the last few months. . . . Real name, *Rolfe Ylvasaker*, but just read it quietly, don't try to pronounce it. . . . Excellent radio actor, but always nervous at the mike: jerks his arms around and when finished with a commercial announcement (he's the announcer as well as an actor in *Gang Busters*) he makes a whirling motion with his hand across the mike. . . . Always wears double-breasted suits. . . . Hobby is fishing, particularly in the Minnesota woods. SEPTEMBER 22: Tonight's first: A program sponsored by *Standard Brands* on the *NBC-Blue* network at nine o'clock. . . . Who and what it would be hadn't been decided when your *Almanac* went to press.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

- 8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Morning Devotions
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
- 8:15
NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies
- 8:30
NBC-Red: Moments Musical
- 9:00
CBS: Music in the Air
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Fields and Hall
- 9:30
MBS: Journal of Living
- 10:00
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
- 10:15
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
- 10:30
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
- 10:45
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
NBC-Red: Today's Children
- 11:00
CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum
- 11:15
CBS: Heinz Magazine
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
- 11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
- 11:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Allen Prescott
- 12:00 Noon
CBS: Merry-makers
NBC-Red: Girl Alone
- 12:15 P. M.
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
- 12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
- 12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday
- 1:00
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Blue: Love and Learn
- 1:15
CBS: Hymns: Betty Crocker
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
- 1:30
CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
NBC-Red: Words and Music
- 1:45
CBS: Hollywood in Person
- 2:15
CBS: Jack and Loretta
- 2:45
CBS: Ted Malone
- 3:00
CBS: Theater Matinee
MBS: Mollie of the Movies
NBC-Blue: NBC Light Opera
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
- 3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
- 3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
- 3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills
- 4:00
CBS: Howells and Wright
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
- 4:15
CBS: Novelteers
NBC-Red: Personal Column
- 4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
- 5:15
NBC-Red: Turn Back the Clock
- 5:30
CBS: Elsie Thompson
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Don Winslow of the Navy
- 6:30
Press-Radio News
- 6:35
CBS: Sports Resume
- 6:45
CBS: George Hall's Orch.
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
- 7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
- 7:15
CBS: Song Time
NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
- 7:30
CBS: Elmer Davis
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner
- 7:45
MBS: Pleasant Valley Frolics
NBC-Blue: Cabin in the Cotton
- 8:00
CBS: Concert Orchestra
NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee
- 9:00
CBS: Major Bowes Amateurs
MBS: Gabriel Heatter
NBC-Red: Show Boat
- 9:30
MBS: Melody Treasure Hunt
NBC-Blue: Helen Traubel
- 10:00
CBS: Floyd Gibbons
NBC-Red: Kraft Music Hall
- 10:30
CBS: March of Time
- 11:05
CBS: Dance Music
NBC-Blue: Dance Music
NBC-Red: John B. Kennedy
- 11:15
Dance Music

THURSDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By FLOYD GIBBONS

Salesmanship is education, not argument.

Highlights For Thursday, Aug. 26

GOING to the fight tonight? Lots of people will be, so you'd better come along. . . . Place: Yankee Stadium. Fighters, Joe Louis, world's heavyweight champion, and Tommy Farr, British Isles heavyweight champion. . . . NBC has cornered the exclusive broadcasting rights for the carnage—all for your pleasure. . . . Smart money is backing the Brown Bomber, but of course smart money has been made to look silly, where prize fights were concerned, before now. . . . So don't bet your week's salary and then blame your Almanac if you lose it and your shirt too. . . . The music makers are switching places. . . . Leo Reisman, back from a summer at the Paris Exposition, returns tonight to his old

haunt, the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, replacing Guy Lombardo. . . . CBS is the officiating network. . . . Guy starts a week's engagement at the Steel Pier, with NBC bringing you the tinkle of his music. . . . Other highlights for the evening, in case you don't go for either fighting or dancing: Major Bowes, who astounds all critics by continuing to present good shows long after the novelty-value of amateur hours has waned—CBS, 9:00; Floyd Gibbons' True Adventures, also on CBS, at 10:00. . . . Did you know you had an adventure in that dull life of yours? Floyd says everybody has had at least one amazing and thrilling adventure. Today's Singing Lady show: The Story of Franz Hals, the Dutch painter.



Smart money is going on Joe Louis to win tonight's championship Louis-Farr bout.



Hattie McDaniel, the Mammy of Show Boat, is an old movie favorite of everybody's.

Highlights For Thursday, Sept. 2

THE summer's tennis season is nearing its close, but today brings the first of a big series of matches just the same—the National Singles championship matches at Forest Hills, N. Y. CBS is the only network that has the right to broadcast these, and it's pretty happy about it. . . . It's not likely that NBC will be able to put a man with a microphone anywhere within sight of the Forest Hills Stadium, because it's well protected from unauthorized eyes. . . . Matches last from today through September 11. . . . Mr. Husing, naturally, does the describing, because Mr. Husing wouldn't miss a tennis match if he had to be carried to it. . . . Favorite of the fans this year is Donald Budge, young California net

star . . . and also the lion of the hour because almost single-handed he recently won the Davis Cup for America. . . . Gene Mako and Bitsy Grant will be on hand too. . . . Tonight's Gus Arnheim's opening at the Claridge Hotel in Memphis, Tenn. . . . NBC facilities to your easy-chair. . . . Are you growing to love Show Boat's Mammy, on NBC-Red at 9:00? . . . Lots of people are, including the sponsors. . . . In real life she's Hattie McDaniel and she has stolen more movies from high-priced stars than the stars like to think about. . . . The latest is "Nothing Sacred," with Charles (Cap'n Henry) Winninger, Carole Lombard, and Fredric March. . . . Hattie was first colored girl to sing on the air.

Highlights For Thursday, Sept. 9

THEY'RE calling out the reserves tonight in Dallas, because Benny Goodman's starting to swing it there, at the Texas Exposition. . . . NBC is the network for you to tune in if you want to swing along with him. . . . For less energetic entertainment, there's The O'Neills, today and every day except Saturday and Sunday, on NBC-Blue at 11:00 A.M. and NBC-Red at 3:45 P. M. . . . A main asset of The O'Neills is stately, white-haired Kate McComb, who plays the beloved Irish Mrs. O'Neill. . . . Winters, she also plays Hattie Dickey in the Snow Village Sketches—they're off the air now, but your Almanac knows a lot of people who are hoping they'll be back soon. . . . Mrs. McComb was born in

San Francisco. . . . Began her dramatic career at the age of six, when she recited "This Little Pig Went to Market" in French. . . . Was once a contralto soloist in a church choir, followed this with concert work in stock and Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. . . . Interrupted her career to get married, but resumed it ten years ago to make her first appearance on Broadway. . . . Speaking of operetta, addicts of that form of music won't want to miss the NBC Light Opera hour, this afternoon at 3:00 on NBC-Blue. . . . For your nightcap: the March of Time on CBS at 10:30—after which, before you go to bed, set your radio for the nearest NBC-Blue station, for the Morning Devotions at 8:00 tomorrow morning.



Kate McComb's interpretation of lovable Mrs. O'Neill is one of radio's classics.

Highlights For Thursday, Sept. 16 and 23

SEPTEMBER 16: Have you got around yet to discovering that there's a new and fascinating feature on the Gold Medal Hour, on CBS at 1:45 P. M., E. D. S. T.? It's called Hollywood in Person, features Captain Bob Baker and Louise Roberts. . . . Ladies first, so your Almanac will tell you about Louise today and Captain Bob tomorrow. . . . Louise, the beauty expert of the show, was one of the nation's first newspaper radio columnists seven years ago. . . . Wrote for the Houston, Texas, Chronicle. . . . Also gave the first outside-of-New-York broadcast from an airplane when she described the national balloon races at Houston. . . . Later gave women's programs in Chicago. . . . Is the daugh-

ter of an army officer and was born in Colon, Panama. . . . Descended from Thomas Nelson Page, novelist. . . . Is tiny, just five feet one-half inch tall, and has brown eyes and black hair.

SEPTEMBER 23: It's the last day of the Legion Convention in New York, and once more the networks are on the job. . . . If you've listened in faithfully for the last three days, you ought to know as much about the convention as your home town delegation to it. . . . Maybe more. . . . Because you know how big cities and being away from home are likely to affect the boys. . . . Now it's time for Your Almanac's monthly parting admonition: tomorrow's the day the November issue of RADIO MIRROR goes on sale.



Style and beauty expert Louise Roberts comes to you on CBS' Hollywood in Person.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Morning Devotions
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire

8:15
NBC-Blue: Island Serenaders
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies

8:30
NBC-Blue: William Meeder
NBC-Red: Home Songs

9:00
CBS: Metropolitan Parade
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Fields and Hall

9:30
CBS: Jack Berch

10:00
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs

10:15
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife

10:30
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill

10:45
NBC-Blue: Kitchen Cavalcade
NBC-Red: Today's Children

11:00
CBS: Helnz Magazine
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum

11:15
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife

11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming

11:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Hello Peggy

12:00 Noon
MBS: Journal of Living
NBC-Red: Girl Alone

12:15
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin

12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent

12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday

1:00
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Blue: Love and Learn

1:15
CBS: Hymns: Betty Crocker
NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife

1:30
CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour

1:45
CBS: Hollywood in Person

2:00
CBS: Kathryn Cravens

2:15
CBS: Jack and Loretta

2:30
NBC-Blue: Five Hours Back

2:45
CBS: Ted Malone

3:00
CBS: Kreiner String Quartet
NBC-Blue: Radio Guild
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family

3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins

3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills

4:00
CBS: Bob Byron
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones

4:15
NBC-Red: Personal Column

4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light

5:15
NBC-Red: While the City Sleeps

5:30
NBC-Red: Don Winslow of the Navy

5:45
CBS: Funny Things
NBC-Red: Jackie Heller

6:15
CBS: Hobart Bosworth

6:30
Press-Radio News

6:35
CBS: Sports Resume

6:45
CBS: Frank Dailey's Orch.
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas

7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy

7:15
CBS: Song Time
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra

7:30
MBS: The Lone Ranger
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner

7:45
CBS: Boake Carter
NBC-Red: Bughouse Rhythm

8:00
CBS: Hammerstein Music Hall
NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert

8:30
CBS: Hal Kemp's Orch.
NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days

9:00
CBS: Hollywood Hotel
NBC-Blue: Robert Ripley
NBC-Red: Waltz Time

9:30
NBC-Red: True Story Court

10:00
NBC-Blue: Tommy Dorsey Orch.
NBC-Red: First Nighter

10:30
NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler

10:45
NBC-Blue: Elza Schallert
NBC-Red: Dorothy Thompson

11:05
CBS: Dance Music

FRIDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By HAL KEMP

A winning personality doesn't indulge in personalities.

Highlights for Friday, Aug. 27

THERE's a grand shuffle of orchestras tonight. . . . If your favorite listening stations are tied up with NBC or MBS you're in for some changes. . . . Don Bestor is moving into the Cy Shribman New England Ballroom, and you get the Bestor rhythms on NBC. . . . Ted Weems settles down in the Trianon Ballroom, in Chicago, for a good long spell, and MBS does the honors. . . . Did you know that making music isn't Ted's only accomplishment? . . . He's written several short stories as well as a book about the band business. . . . Best news of all is that Fred Waring's back on the air—on MBS from the Drake Hotel in Chicago. . . . Rumors persist that Fred and the gang will

be back for a commercial sponsor this fall. . . . None other than the Old Gold people, who were the Waring sponsors at the height of his radio popularity. . . . But so far they're only rumors. . . . Nobody has said Aye or Nay, so you guess. . . . Fred's picture, "Varsity Show," is scheduled to hit your local theater some time in October. . . . It's a super-colossal Warner Brothers Musical epic. . . . In it, Johnny Davis, master of scat singing, gets his big chance to go to town. . . . Before she left for Europe, Louella Parsons lined up a schedule of guest stars for Hollywood Hotel. . . . For this evening's show she pencilled in Deanna Durbin and Leopold Stokowski in a preview of "One Hundred Men and a Girl."



Fred Waring's gang is back on the air, playing from Chicago on the Mutual system.

Highlights for Friday, Sept. 3



Orson Welles ends his Les Miserables serial dramatization on MBS, at ten o'clock tonight.

YOUR balanced ration for today: Sentimental drama, *Just Plain Bill*, NBC-Red 10:30 A.M. . . . News, Edwin C. Hill, CBS, 12:15 P.M., and Boake Carter, CBS, 7:45 P.M. . . . Serious music, *Kreiner String Quartet*, CBS, 3:00 P.M. . . . Thriller, *Don Winslow of the Navy*, NBC-Red, 5:30 P.M. . . . Humor, *Amos 'n' Andy*, NBC-Red, 7:00 P.M. . . . Hot music, *Bughouse Rhythm*, NBC-Red, 7:45. . . . Popular music, *Hal Kemp and Alice Faye*, CBS, 8:30 P.M. . . . Variety, *Hollywood Hotel*, CBS, 9:00 P.M. . . . If you're like your Almanac, you'll have to switch to *True Story Court* on NBC-Red at 9:30, when *Hollywood Hotel* is only half over. . . . Too bad they're on the air at

the same time. . . . Gossip, *Jimmie Fidler*, NBC-Red, 10:30. . . . And at 10:00 there's the last installment of "*Les Miserables*," which MBS has been presenting with Orson Welles and a large cast—and you won't want to miss it if you've been following it. . . . Welles is only twenty-three years old, but he's an experienced actor just the same. . . . Started by jumping into stage leads when he was fifteen. . . . That was in London. . . . Came to New York to go on tour with *Katharine Cornell*. . . . Has been on various network shows. . . . Louella Parsons' choice for tonight's *Hollywood Hotel* guests: Kenny Baker, George Jessel, Gertrude Michael and Frank McHugh in "*Mr. Dodds takes the Air*."

Highlights for Friday, Sept. 10

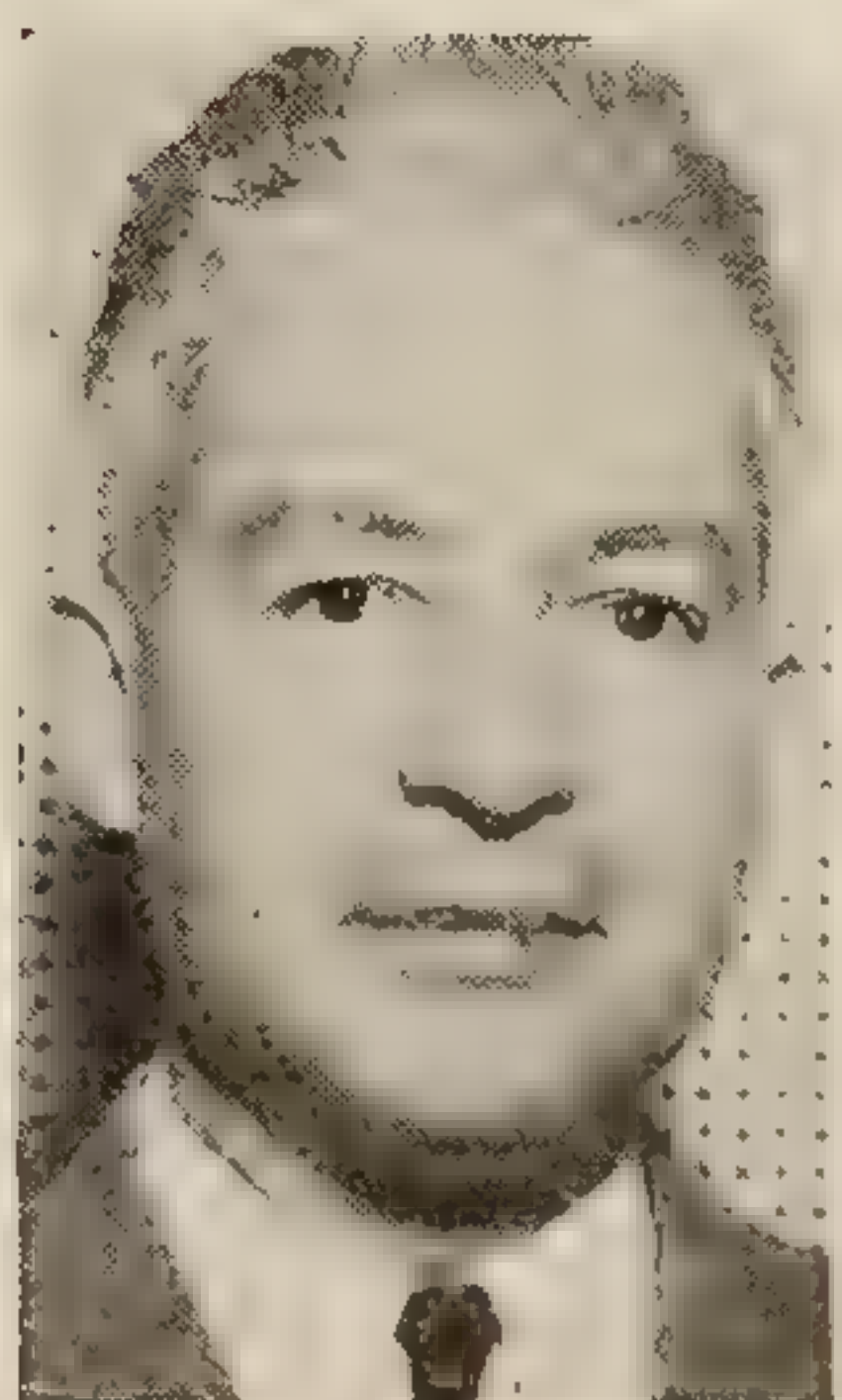
PROJECT for today: to get started listening to one of the better dramatic serials, if you aren't one of its fans already. Your Almanac means *Girl Alone*, NBC-Red on the stroke of noon, New York time. . . . It's given plenty of people plenty of solid hours of entertainment since it's been on the air. . . . Cast: Patricia Rogers, played by Betty Winkler; Scoop Curtis, played by Pat Murphy; Leo Warner, played by Willard Waterman; "Amesie" Warner, played by Joan Winters. . . . That gives *Girl Alone* two of Chicago's prettiest radio actresses, the Misses Winkler and Winters. . . . Joan Winters is Mrs. Frank Bering in private life, and the mother of Nancy Ann, two and a half years old, and a baby

son, born last May. . . . Spends a good deal of the money she earns on fortune tellers, which proves that she's superstitious, as a good actress should be. . . . Came to radio from the Broadway stage. . . . And owns a prize-winning horse. . . . Pat Murphy is *Girl Alone's* third Scoop Curtis. . . . His two predecessors, Don Briggs and Arthur Jacobson, are both in Hollywood now. . . . You hear Briggs announcing the Sunday-night Chase and Sanborn show. . . . Pat weighs 175 pounds and is beginning to worry about dieting. . . . His greatest extravagance is books. . . . For tonight on Hollywood Hotel Louella Parsons promises Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power in "*Thin Ice*."



Girl Alone's "Amesie" is petite Joan Winters—she's married and twice a mother.

Highlights for Friday, Sept. 17



Captain Bob Baker's is the vibrant voice you hear on the Hollywood in Person show.

ALL other radio programs are taking a back seat around dinnertime tonight when the President of the United States goes on the air for another Fireside Chat. . . . This one is going to be about the Supreme Court. . . . Don't forget Coca-Cola's new program, on CBS tonight at 10:00. . . . Gus Haenschen, Kitty Carlisle, and Reed Kennedy are the stars. . . . Yesterday your Almanac promised to tell you about *Captain Bob Baker*, master of ceremonies of the *Hollywood in Person* show on CBS. . . . It's part of the *Gold Medal Hour*, from 1:00 to 2:00 this afternoon. . . . If you've ever visited the Last Supper stained-glass window at Glendale's famed Forest Lawn cemetery, chances are

you've seen and heard him. . . . Because he has given more than five thousand lectures on that window. . . . He has also given inspirational talks before one thousand student body assemblies in elementary and Junior High schools. . . . He used to be song-leader with *Billy Sunday* and *Geoffrey Smith*. . . . Began his radio career on a local variety show, and is slated to be the next song leader for *Rotary International*. . . . Right after *Hollywood in Person*, on the same network at 2:00, listen to entertaining *Kathryn Cravens*. . . . She's back from her trip to Hollywood now, and back from her vacation too. . . . all set for another spell of bringing you the *News Through a Woman's Eyes*.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

- 8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Morning Devotions
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
- 8:15
NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies
- 8:30
NBC-Red: Moments Musical
- 9:00
CBS: Roy Block
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Fields and Hall
- 9:30
CBS: Fiddler's Fancy
MBS: Journal of Living
- 9:55
Press Radio News
- 10:00
CBS: Your Garden and Mine
NBC-Blue: Breen and De Rose
NBC-Red: Charioteers
- 10:15
CBS: Richard Maxwell
NBC-Blue: Raising Your Parents
NBC-Red: The Vass Family
- 10:30
CBS: Let's Pretend
- 10:45
NBC-Blue: Bill Krenz Orchestra
- 11:00
CBS: Fred Feibel
NBC-Blue: Patricia Ryan
- 11:15
NBC-Blue: Minute Men
NBC-Red: Nancy Swanson
- 11:30
CBS: Compinsky Trio
NBC-Red: Mystery Chef
- 11:45
NBC-Red: Dixie Debs
- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Call to Youth
NBC-Red: Continentals
- 12:30
CBS: George Hall Orch.
NBC-Red: Rex Battle's Orch.
- 1:05
NBC-Blue: Our Barn
NBC-Red: Whitney Ensemble
- 1:30
CBS: Buffalo Presents
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
NBC-Red: Campus Capers
- 2:00
CBS: Madison Ensemble
NBC-Red: Your Host is Buffalo
- 2:30
NBC-Blue: Don Fernando Orch.
NBC-Red: Golden Melodies
- 2:45
CBS: Tours in Tone
- 3:00
CBS: Down by Herman's
NBC-Red: Walter Logan
- 3:30
CBS: Dept. of Commerce
NBC-Red: Week End Review
- 4:00
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
- 5:00
NBC-Blue: Variety Show
- 5:30
CBS: Eton Boys
NBC-Blue: Middleman's Orch.
NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten
- 6:05
NBC-Blue: Nickelodeon
NBC-Red: Top Hatters
- 6:30
Press-Radio News
- 6:35
CBS: Sports Resume
NBC-Blue: Whither Music
NBC-Red: Alma Kitchell
- 6:45
CBS: Count Basil's Orch.
NBC-Red: The Art of Living
- 7:00
NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
NBC-Red: El Chico Revue
- 7:30
NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee
NBC-Red: Jimmy Kemper
- 8:00
CBS: Saturday Swing Session
- 8:30
CBS: Johnny Presents
- 9:00
CBS: Professor Quiz
NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance
- 9:30
CBS: Universal Rhythm
- 10:00
CBS: Your Hit Parade
- 11:00
Dance Music

SATURDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By RUSS MORGAN

The surest way of winning an argument is to avoid it.

Highlights for Saturday, Aug. 28

IF you can understand German you'll want to listen today to NBC's broadcast of the *Goethe festival at Bad Ilemenau*. . . . Even if you can't, it's an interesting novelty, because you can be sure that NBC will make the doings intelligible to you. . . . Tonight, NBC brings you the music of another new maestro at the *Million Dollar Pier* at Atlantic City—*Jack Denny*. . . . If you've listened to these Pier broadcasts all summer you've heard a parade of the nation's biggest and best dancebands. . . . And don't say this is the first your Almanac has told you about it. . . . Early this morning, 9:00, listen to *Fields and Hall* on NBC-Red. . . . You'll like them, and you'll like their little featured singer, *Mary Deitrick*.

. . . She's another gal who thought she was a pianist until she suddenly discovered she was a singer instead. . . . Began tickling the ivories when she was eight, intending to make piano-playing her lifework. . . . Just three years ago was persuaded by a music teacher in Cleveland to try singing. . . . Was so good that this teacher, Marion Summers, taught her a year and a half without asking for any fee. . . . Came to New York on a vacation and sang for *John Royal* of NBC. . . . On the strength of hearing her do two operatic arias, Royal gave her a job with NBC. . . . She's twenty-six years old and brunette. . . . Don't forget *Uncle Jim's Question Bee* at 7:30 tonight on NBC-Blue.



Fields and Hall's girl soloist is brunette Mary Deitrick, new NBC acquisition.

Highlights for Saturday, Sept. 4

THE big event of the day belongs to the Saturday sport fans. . . . It's the *Longacre Mile*, a Western horse-racing classic. . . . Place, *Seattle, Washington*. . . . CBS has tied up exclusive broadcasting rights to this one. . . . Gone are the days when any network could air a description of any sports event just by asking for the privilege. . . . For those who don't care much about horse-racing, there are plenty of other things on the air. . . . For instance: For home-lovers, *Your Garden and Mine*, CBS, 10:00 A.M. . . . For kids, *Raising Your Parents*, NBC-Blue at 10:15. . . . For connoisseurs of organ music, *Dick Leibert* on NBC-Blue at 8:15 A.M., *Fred Feibel* on CBS at 11:00. . . . For high-schoolers,

George Hall's Orchestra, with *Dolly Dawn* taking care of the vocal end of the proceedings, CBS at 12:30 P.M. . . . For people who want to shuffle off to Buffalo, a solid hour of music from *Buffalo*—1:30 to 2:00 P.M. on CBS, 2:00 to 2:30 on NBC-Red. . . . For everybody, *Club Matinee*, NBC-Blue at 4:00 this afternoon and every afternoon except Sunday. . . . On *Club Matinee* you hear *Ransom Sherman*, pioneer radio comedian who was one of the original Three Doctors. . . . Remember? . . . He's master of ceremonies on Matinee. . . . Tried to learn the violin when a boy, but got his finger caught in a church door and had to study the saxophone instead. . . . Entered radio in 1923.



A radio veteran is Ransom Sherman, who is master of ceremonies on Club Matinee.

Highlights for Saturday, Sept. 11

SATURDAY practically means sports events as far as the networks are concerned. . . . Today's the time for the sports announcers to get in some of the fanciest word-painting. . . . NBC has the *International Life Boat Race*, for a starter. . . . Then it swings into a description of the *Narragansett Special*—which, if you didn't know, is a horse race being held at *Pawtucket, R. I.* . . . The winner gets the trifling little stake of \$50,000. . . . CBS is on hand at this session of the sport of kings, represented, as usual, by its jack of all sports, *Mr. Husing*. . . . NBC's turf expert for the day is the most famous turf expert of all, *Clem McCarthy*. . . . Clem's the announcer

who has broadcast every Kentucky Derby since 1928 except two. . . . Became a sports broadcaster by coincidence. . . . Was compiler of racing form charts and a newspaper sports expert. . . . In 1927, in Chicago, *Arlington Park* installed a loudspeaker, and Clem was chosen to man it because his racing-form experience gave him the necessary knowledge. . . . while some auctioneering experience he'd had gave him the ability to think and talk fast. . . . He was so good over the loudspeaker system that next time a race was broadcast the station just naturally thought of Clem for the job. . . . Has been at it ever since. . . . Clem's seen twenty-six Kentucky Derbies, starting in 1896.



Clem McCarthy, racing expert, describes the *Narragansett Special* today on NBC.

Highlights for Saturday, Sept. 18

REMINDER to *Universal Rhythm* fans: After a summer on Sunday-night broadcasting, this show switches to a Saturday-night spot this evening—9:30 on CBS. . . . It's only half an hour long now, instead of the hour it lasted in the hot weather. . . . but the talent remains about as was. . . . Another Saturday-night enjoyable: *Johnny Presents*, on CBS at 8:30. . . . Responsible for the thrill-dramas on this program: *Charles Martin*, one of radio's youngest directors. . . . He's stocky, dynamic, with a head of black hair that's never been known to be quite brushed. . . . Is always in a hurry—has been ever since he was born. . . . Was working on the copy desk of a Newark newspaper when he

was only thirteen, and writing a serial story—which was published—on the side. . . . Took only three years to whip his way through New York University. . . . Wanted to go on the stage, and got a job with *Eva Le Gallienne's* company. . . . But radio looked like the ideal medium for a man with a lot of energy, and there he is. . . . Was with *March of Time* for a year before he began directing the *Circumstantial Evidence* and other thrill-dramas for *Philip Morris*. . . . Isn't married—hasn't had time for it yet. . . . Is fond of sports and in college was N. Y. U.'s representative in lightweight boxing trials. . . . Gets an average of five hundred letters a day from listeners.



Thrill-drama director Charles Martin never has time to do everything he wants to do.

**WHATEVER YOUR EYE BEAUTY
PROBLEM IS, ONE OF RADIO'S
FOUR LOVELY KING SISTERS
HAS JUST THE RIGHT ANSWER**

WHAT is the most conspicuous, the loveliest feature of a woman's face? Is it her mouth, her nose, her chin? Well, I'll wager that, if you took a vote based on the poems written praising feminine beauty since the world began, the eyes would have it! Those poems were written by men, of course, so it's easy to see just what a man notices first in a woman's face.

Eye cosmetics have been known, too, for almost as long as men have been writing poetry. Kohl, a more primitive version of eyeshadow, has been found in Egyptian tombs, along with the jeweled toilet articles and polished metal mirrors of long-dead princesses, and is still in use in the Orient. Even in those remote days, the eternal feminine knew that it wasn't necessary to be satisfied with the eyes one was given by nature, but that one could enhance the natural beauty and actually change the size and color by the skillful use of make-up. How much more fortunate we are today with the safe and subtle preparations available everywhere!

This month, I went to the King Sisters—those four young and attractive girls who are such an important part of Horace (*Continued on page 80*)



**EYES
TO THE KINGS'
TASTE**

Reading downward—Louise, Yvonne, Alyce and Donna, the pretty King sisters featured with Horace Heidt and his Brigadiers in the Alemite Half Hour, heard Monday nights at eight over the Columbia network.

By

JOYCE ANDERSON

RADIO MIRROR BEAUTY PAGE



**HOW WE
TESTED
IT IN
BEAUTY
CREAMS**

LABORATORY TESTS on rats were conducted for over three years...

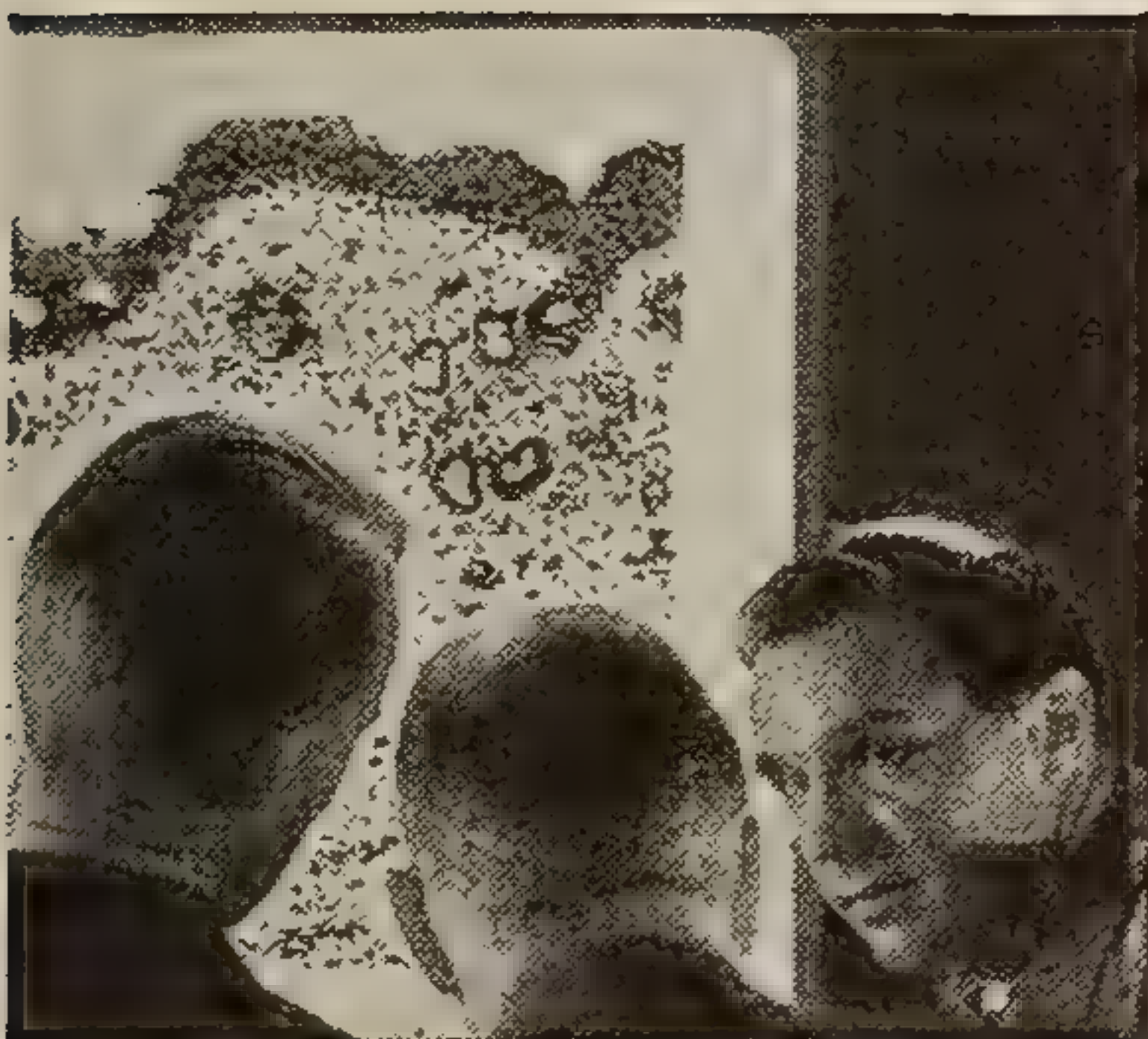
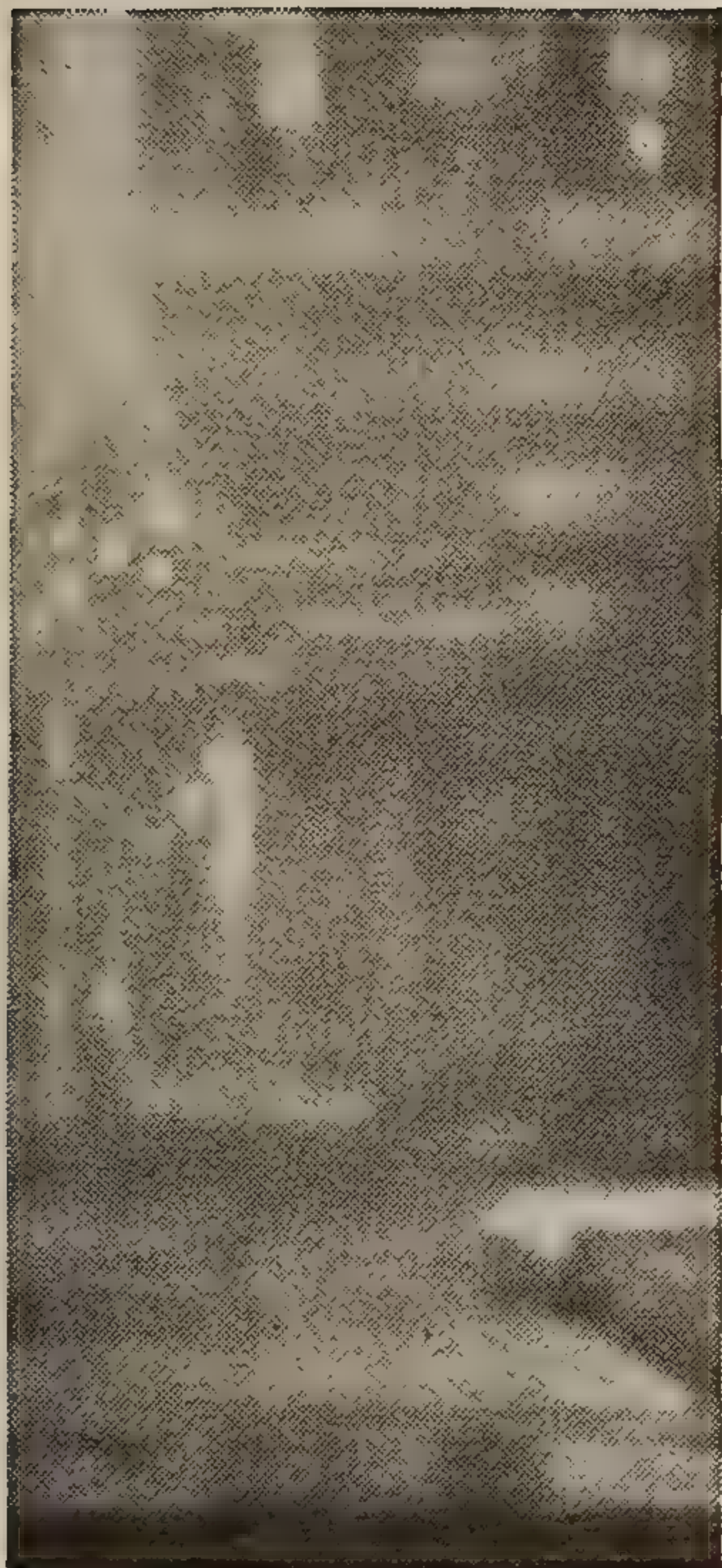


1 We fed rats a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin." Their skin grew harsh, dry, scaly—old looking. Under the microscope, the oil glands were dried up, the tissues of the skin were shrunken.



2 Then we applied Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams daily for three weeks. The rats were still on a diet completely lacking in "skin-vitamin"—yet, with just this application of the cream their skin improved. It became smooth again, clear, healthy.

*Now—this new Cream
brings to Women the active*
"Skin-Vitamin"



3 Under the microscope, the oil glands were seen to be healthy again. The dried-up, flattened skin cells were rounded out. The shrunk-en tissues were normal again!

FINALLY we gave Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Creams to women to try. For four weeks they used the new creams faithfully—women who had been using other creams before. Three out of every four of them asked for more. And these are the things they said: "My skin is so much smoother." "My pores are finer!" "My skin has a livelier look now."

"Lines are disappearing". . .

Exposure is constantly drying the necessary "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. Now, Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream helps to bring it back! If your skin shows signs of deficiency in "skin-vitamin," try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream—today.

FOUR YEARS AGO, scientists first learned that a certain known vitamin heals wounds, burns, infections—quicker and better.

They found that certain harsh, dry conditions of the skin are due to insufficient supply of this vitamin in diet. This was not the "sunshine vitamin." Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the "skin-vitamin."

This vitamin helps your body to rebuild skin tissue. Aids in keeping skin beautiful.

Of great importance to women

Pond's requested biologists of high standing to study what would be the effects of this "skin-vitamin" when put in Pond's Creams.

For over three years they worked. Their story is told you above. Also the story of the women who used the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams!

Today—we offer you the new

Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams!

In the same Pond's Creams

The new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams are the same creams you have always known—with the active "skin-vitamin" added. They are in the same jars, with the same labels—at the same price. You use them the same way you did the old. Now this new ingredient gives added value to the millions of jars of Pond's Creams used by women every year.

Try Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cream for yourself—today. On sale everywhere.

POND'S COLD CREAM—Cleanses, clears, softens, smooths for powder. Pat it in briskly to invigorate the skin; fight off blackheads, blemishes; smooth out lines; make pores less noticeable. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*

POND'S VANISHING CREAM—Removes roughnesses; smooths skin instantly; powder base. Also use overnight after cleansing. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*

POND'S LIQUEFYING CREAM—Quicker melting. Use for same purposes as Pond's Cold Cream. *Now contains the active "skin-vitamin."*



NOW IN POND'S CREAMS
the active "Skin-Vitamin"



Young Billy Idelson, Vic and Sade's Rush, has learned the value of energy foods.

By MRS.
MARGARET
SIMPSON

WAKE UP AND LIVE WITH HOT CEREALS

FOR the cooking page this month I visited "the small house half-way up the next block," which you will instantly recognize as the home of Vic and Sade, one of Radio's best loved families, to talk with the son of the household, Rush, about hot cereals, those morning foods to make you wake up and live. I selected Rush for this subject because he is one of the hardest working young performers on the air today. In addition to his school work he broadcasts twice a day, five days a week, with an extra broadcast every Tuesday night—and a strenuous career of this sort calls for the extra energy provided by cooked cereals.

Rush is played by seventeen-year-old Billy Idelson who, in spite of his youth, may rightfully be called a radio vet-

eran, since he began broadcasting in 1931 when he won over some hundred other boys in an audition for the part of Skee-zix, broadcast from Chicago. A year later he was given the part of Rush, which he has played continuously ever since.

Billy (he was christened William James Idelson) is a natural for Rush. Outside the studio he is just like any other American schoolboy. He goes to high school and makes good grades in spite of the fact that like most boys he dislikes homework. He likes to fish and go to the movies, but he counts his regular attendance at movies as much for instruction as for entertainment since he hopes to be a movie actor some day. He is an avid reader of mystery and Western stories and (*Continued on page 93*)

FOR THAT EXTRA ENERGY THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THIS OLD STANDBY



THIS NEW KIND OF HEAT MEANS GREATER COMFORT WINTER, SPRING OR FALL!

IT may be balmy one day and zero the next—but it doesn't matter if you have a Duo-Therm, the *really modern* oil-burning circulating heater!

A New Kind of Heat! Here is heat you can fully adjust to changing weather. On cold days, you can turn on all the heat you want. On mild days, you can turn your Duo-Therm down to a tiny, smoke-free flame.

All With a Simple Regulator! Just a mere turn of a handy dial gives you this regulated heat—just the amount of heat you want, *when you want it!* And that means—you don't need to burn oil at zero-speed on mild days. You can turn the heater down at night—you save oil!

Less Waste—More Heat!
A Duo-Therm doesn't "heat

all out-doors" as do heaters that burn with a high, pointed, wasteful flame. Duo-Therm burns with a full floating flame that licks lazily against the sides of the heater. It sends more heat into your home—and Duo-Therm has a special "waste-stopper" that keeps heat from rushing up the chimney.

No Ashes! No Dirt! No Noise! Duo-Therm burns less expensive fuel oil. Burns silently. There is no odor. No smoke. No coal to shovel. No ashes. No soot to clean up. A cleaner home—a warmer home!

Mail the Coupon Below for complete details of this marvelous new kind of heat! Or see your Duo-Therm dealer. Whatever your heating needs, you'll find a Duo-Therm to fit them. You have a choice of three beautiful finishes. Low prices! Easy payments!

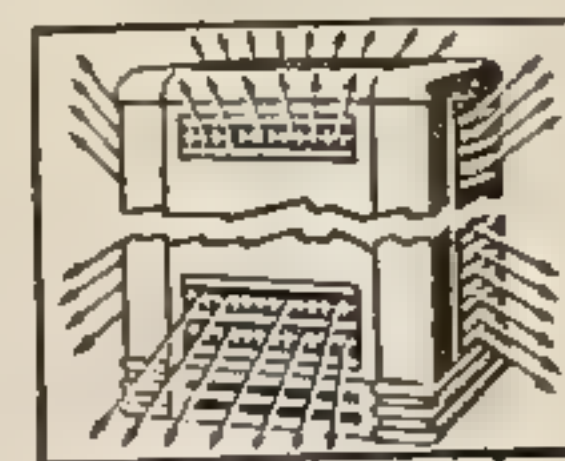
**EASY
PAYMENTS!**
See Your
Dealer!

DUO-THERM

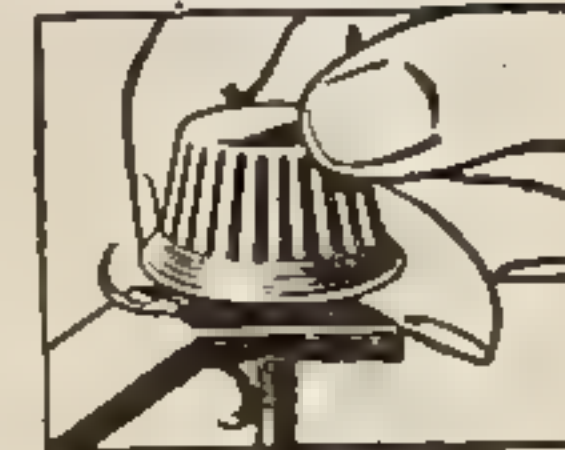
OIL-BURNING *Circulating* HEATERS

DUO-THERM DIVISION, MOTOR WHEEL CORPORATION, LANSING, MICH.

ONLY DUO-THERM has all these modern features!



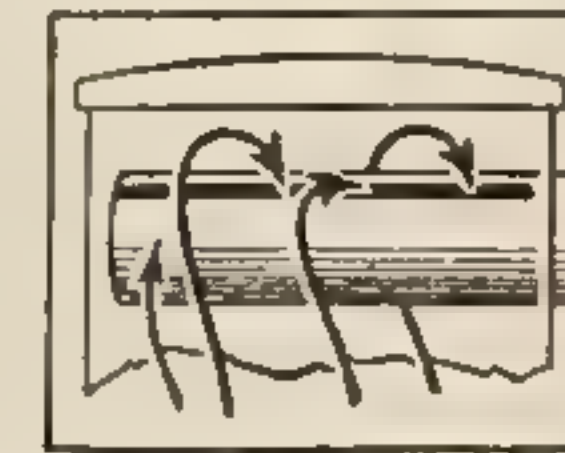
Duo-Therm's Heat Guides are scientifically designed to heat your house at "body levels" and to set up a circulation that leaves no cold spots.



Duo-Therm's Heat Regulator—Simple as turning a dial! All the heat you want on cold days, just enough to take the chill off on milder days.



Duo-Therm's Patented Dual-Chamber Burner—Greatest clean-fire range of any burner! Silent, clean, odorless—from pilot light to maximum heat!



Duo-Therm's Waste-Stopper prevents heat from rushing up the chimney, sends more heat into the room. Saves oil!



Duo-Therm's Full Floating Flame means better combustion, more heat per gallon, greater economy!

Safe!—Duo-Therm heaters are listed as standard by Underwriters' Laboratories.

DUO-THERM DIVISION

Dept. M-710, Motor Wheel Corp.,
Lansing, Michigan

Please send me information on the Duo-Therm Circulating Heaters.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

I would also like to know about ☐ Duo-Therm
Oil-burning Ranges ☐ Water Heaters ☐ Furnaces
☐ Trailer Heaters ☐ Radiant Heaters

The Akron Cop Killers

(Continued from page 27)

Now You Can Enjoy
**2 THRILLING
TRUE STORY
BROADCASTS
EACH WEEK!**

Tune in
**THE COURT OF
HUMAN
RELATIONS**

AS USUAL

Every **FRIDAY** Night
NBC Red Network

City	Station	Local Time
New York	WEAF	9:30 PM EDT
Boston	WNAC	9:30 PM EDT
Hartford	WTIC	9:30 PM EDT
Providence	WJAR	9:30 PM EDT
Worcester	WTAG	9:30 PM EDT
Portland, Me.	WCSH	9:30 PM EDT
Philadelphia	KYW	9:30 PM EDT
Baltimore	WFBR	8:30 PM EST
Washington	WRC	8:30 PM EST
Schenectady	WGY	9:30 PM EDT
Buffalo	WBEN	9:30 PM EDT
Pittsburgh	WCAE	9:30 PM EDT
Cleveland	WTAM	9:30 PM EDT
Detroit	WWJ	9:30 PM EDT
Chicago	WMAQ	8:30 PM CDT
Minn.-St. Paul	KSTP	7:30 PM CST
St. Louis	KSD	7:30 PM CST
Des Moines	WHO	7:30 PM CST
Omaha	WOW	7:30 PM CST
Kansas City	WDAF	7:30 PM CST
Denver	KOA	8:30 PM MST
Salt Lake City	KDYL	8:30 PM MST
San Francisco	KPO	7:30 PM PST
Los Angeles	KFI	7:30 PM PST
Portland, Ore.	KGW	7:30 PM PST
Seattle	KOMO	7:30 PM PST
Spokane	KHQ	7:30 PM PST
* Cincinnati	WLW	5:30 PM EST

* Sunday

Also Tune in
**TRUE STORY
GOOD WILL HOUR**
Every **SUNDAY** Night
WMCA
WGN WOR CKLW
WIP WCBM WOL
WMEX WPRO WEAL
WORK
10 P.M. 9 P.M.
E.D.S.T. C.D.S.T.

more the killer had lurked in the dark, in a deserted spot on Richards' beat. Once more he shot from behind, and vanished without leaving a single clue.

Chief Welch of the Akron police force immediately cancelled all leaves and ordered the entire force to be on call twenty-four hours a day. In thirty years of police work he had never faced a more serious situation. What made it all so maddening was that there was absolutely nothing to work on. All the police contacts with the underworld seemed to be useless; the usual sources of information professed complete ignorance of what was behind the murders.

What Chief Welch did not know was that in the cellar of a deserted house, in the poorer quarter of Akron, a group of men were sitting around a candle which was the only light in the musty room. They were Rosario Borgio and his professional killers—Tony Manfredi, Paolo Chiavaro, Frank Mazzano, and two brothers named Biondo—Pasquale and Lorenzo.

ALL right," said Borgio, handing a roll of bills to Mazzano. "There you are. Two hundred and fifty dollars for bumpin' off Richards."

"Part of that's mine," said the flat voice of Chiavaro. "I helped get Richards, remember."

"Okay, okay," Borgio said irritably. "Divide it up to suit yourselves. I just pay two hundred and fifty bucks for every cop you kill." His voice took on a terrible, hissing intensity. "And I'll go on doin' it. The only reason I'm makin' any money right now is so I can put a bounty on cops like they was wild animals. For years I've been runnin' joints here in Akron, and doin' all right until the cops close me up. I ain't forgettin' the six stretches the cops've made me do—and now they're goin' to pay for it!"

"Don't see just where it's gettin' you, but it's all right with us," said Mazzano, lazily pocketing his share of the money.

"That's because you ain't smart!" snapped Borgio. "D'you know there's three and a half-million smart guys like us in this country?—guys that'll shoot and steal if they have to, to get along? That's twenty to every cop in the country. And as soon as it gets around so everybody knows what we're doin' here, the guys in other parts of the country'll do the same. Pretty soon there won't be any cops left, and we can run things!"

The other men exchanged glances. But they said nothing. The guy might be crazy but his money was good, and his saloons, under-cover gambling houses, and houses of ill-fame supplied him with plenty of it.

But something was destined to call a halt to Borgio's campaign.

A few nights after the shooting of Richards, several of Borgio's killers went to a party given by some Italian friends of theirs. The party was a wild affair, with plenty of strong red wine. Tony Manfredi and one of the other killers—it was never discovered which one—began to quarrel, and Tony ended the evening with a bullet through his hand.

Lorenzo Biondo, after a conference with his friends, told Tony he'd better go to New York until the quarrel had blown over, and offered to come with him. What Tony did not know was that the conference had decided upon his death. The other killers had decided after the quarrel that Tony was not the right sort of man for their company, and since he

knew too much about the murders of the four policemen, the only thing to do was to take his life.

Lorenzo Biondo and Tony Manfredi left by the next train for New York, Lorenzo with instructions not to let Tony return to Akron alive. Meanwhile, until Tony could be made away with, the police murders were to be suspended.

The day after the two left a man who refused to identify himself called Chief Welch on the telephone. Who he was, or why he called, no one has ever known. Perhaps he was someone with an old score to settle against Manfredi, Borgio and the other killers. Perhaps he was merely some member of the underworld who had stumbled upon the explanation of the problem which was facing the Akron police.

He called Welch at the station and said, "Never mind who's calling. If you want to solve the cop killings, look for a man with a hole in his hand. He's left town for some place." And he hung up with a sudden click. The call had come from a busy pay station in the center of town.

It was the thinnest, most unsatisfactory sort of clue, but eventually it led to the solution of those baffling murders. The Akron police flashed the word to look for a man with a hole in his hand to every corner of the United States, and so serious was the situation that every police department put special men to work on the case.

In New York, Captain Michael Fiaschetti ordered his men to tell all their contacts in the underworld that they were looking for a suspect in a minor Akron jewel robbery—a man with a bullet hole through his hand. The word went out to all the pool-halls, cheap restaurants, and other hangouts of the city's criminal element. Since the object of the search was not a New York man, the local underworld saw no reason why it shouldn't help the police out, and it wasn't long before the observant proprietor of a downtown pool-room, called Captain Fiaschetti to report that a stranger with a hole through his hand had just come in and was shooting some pool.

CAPTAIN FIASCHETTI and Detective Walker, one of his men, rushed to the poolroom. The man with the injured hand was still there, playing some expert pool, and a glance at his hip pocket assured Fiaschetti that he was carrying a gun.

"Come on," Fiaschetti whispered to Walker. "We'll walk over and get to talking to him, and I'll stick a gun in his ribs."

The man was about to try a difficult shot when the two detectives approached him. "Hey, feller," Fiaschetti said good-humoredly, "you can't make that combination."

"Yeah?" asked the man. "Got any money that says I can't? Watch."

The cue slipped through his fingers. He cursed. "Missed," he said.

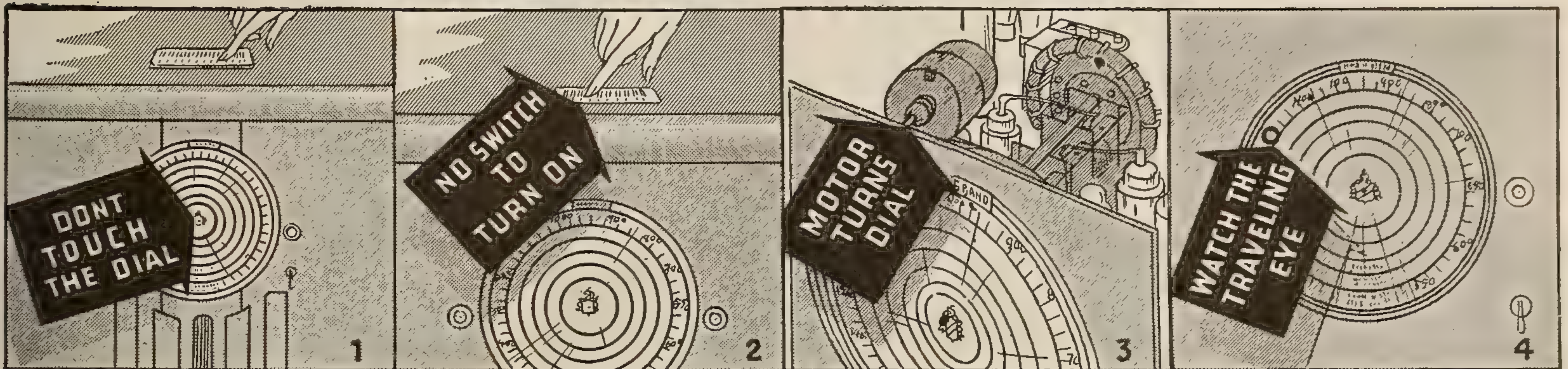
"And that's not all you've missed," Fiaschetti said. "Don't move. This is a gun in your side, and you're coming up to headquarters."

Fiaschetti and Walker took the man up-town, pretending all the time that they wanted him for the Akron jewel robbery. The trick worked. He admitted that his name was Tony Manfredi and even that he came from Akron. Because he knew there was no chance of getting himself implicated in a jewel robbery, Manfredi told the police things he would never have ad-

(Continued on page 58)

JUST TOUCH BUTTON

LATEST 18-TUBE MIDWEST TUNES ITSELF BY ELECTRIC MOTOR!



Only MIDWEST'S Direct-From-Factory Policy Makes This And Other Sensational Features Possible At Amazingly Low Prices!

"The sensation of the radio world" . . . that's what experts said when they saw the amazing new 1938 **MOTORIZED** Midwest. No more dial twiddling—no more squinting! Now, you can enjoy the luxury of radio at its best—you can tune your Midwest by merely touching a button! You'll be astounded at the lightning-like motorized action—just touch a button (on top of the radio) . . . and its corresponding station zips in.

Zip . . . Zip . . . Zip . . . you can bring in 9 perfectly tuned stations in 3 seconds! *All this happens in 1/3 second with Midwest Perfected Motorized Tuning:* (See above illustration). (1-2) You touch button; (3) Electric motor speeds dial towards corresponding station; (4) Colorful Bull's Eye darts across dial and locates itself behind station; (5) Dial *stops itself* at the station's exact center of resonance and the eye "winks" as program comes in perfectly tuned.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL—Enjoy World's Most Advanced Radio for 30 Days in Your Home! Don't Risk a Penny!

Act at once on this unusual factory-to-you offer. We send any Midwest radio you desire to your home. You use it 30 days, and compare it with other radios you have owned or heard. Then, you can return it to the factory, if you wish, without risking a penny. We trust you to give the Midwest a fair trial. You are triply protected with Foreign Reception Guarantee, One-Year Warranty and Money-Back Guarantee.

18 TUBES FOR PRICE OF 10

Why be content with an ordinary 10, 12 or 14-tube set when you can buy an 18-tube Super DeLuxe 101-feature Motorized Midwest for the same money. It will surprise and delight you with its brilliant world-wide reception on 6 bands, and a range of 12,000 and more miles! It will thrill you with its marvelous 6-continent overseas reception. Secures American, Canadian, Police, Amateur, Airplane, Ship broadcasts . . . and finest Foreign programs. You have a whole year to pay for your Midwest on easiest, most convenient credit terms. Never before have you been offered so much radio for so little money!

[SERVICE MEN: Join nation-wide Midwest service organization. Write for free details.] **SEND FOR FREE 1938 CATALOG**

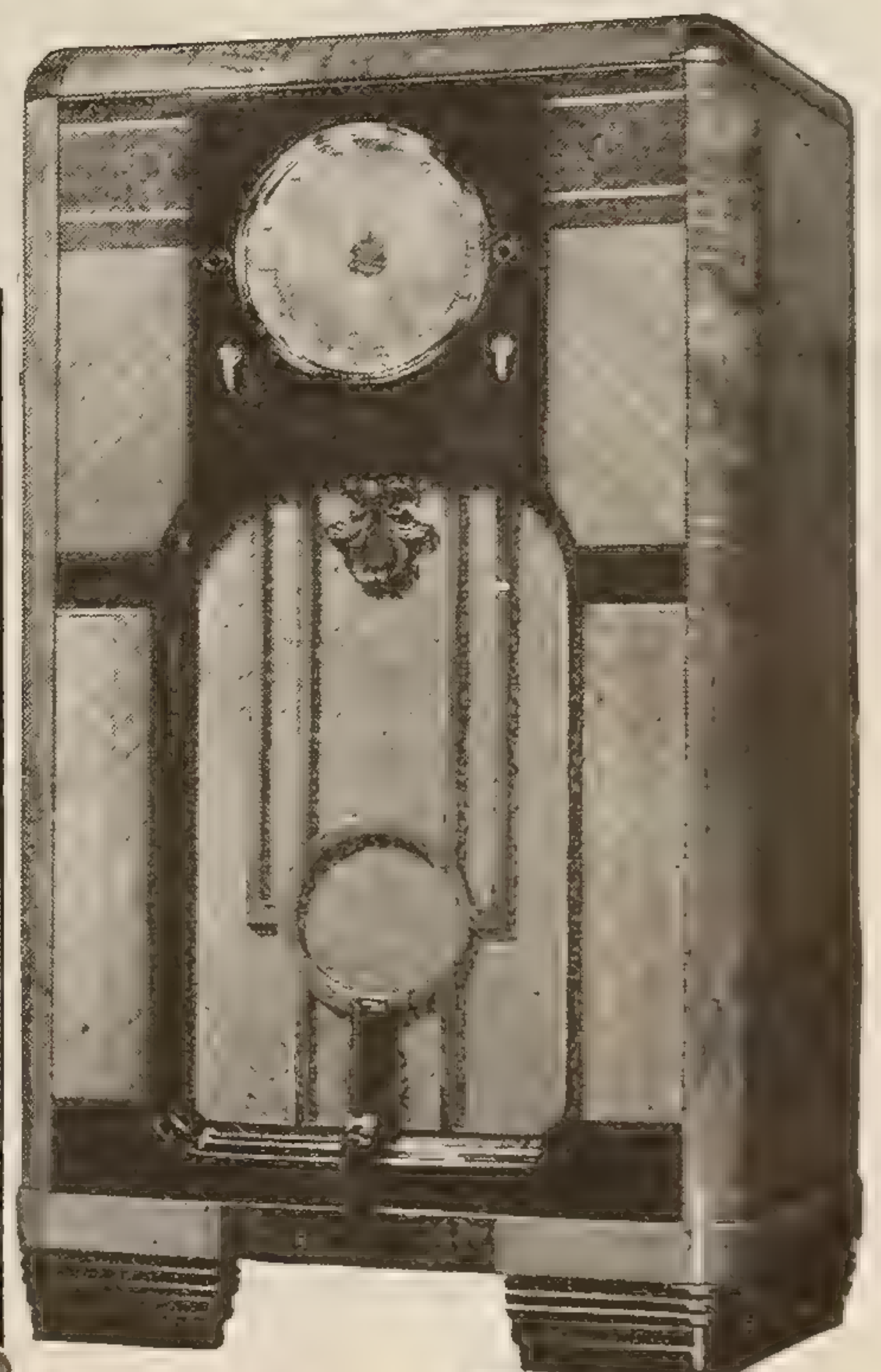
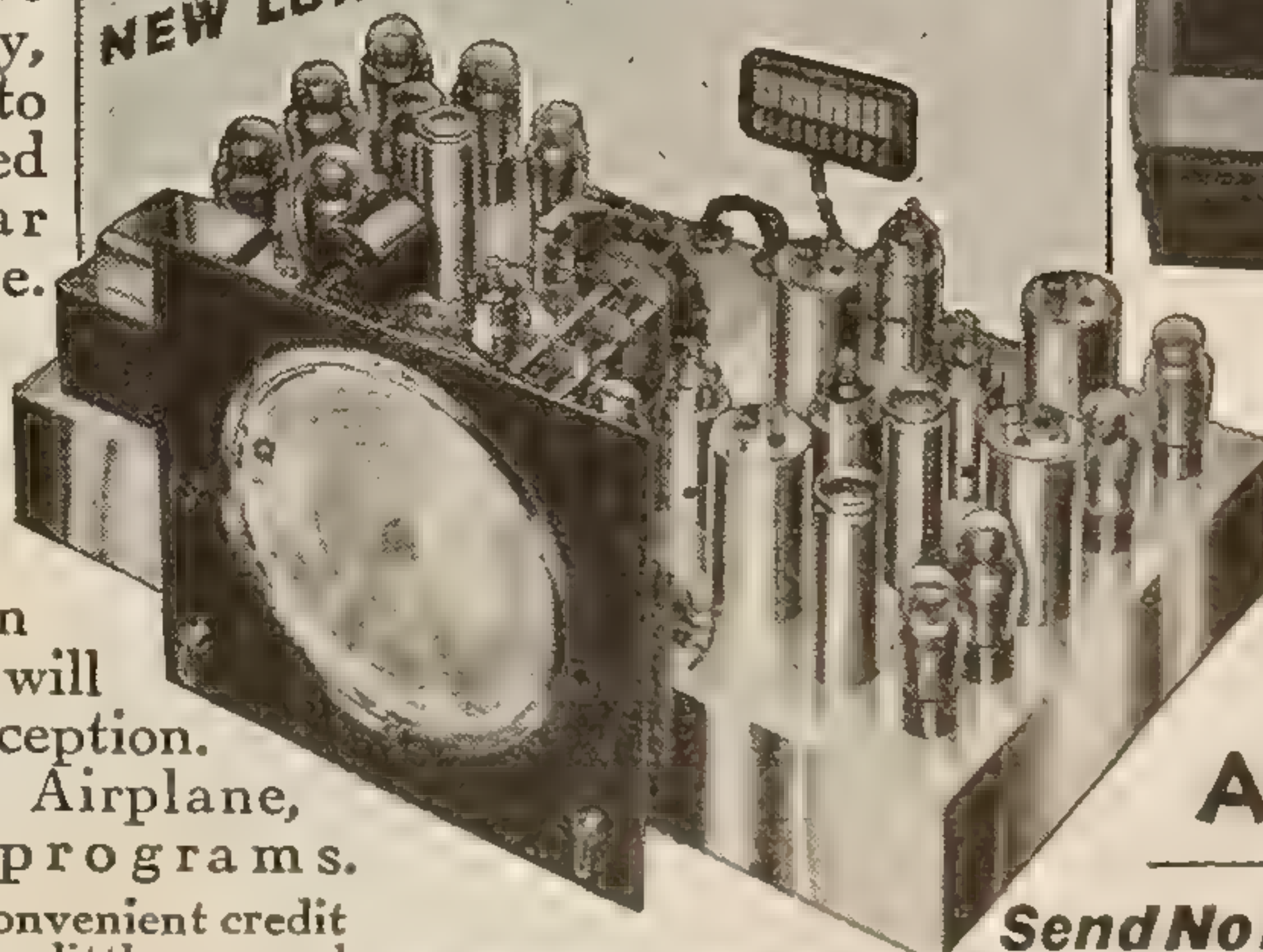
MIDWEST

WORLD-WIDE RADIOS

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION
DEPT. **EE-51** CINCINNATI, OHIO, U.S.A.

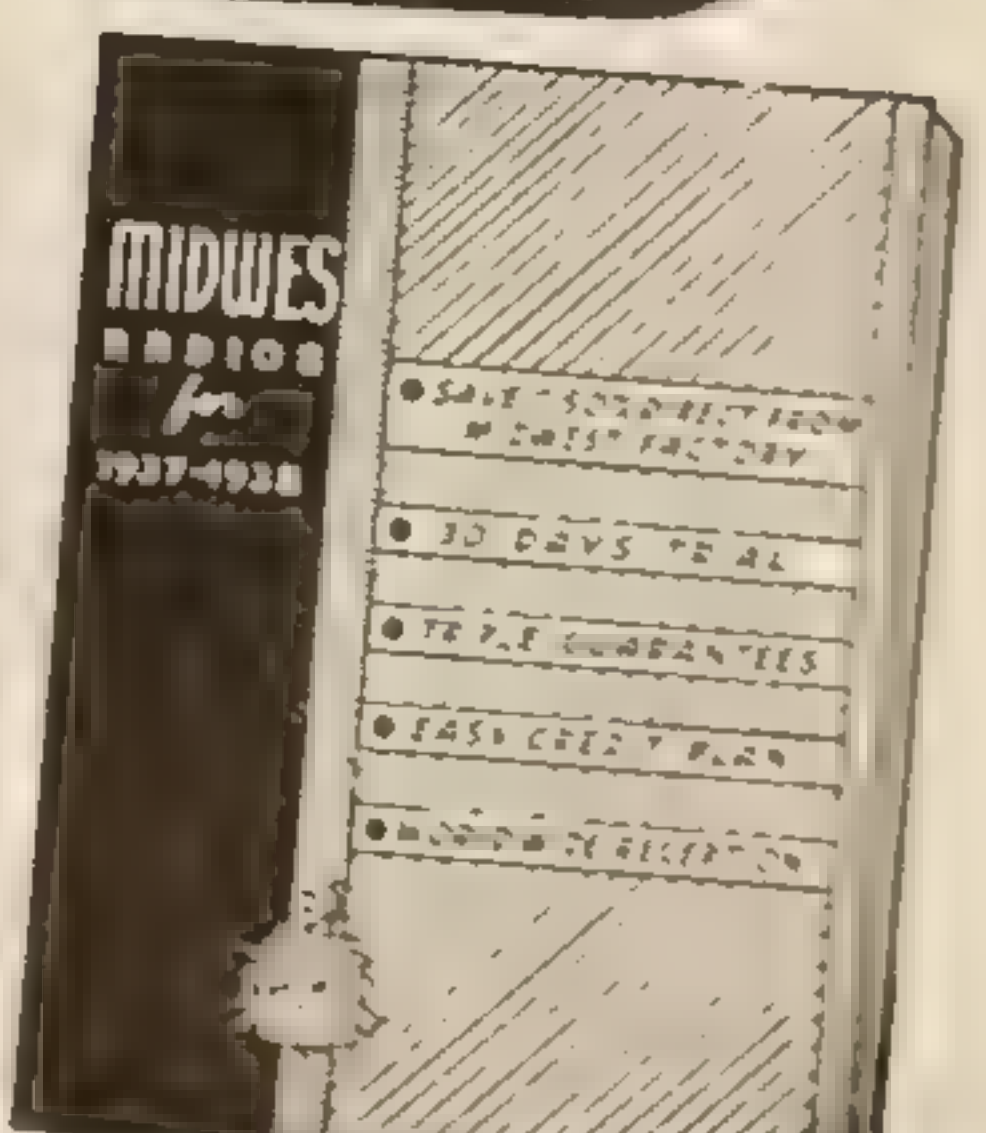
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(Continued from page 56)

mitted if he had known what they really wanted him for. Most important, he told them the name of his companion, Lorenzo Biondo, and where to find him.

"Well, I'll go up and see this Biondo," Fiaschetti said, "And if he backs you up—well, I've made a mistake, that's all, and you can go."

"And I'm goin' to enter a complaint, too," Manfredi said bitterly. "This ain't no way for you to treat a guy that's just come to town to have a good time!"

Fiaschetti and Walker entered the dark hallway of the Lenox Avenue apartment house where Biondo, according to Manfredi, was staying. Fiaschetti knocked at Biondo's door.

"Who's there?" called a frightened voice from inside.

"Couple of friends of Tony Manfredi. He sent us with a message."

"Well, what is it?" Biondo called, reluctant to open the door.

to believe them when they said they had committed no crime, and persuaded them to go back to Akron to clear themselves with the local police.

"If we go back of our own free will," Manfredi asked, "Will you go with us and tell the coppers there you don't believe we knocked over that jewelry store?"

"Sure," Fiaschetti agreed. "I'll turn you loose now and you meet me on the midnight train to Akron."

He let the men go free, but instructed one of his detectives to shadow them until train time. He had decided upon a bold stroke. He did not believe that Manfredi was as deeply implicated in the murders as Biondo, but he did believe that either one of them could lead him to the other men who had done the killings. So that night, in the drawing-room on the train, he kept filling Biondo's glass with wine until the man dropped off into a drunken

large.

In Akron, Chief Welch with Captain Fiaschetti and Sheriff James Corry moved fast. They had to, before news leaked out that Manfredi had squealed on the other members of the gang. As it was, Pasquale Biondo appeared to have left town for parts unknown, and Borgio was also in hiding somewhere. Chiavaro they found in the old cellar meeting-place of the gang, and Mazzano in a disreputable corner saloon. Both of them surrendered without a fight.

"Who squealed on me?" snarled Mazzano on his way to the station.

Fiaschetti had a quick inspiration. "Your old pal Pasquale Biondo," he said. "We arrested him this morning."

"What! Down in Sandusky?" the words seemed to pop out of Mazzano's mouth without his volition.

"So it worked?" commented Fiaschetti. "All right, boys, hurry and get him to the station house and we'll hit for Sandusky. What's his address, Mazzano?"

"I won't tell you," Mazzano said sullenly.

"You will if you know what's good for you."

"Oh, all right. He used to be at 487 Blank Street."

Daylight was just breaking when Fiaschetti and Sheriff Corry arrived in Sandusky. They were prepared to move carefully, because except for Borgio, Pasquale was the worst of the killers.

FOUR eighty-seven Blank street was a small house in the slum district of Sandusky. Not a light showed from inside. The officers went to the door and knocked. They heard a faint stir from inside; then an old, wrinkled woman opened the door.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"We want to come in and look around. We're detectives."

"Go away! Go away!" she screamed, trying to close the door in their faces.

"Come on—she's trying to warn someone!" called Fiaschetti, and rushed the door. Down the hall they ran, into a side room. Three men were in the room.

"We ain't done nothing," one of them said. "Which one of us do you want?"

"Why—all of you," Fiaschetti said. "And bring your things. Who wants this suitcase?"—and he pointed to a battered grip on the floor.

"It's mine—" one of the men snapped.

"Okay, Biondo—you're the only one we want. You shouldn't have tags on your luggage with your name on them."

At last all of the gang except the leader, Rosario Borgio, had been captured. Apparently Borgio had vanished from the face of the earth. People at the establishments he was known to own said they had not seen him for weeks. Then, at last, came a tip that he was still in Akron, at a house on Risby Street.

Captain Fiaschetti took three men, and fully armed, they went after Borgio. But the guns weren't necessary. Borgio, the man who had conceived the idea of killing every policeman in America, the leader of the whole gang, was the easiest of all to capture. They found him cowering in the corner of a dirty room, half mad with fright. He blubbered and wept as he insisted he knew nothing of the murders—but a few hours later he had confessed everything.

Borgio, Pasquale Biondo, Mazzano and Chiavaro were all sent to the electric chair. Lorenzo Biondo and Tony Manfredi were given life imprisonment. Thus ingloriously ended Borgio's grandiose scheme of starting a rebellion of the underworld and killing every policeman in the country.



Young Jimmy McCallion and Audrey Egan are the Billy and Betty, respectively, in the well-loved serial of that name, broadcast over New York City's Station, WEAf, Mondays through Fridays at 6:45 P.M. They practically grew up in radio.

"It's a package we got to deliver to you," Fiaschetti said. The door opened a crack and Biondo peered out suspiciously.

"Manfredi's in trouble," Fiaschetti said. "Let us in."

At last Biondo stepped aside, and they followed him into the room. "There was some shooting in a pool-room," Fiaschetti said, "And Manfredi got pinched. But he managed to slip us his gun first, and he said you'd know how to get rid of it for him."

"The fool!" Biondo said irritably. "Give me the gun—I'll get rid of it. Don't point it at me!"

"This isn't Manfredi's gun," Fiaschetti said evenly. "It's mine, and you're coming along to see Manfredi."

Thus did the New York police capture two of the criminals in the Akron cop killings. However, there was not enough evidence against either Biondo or Manfredi to justify their extradition back to Ohio. They still believed they were wanted in connection with a jewel robbery, a crime in which their consciences were perfectly clear.

After several days in which they continued to protest their innocence, Captain Fiaschetti decided upon a clever ruse to lure them back to Ohio. He pretended

sleep. Then he took Manfredi into his own room next door for a quiet talk.

"Manfredi," he said boldly, "I know all about those Akron killings."

Manfredi grew pale. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"You told me you didn't have anything to do with a jewel robbery, and I believe you. But you did have something to do with killing those cops."

"Shut up, copper," Manfredi growled. "I've got a gun in my pocket, and if you don't shut up—"

THERE aren't any bullets in it, Manfredi. I knew you bought a new one today, and I took the bullets out of it when you went to the washroom."

Manfredi wilted. "All right—I'll help you. I don't want to burn. I didn't shoot none of the cops myself. I was just there when they killed Costigan and Hunt."

"Tell me all you know, Manfredi, and I'll see you don't burn."

Before the train arrived at Akron, Manfredi had told the whole story of Borgio and the bounty he put upon policemen, and had implicated Frank Mazzano, the two Biondo brothers and Paolo Chiavaro. Lorenzo Biondo was safely asleep in the next room—but Mazzano, Pasquale Biondo, Chiavaro and Borgio were still at

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 7)

Weary and worn, does Bill go home to bed? Not on your life. He wends his way, saxophone case under his arm, to a nearby church for early mass.

Not all nights are that hectic for the Manhattan College graduate. Usually after his chores on weekday nights you can find Bill touring West Fifty-second Street nocturnal haunts with Dorothy Howe, Art Shaw's vocalist, Helen Brady, New York lawyer or Christina Lind, amateur night winner.

* * *

KEEP YOUR EARS TUNED TO:

Dorothy Goff, deep-voiced, darkhaired torch singer recently heard with Hod Williams' band. Hal Kemp was just about to sign her to a contract when Chesterfield ordered him to the Coast for the Alice Faye programs. Dorothy is a sure bet for plenty of work this fall.

* * *

"OH, THOSE BELLS!"

For some time Bert Block, one of the younger down-beaters has been experimenting with a new type of orchestration entitled "Bell Music." Syracuse, Cincinnati and now St. Louis (NBC wire) like it and it won't be long before it is talked about from coast-to-coast.

Describing a new style of rhythm is no easy task. So Bert Block himself is going to explain "Bell Music":

"We have been trying to acquire a new style of dance music that is different, yet pleasing to the ear. Bell music is the result. We are using a French celeste and a special set of amplified orchestra bells. These instruments are used to give our music a tinkling bell-like quality. Delicate bell-passages brighten up the ensemble work, which is mostly muted brass and clarinets. Besides being used for bell effects, the bells and celeste are also used as solo instruments."

"Bell Music" was born in Syracuse. When Bert reached that city he was still searching for a new idea. During rehearsals the old city church bell would tinkle out the time every fifteen minutes of the hour.

"I wish they would let up," complained one of the musicians. "Last night I could hardly sleep on account of them. They keep ringing in my ear."

"You got something there," snapped Bert, "If they could impress you that much why couldn't they impress dancers?"

And so the old stone church in Syracuse, N. Y. is responsible for radio's newest dance rhythm innovation.

* * *

OFF THE MUSIC RACK

Mary Thompson, young and pretty sister of kilocyclin' Kay, made her New York radio debut quietly with Paul Kane's orchestra from the Hotel Commodore in New York. Before a select gathering of band experts, Mary hit the bell; she was taken by her sponsors to a Massachusetts resort colony where she will be groomed for more active work this fall on the ether waves. "Unless I'm crazy," an advertising agency executive told me, "Mary Thompson is going to be radio's next big-time vocalist" . . . Dick Gasparre replaced Eddy Duchin in Chicago's Palmer House. Duchin begins a vaudeville tour this summer, after breaking the Windy City's hotel record. He gets \$8,500 a week in vaudeville . . . Tommy Tucker, West Coast maestro, and his orchestra will be featured on



Bird alive, how people's eyebrows do go up—if there's the faintest hint of tattle-tale gray in your linens and things.

But why risk it? Why put up with half-clean-clothes—when Fels-Naptha Soap

makes it so easy to hurry out ALL the dirt.

That's because Fels-Naptha brings you two peppy cleaners instead of one. Its richer golden soap and lots of naphtha loosen the grimeiest, deep-down dirt. When the wash is over, your clothes are so sweet and white it's a thrill to iron them.

You'll love the gentle way Fels-Naptha treats your hands, too. There's soothing glycerine in every golden bar.

Ask your grocer for Fels-Naptha today and try it! You'll have easier washes! Lovelier washes! And none of that pesky tattle-tale gray!

COPR. FELS & CO., 1937

**BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!**



WHY AREN'T BABIES BORN WITH BLACKHEADS?

**7 out of 10 women blame their skin for blackheads,
when they should blame their cleansing method**

By *Lady Esther*

Everywhere I go I hear women say "Oh! well, there's nothing I can do about it, I guess I was born with this kind of skin."

They're referring, of course, to hateful, mocking, stubborn blackheads. But stop a minute and think! Did you ever see a baby with blackheads? Of course not. Then where do those blackheads come from?

These blemishes are tiny specks of dirt which become wedged in your pores.

How do they start?

It's sad but true, blackheads take root because your cleansing methods fail. You know you can't wash blackheads away. And they only laugh at your surface cleanser. The longer these blackheads stay in your skin, the blacker and more noticeable they grow.

Switch to a Penetrating Cream

See with your own eyes, the amazing improvement in your skin when a cream really penetrates the dirt in your pores.

Let me send you, free and postpaid, a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, so that you can prove every statement I make. It is an active cream. It's penetrating, because it penetrates pore-dirt. You can see the results. You can feel the difference.

When your free supply of cream arrives,

smooth on enough to cover your face and neck. At the very first touch your skin will perk up. Why? Because my cream is a cooling, soothing, refreshing cleanser.

When you wipe it off, you may be shocked to see how grimy the cloth looks. But it's a sign this penetrating cream goes after deep-down dirt that causes those blackheads.

Write now for your free supply

Just send me the coupon today, and by return mail I will send you my generous gift tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. I'll also send you all ten shades of my Face Powder free, so you can see which is your most flattering color—see how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Mail me the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me a free supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also all ten shades of your Face Powder, free and postpaid.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther,
Toronto, Ontario)

(37)

a new Mutual network commercial this fall, backing up Georgie Jessel and Norma Talmadge . . . Robert Emmet Dolan, conductor of NBC Sunday Night Party, is married to Buddy Ebsen's sister, Vilma, who used to dance on the stage with her freckled brother. Buddy, incidentally, is married to Ruth Cambridge, Walter Winchell's ex-girl Friday . . . Julian Woodworth was all set to broadcast from Larchmont's Lido Club the other night when the program was abruptly cancelled. The band's instruments were stolen an hour before airtime . . . The trend in band bookings this fall is toward colored talent . . . Mal Hallett is playing stage dates this summer, winding up in Boston Sept. 13 . . . Morton Gould is experimenting with a new type of dance rhythm and is asking Fred Astaire to approve it . . . Chico and Diane had their seventh heaven in the movies but Kay Thompson and trumpet-er-husband Jack Jenney have their fourth heaven atop an apartment dwelling near CBS' studios in N. Y. Kay took an entire floor so that her three dogs could have plenty of room . . . Edith Caldwell, George Olsen's petite singer put on the wedding ring this summer . . . Mickey Alpert, whose band is heard from Ben Marden's Riviera is planning a trailer tour of the country to exploit his new orchestra . . . Jerry Blaine, Park Central conductor had a good idea when he tried to form a baseball league for dance-band musicians. "The boys ought to get some sun," said Jerry. But when game time arrived there was only one ballplayer on the field—Jerry Blaine.

* * *

A NEW BAND IS BORN

For years listeners have enjoyed the music of the five Messner brothers. Then leader Dick decided to conduct an advertising agency instead of an orchestra. This completely disorganized the band.

Promptly three other brothers decided the music business was also too precarious for them. One became a salesman, another a lawyer, the third, a booker. This left only the youngest, Johnny One-Note Messner, still loyal to rhythm. Since he completed his studies at the Institute of Musical Art of the Juilliard Foundation, Johnny has thought of nothing else.

A hasty conference ensued between the boys in the band and Johnny and the result was a new setup with Johnny Messner waving the stick. Johnny's new outfit is currently entertaining dancers in New York's Hotel McAlpin.

Only another relationship—unlooked for—may develop from this rehabilitation; Johnny is currently saying sweet things to his little French vocalist, Jeanne D-Arcy.

* * *

ORCHESTRA ANATOMY

BOB CROSBY: Saxophones, Eddie Miller, Nonnie Bernardi, Gil Rodin, Matty Matlock; trumpets, Yank Lawson and Zeke Zarchy; trombones, Warren Smith, Ward Sillaway; drums, Ray Bauduc; piano, Bob Zerke; bass, Bob Haggart; guitar, Nappy Lamare; violin, Eddie Bergman; vocalists, Bob Crosby and Kay Weber.

CASA LOMA: Saxophones, Glen Gray, Clarence Hutchenrider, Pat Davis, Art Ralston, Kenny Sargent; trumpets, Joe Zullo, Grady Watts; trombones, Pee-Wee Hunt, Billy Rauch, Fritz Hummel; piano, Joe "Horse" Hall; drums, Tony Briglia; guitar, Jacques Blanchette; violins, Fritz Hummel and Jacques Blanchette; vocalists, Kenny Sargent and Pee-Wee Hunt.

CORRESPONDENCE

George Markantes: Shep Fields has been renewed for Rippling Rhythm Revue for Woodbury. He soon faces the klieg lights for "The Big Broadcast of 1938." Shep has added another trumpet to the band for fullness.

Lester Woody: The Original Dixieland Jazz Band is still playing as a unit in theaters and night clubs. No radio engagements at present. Mary Sue Simmons: Congratulations on the first anniversary of the Arthur Wright Fan Club. Arthur used to be the vocalist with Kay Kyser's Orchestra and did a swell job. Those interested in joining the club write to Mary at 820 Harrison Street, Charleston, Illinois. Woody Walker: Those are kind words, suh. Kay Kyser is touring the country on one-night stands after finishing a Mutual network commercial. This was abruptly cancelled because of labor trouble. You can reach Kay at WGN in Chicago. You can reach Hal Kemp at CBS in Hollywood; Phil Harris, NBC, Hollywood, and Fred Waring, Hotel Drake in Chicago. I'm sorry but I can't send you a picture of myself as Postmaster Farley wouldn't like it. It would frighten his letter carriers.

Frances Cowles: Horace Heidt is still on the rooftop of New York's Hotel Biltmore with his Brigadiers. He's heard on MBS and CBS.

Dorothy Thompson: The September issue of RADIO MIRROR carried a complete story on Benny Goodman and the August issue included the clarinet star's personnel. About Casa Loma, a lot of dance-wise critics have soured on them. Casa Loma fans to the front. Let's hear what you have to say about your favorite band. Personally I think they are slipping due to changes in the band.

A. Krikorian: Eddy Duchin has a new trumpet player, Charley Crocker who replaced Lou Sherwood. Lou has left the band to organize his own. Eddy has a new girl singer with the band, Patricia Norman, former Hit Parade vocalist. A new male vocalist with Eddy is Stanley Worth, Vincent Lopez alumnus.

Stanley Barby: Tommy Dorsey is currently playing atop the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York.

Helen Morrison: Your favorite scat-singer Johnny Davis has just signed with Warner Brothers on a long-term contract after making a hit in his first picture, "Varsity Show."

For your convenience—and ours—use this coupon in writing to ask questions. We'll try to find all the answers.

Ken Alden,
Facing the Music,
RADIO MIRROR,
122 East 42nd Street,
New York City.

My favorite orchestra is.....

.....and I want to

know more about the following

.....

.....

Name

Address

.....

"and life is
so much
gayer
now!"

Your lovelier way to
avoid offending did the trick!
I'm sure all the girls would be
more alluring, if they bathed
with this exquisite perfumed
Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

Sincerely,
Mary Moore



LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, ITS FRAGRANCE
LINGERS... surrounds you glamorous-
ly! It's no wonder that men prefer
girls who bathe with Cashmere Bouquet
Soap. But don't think that ordinary
scented soaps will give you this same
protection. Only Cashmere Bouquet's
rare perfume has this special lingering
quality. So, insist on Cashmere Bouquet!

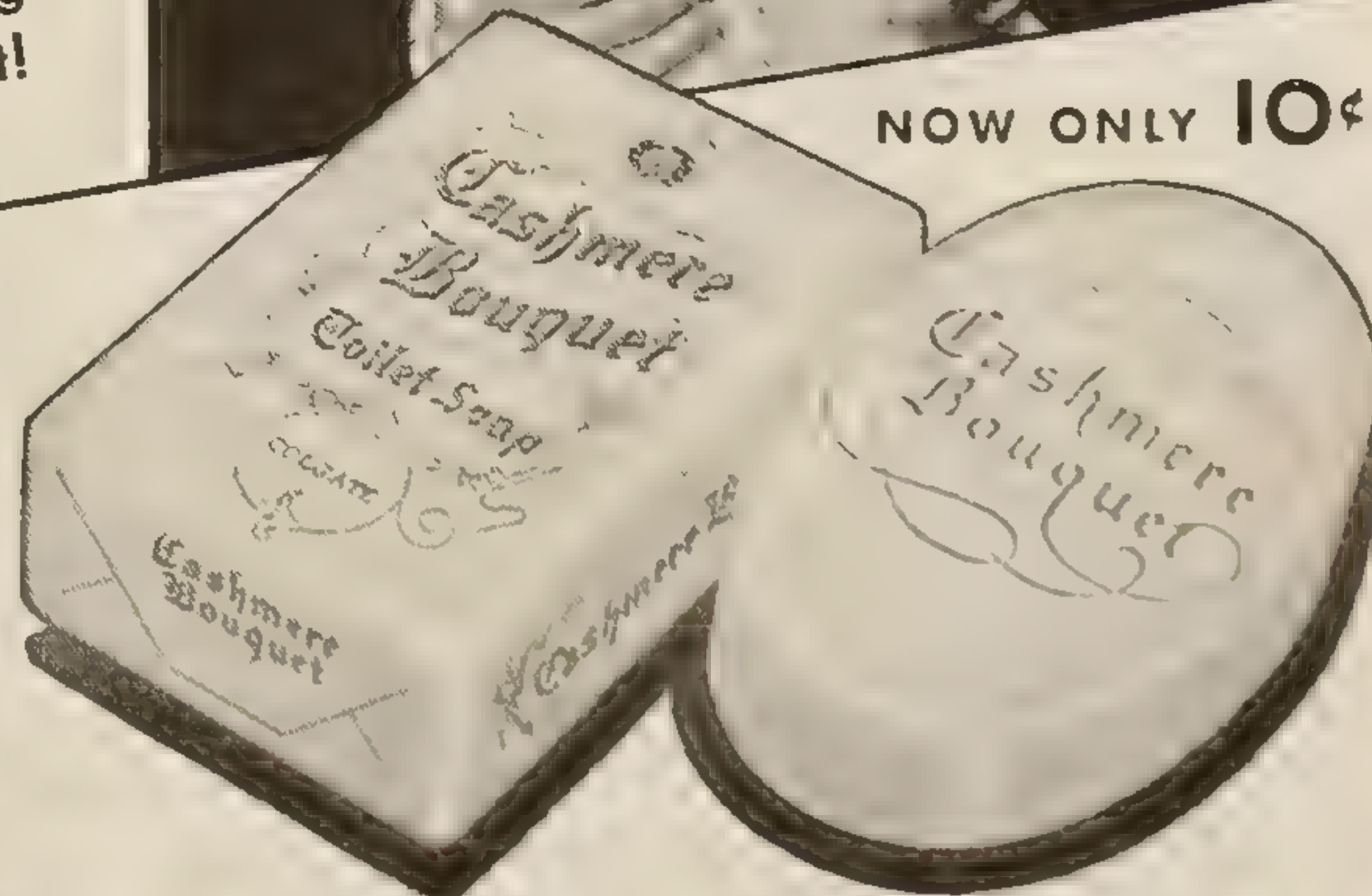
MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

This pure, creamy-white soap has
such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet
it removes every trace of dirt and
cosmetics—keeps your skin allur-
ingly smooth, radiantly clear!

SO MUCH NICER, MODERN GIRLS FIND,
to guard daintiness this lovelier way.
For Cashmere Bouquet Soap, with its
deep-cleansing lather, removes every
trace of unpleasant body odor... And
besides, with its exquisite flower-
like perfume, it keeps your skin allur-
ingly fragrant! You're always com-
pletely safe from any fear of offending!



NOW ONLY 10¢



TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

Highway to Happiness

(Continued from page 16)



THIS is the cool, fragrant freshener you need every summer day. The finest quality imported talcum powder, scented with lovely April Showers, "The Perfume of Youth" ...yet priced low for debutante allowances.

*The Talc, exquisite but not expensive, 28¢.
The Perfume (in purse-sizes), 28¢, 50¢ and \$1.00.*

awhile. You're much too young," he said.

Alice couldn't tell him that she was a veteran who'd been dancing for years and years, or that she wanted money to buy nice clothes for her mother and taxi rides for herself, so she ran out of the theater and home to her mother and cried as though her heart would break.

But Mrs. Leppert wasn't discouraged.

"You'll make it next time," she assured her. "You'll really look fifteen in another month or two."

This was Alice's first professional reverse—she had been a leading lady, you must remember, since she was four—and she brooded about it. She didn't mention dancing within the family circle for weeks, but she thought of nothing else.

The night Alice graduated from the eighth grade of public school she filled out a registration blank for high school and indicated that she would return to classes the next fall to begin a specialized English course. If she couldn't be a dancer, she had decided, she might as well get back to that idea of being a school teacher.

BUT that graduation night was Alice's last experience with school. By the time schools reconvened in the fall Alice was an old-timer in the chorus, a front-line girl in one of Chester Hale's vaudeville units and headed for Broadway, the radio, and Hollywood.

The family moved with monotonous regularity after that, Mrs. Leppert recalls, keeping just one jump ahead of the truant officer. Alice refused to give up her blessed new independence to go back to school, and her mother, who knew that objections would be useless, upheld her.

Alice must have looked fifteen when she applied to Chester Hale for a job in his line-up. She went alone to the try-outs; if she failed this time, no one was going to know it. It was a tough hurdle. The routine called for toe dancing; Alice had never worn a pair of toe slippers in her life, and the steps were arduous—to put it mildly. But Alice says she confided to the other girls that she wanted to get a start and she needed the money badly, and good sports that they were, they just held her up until she got the swing of it.

Those next few months with the Chester Hale girls were the most exciting of Alice's life. She went to Pittsburgh, to Boston, to Philadelphia, to Buffalo. Overnight jumps from New York, perhaps, but to a wide-eyed little girl who had dreamed of the world and yet had never been farther away from her native New York than Atlantic City, that was travel!

While she was learning her first routines with the Chester Hale line, she won the friendship of Betty King, a friendship which was to be woven into the very pattern of her life for years to come. Betty was two years older than Alice, as dark-eyed and black haired as Alice was fluffily blonde. It was Betty who rallied the girls to Alice's rescue when she put in her first trembling appearance at the "call." And it was she, a few weeks later, who made it possible for Alice to stay with the troupe when it went on tour by going herself to Alice's mother and promising to take care of her new friend while they were "on the road."

Something in Betty King's face when she came to Mrs. Leppert with her promise to look after Alice won the mother's confidence.

"I know you'll take care of her," Mrs. Leppert said, and the three of them cried on one another's shoulders to seal a

solemn bargain.

Betty did take care of Alice. She saw that the fourteen-year-old hopeful went directly from the theater home to bed. She supervised her diet, picked out her friends. Alice was in good hands that year. Later, when Alice Faye's was a name in lights, Betty King was repaid for her guardianship. She came to Hollywood as Alice's stand-in, and still is her closest companion.

Married now and a mother, she has named her first baby for her friend. He turned out to be a boy, but the names are almost the same. She called him Allen.

Back in New York after two winters on the road, Alice and Betty pulled away from the Chester Hale unit to win a place in "the line" in George White's new "Scandals," starring Rudy Vallee.

Rudy Vallee was the first important star to cross young Alice Faye's path. They didn't meet, but every night Alice danced on the same stage upon which matinee-idol Vallee sang and Alice watched him with an idol-worshiper's adoration. He didn't notice Alice and she didn't have courage to speak to him.

It was not the "Scandals," strangely, which brought Alice and Rudy together, but a party.

Everybody laughed, as the saying goes, when the host whipped out a voice recording machine and announced that every guest must record a song. Alice sang in her turn, protesting that she wasn't a singer and this was all too silly. The song was "Mimi." Nobody laughed when the playbacks were run off. Alice's voice whirled off the discs rich and warm, and there was that rhythm again.

HYMAN BUSHEL, attorney and close friend of Rudy Vallee, took the record home with him when the party broke up and played it the next day for Vallee. Rudy, on the look-out for a girl to sing with his orchestra, set upon a search for Alice Faye at once. Like the traveller who set out to find the diamond fields, he found her in his own back yard.

With Vallee as her mentor, Alice covered a lifetime's experiences in the next few weeks. Her seven-league boots hurried to keep the pace as she sang for the first time from a Broadway stage (in the later weeks of the run of the "Scandals"), made her debut as soloist with the Vallee band, and made her first radio broadcast.

Alice still remembers with cold chills the night her voice first went out over the air. She was suffering from a horrid cold, and had tried to postpone her appearance on Vallee's Fleischmann's yeast program until the following week. The sponsors, who had never heard of Alice Faye, and were pretty indifferent about it all, said it would be then or never. So Alice dragged herself to the studio, held herself up by clinging to the microphone, sang "Honeymoon Hotel," and fainted.

Rudy Vallee was pressing cold packs to her head when she opened her eyes.

"Did I make it?" she asked.

"Sure you made it, kid," he said. "Don't you always?"

Once an appearance on Vallee's program had seemed the highest peak of success. But now new vistas opened up before her and Alice saw that life was only beginning. Real fortune lay ahead but first she was to live drama she had never dreamed about. Follow the thrill packed career of this policeman's daughter who forced the gates of Hollywood—in the November issue.

What Do You Want To Say?

(Continued from page 9)

go roving through their minds as they breathe forth this particular brand of gurgle.

I know the general consensus is against women as radio announcers, but I'm sure their voices would sound far more appropriate in a spot where it is necessary to describe a feminine dainty.

ERMA RICHMOND,
Springfield, Mass.

\$1.00 PRIZE

WHAT A TEMPER!

I'm wishing today that Dame Fortune had presented me with a little less pugnose and a lot more temper. Not that it would make any particular difference even if I could adequately express my innermost feelings . . . and it is all because of one of the finest dramatizations that I ever heard over the air.

I simply cannot understand why advertisers, who can afford to carry the finest talent obtainable right into our American homes, must so often spoil an otherwise perfect program by permitting a glamorous movie star or radio hero to personally sponsor their products. We know, they know, and their star knows that it isn't the only hair-tonic their precious locks can take . . . it isn't the only beverage that passes their lips . . . and it isn't the only soap pure enough to be on the market. They tell us so, and we say, "apple sauce!" Yet, put those same words into the mouth of an announcer, and mark the difference.

As a whole, the radio audience hates

this sort of cheapness, and yet with several of our finest programs it prevails. We like to surround our favorite stars with glamour and mystery, not mouth wash or callous pads.

It so happens that I am particularly fond of the beautifier that was palavered last night, but I'll be darned if I'll ever use it again . . . just because they stripped my favorite movie star of my dearest illusions. Yesterday, she was a dream-of-dreams, but today she's only a "signed contract" no more mysterious than myself.

MRS. ARTHUR B. MADISON,
Melrose, Mass.

\$1.00 PRIZE

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

What program is the quizziest,
The whizziest, the busiest,
What queries, wearies, blearies, cheeries,
What dazzles, frazzles, dearies?
What's the newsiest, the choosiest, the
wooziest,
What quests, arrests, tests, zests, listens
best?

Answer: Professor Quiz.

FRANK R. MOORE,
Detroit, Mich.

\$1.00 PRIZE

"ONCE I WAS A CRAB"

I am writing this short letter from a friend's camp twenty miles from our city.

I was just thinking what a crab I was to say that there was too much advertising on the radio. Too many silly programs, etc.

Where I am now, we are without a radio on account of the D. C. current used here. Our radio of course is run on A.C. current and cannot be used here. I thought it was going to be great to have a rest from annoying programs. But right this moment I'd give my next two days meals to hear any program, regardless of who or what it is.

Radio is in my blood now, and if I ever go to another camp and spend a week-end without one, I'll consult a doctor immediately and have my head examined.

Long live the greatest invention of all—radio!

TIMOTHY F. DONOVAN
Lewiston, Maine.

\$1.00 PRIZE

THE MOTION IS SECONDED

Thank God for Edwin C. Hill! His splendid article, "Radio—Instrument of Peace," should really start a movement which will lead to real results: i. e.—that the nations of the earth get acquainted through the medium of radio.

The British Empire's world-girdling broadcast in connection with the Coronation is indicative of what can be done along this line.

Why not a world-wide hookup at intervals, with the leading nations of the world discussing their political, social and economic problems, with Edwin C. Hill, who really knows how to present the human angle, as master of ceremonies?

MRS. W. BALLARD,
Charlotte, N. C.



I HEAR SHE AIN'T DOING SO WELL IN THE CITY



I JUST KNOW THAT'S WHAT THOSE GOSSIPS ARE SAYING—AND I WON'T GO BACK HOME WITH YOU AND LET THEM SNEER AT ME!

NONSENSE, AMY!

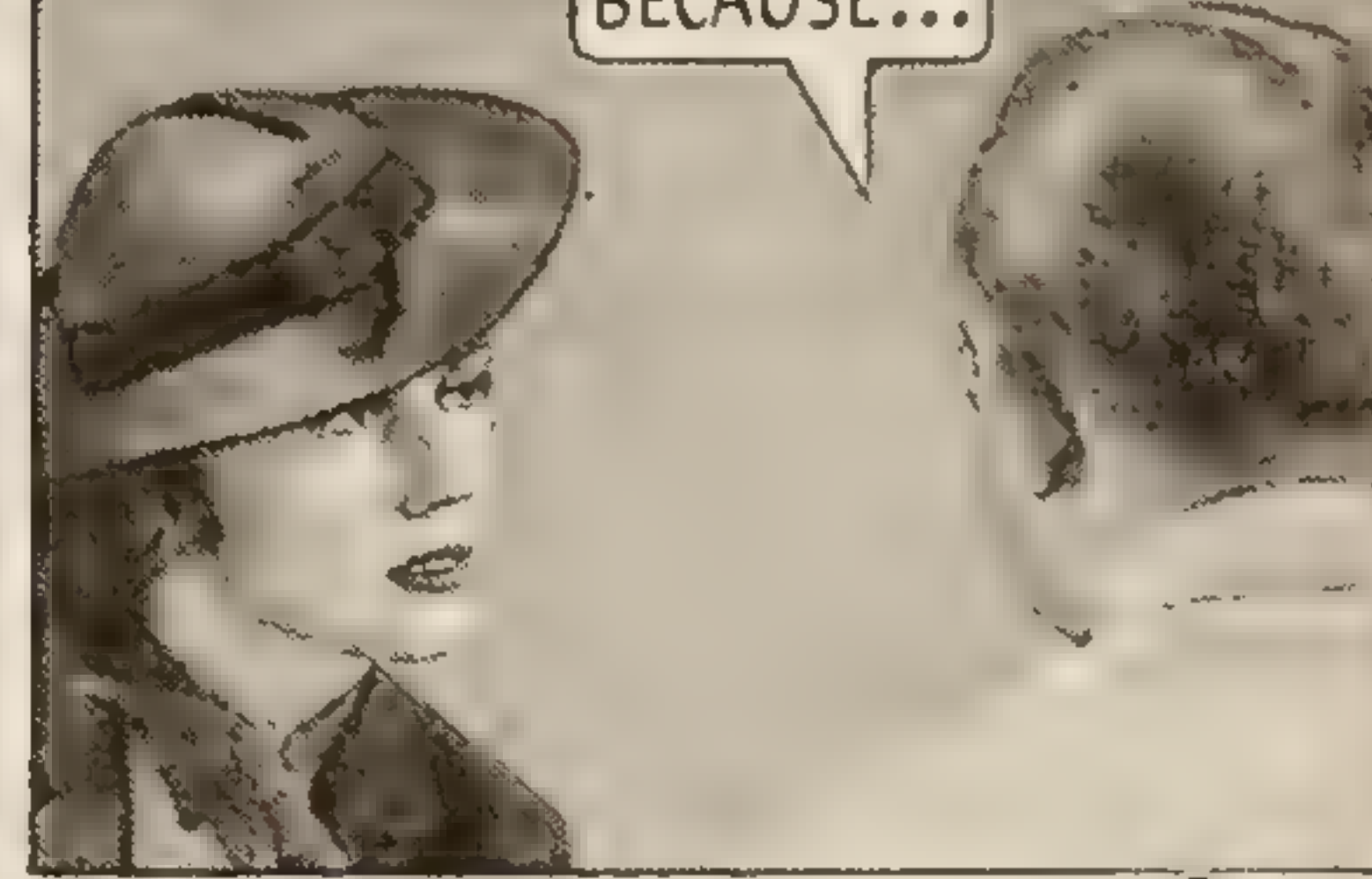


SUE, WE CAME TO NEW YORK TOGETHER. YOU'VE HAD THREE RAISES, BUT HERE I AM OUT OF A JOB AGAIN! WHY?

SOMETIMES IT'S BAD BREATH THAT HOLDS PEOPLE BACK, AMY. WHY DON'T YOU TALK TO DR. BROWN?



YOU SEE, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH



"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull,

dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

THREE MONTHS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

AND SUE, I'VE SAVED ENOUGH FROM MY RAISE TO BUY CLOTHES AND A ROUND-TRIP TICKET HOME, TOO!



NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!



...AND NO TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over
twice as much,
35¢

HONORABLE MENTION

"I should like to have all those women who use the air for putting on airs 'given the air.' If there is anything more wearisome than to have to listen to another woman assuming an air of affectation in order to impress an audience, I'd like to know what it is."—SARA SANDT, Madison, N. J.

"I certainly did not relish Robert Ripley's recent presentation of the Hindenburg disaster. To me it was an outstanding example of poor taste in radio—an altogether unwarranted attempt to capitalize on the sympathy of Americans for the unfortunate victims. Nobody minds the sound effect of a dying human being if it is introduced in connection with an episode which took place some time ago, or in some far-off country. But deliberately to enlarge on a tragedy which happens in the here and now can hardly be classed as good radio manners."—CARL ZIMMERMAN, Lakeland, Fla.

"Just recently I overheard a party say that a person lowers himself by writing to a column like this, and that it was worthless. That prompted me to come to its defense, regardless of the fact that I have never been able to ring the cash register.

"If expressing one's opinion, which might be of some help or service to someone, is lowering oneself, well—then I want to be that kind. It isn't any worse submitting material to this column than it is for anyone to contribute news to a newspaper. The kind of people who write 'What Do You Want to Say' represent about 90 per cent of the population—and that's good enough for me."—ARTHUR BEAU, Moorehead, Minn.

"In the last few months I have noted a great increase in one of my pet radio hates. It is the growing practice of local station announcers to cut in on network programs with a local commercial."—ALLEN R. SHAW, Elyria, Ohio.

"My complaints against radio are confined to the stations below the Rio Grande. We who live in the Southwest must listen to a constant barrage of cancer curers, fortune tellers and get-rich-quick schemers. These stations are not run by Mexicans but by United States citizens who sneak below the border to avoid the stringent laws of our own country."—JESS BLAIR, Brownfield, Tex.

"We need help at our house . . . about our Sunday mornings! Please consider all the thousands of small children in the land who are unfortunate enough to either take the comic-less 'Times' or, like ours, live where no early paper calls on the doorstep 'come the dawn.' Of all the hours of the week for the radio to give us a hand with the younger fry, Sundays, from 8 to 9:30 or so, sounds simply perfect!"—MRS. RICHARD R. WETHERBY, Miles City, Mont.

"Eventually radio will supplant newspapers. Already it is trying to ape papers. It has its Winchell gossipers, its Wynn comic pages (Heaven help us) and its 'censored' commentators who gravitate into wordy ruts."—COURSIN BLACK, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.

"HE DOESN'T
KISS ME
ANYMORE!"

HE SAID MY LIPS
WERE TOO RED
AND SMEARY

WHY DON'T YOU USE
TANGEE? IT'S ORANGE
IN THE STICK, BUT IT
CHANGES LIKE MAGIC
TO A LOVELY SHADE OF
BLUSH ROSE ON
YOUR LIPS

L
A
T
E
R

SWEETHEART—I'VE JUST GOT TO
KISS THOSE PRETTY LIPS!

THERE IS
MAGIC IN
TANGEE



PAINTED GLARING LIPS



TANGEE GLOWING LIPS

"GIRLS, DON'T LET A 'PAINTED LOOK'
SPOIL YOUR ROMANCE! CHANGE TO
TANGEE, THE LIPSTICK THAT ISN'T PAINT,
THE ONLY LIPSTICK WITH THE MAGIC TANGEE
COLOR CHANGE PRINCIPLE! MAKES YOUR
LIPS IRRESISTIBLE!! SEND THE COUPON NOW!"

SEND COUPON for TANGEE'S MIRACLE
MAKE-UP SET, containing generous samples
of Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact,
Creme Rouge, and Face Powder . . . **10c**

FREE CHARM TEST!—an amazing new
chart that actually measures your charm! Re-
veals your personality, gives you self-confidence,
ability to attract men. Approved by an eminent
psychologist. Sent **FREE** with Tangee's 10¢ Miracle
Make-Up Set.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

39c AND \$1.10

**MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
and FREE CHARM TEST**

—an amazing new chart that
actually measures your charm!
The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please rush Miracle Make-Up Set of sam-
ple Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme
Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or
coin). (15¢ in Canada.) Also send me **FREE**
the new Tangee Charm Test.
Check Shade of ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light
Powder Desired

Name _____ Please Print
Address _____
City _____ State _____

How Dorothy Lamour Found Love

(Continued from page 28)

code based upon nothing but their love and trust in each other.

Two days after their wedding they had to separate and go back to their jobs. It was three months before they saw each other again. For more than six months they denied rumors that they were married. Neither wanted to, but their well-meaning friends insisted their careers would suffer if it became known that they were married.

The separation was bad, but the denials were, in a way, worse. It was a relief to both of them when Walter Winchell got the news and broadcast it from coast to coast. A relief, yes—but it didn't actually solve any problems.

They didn't even have a real home in which to find each other again on the rare occasions when work did permit them to be together. Dorothy had never realized before how bitterly she would long for some place, no matter how small or simple, which belonged to both of them, housed their possessions.

It was one of the things they couldn't have. In New York Dorothy lived in a hotel, convenient to Radio City and to the night club in which she sang until three o'clock every morning. Herb, naturally, lived in his suitcase most of the time while his band was on the road.

WHENEVER they stole a few precious days together, they met in the impersonality of a hotel room—perhaps even in the midst of a strange city halfway between New York and wherever Herb was playing at the moment. Their neighbors were the strangers in the next room, their only acquaintances the bell hops and elevator boys. Nothing familiar, nothing loved, anywhere around them.

So it went for many months.

Never once, during all this time, did either go out with anyone else. Dorothy turned down all invitations from other men; Herb made no engagements with women. No such agreement had been made beforehand. They both simply took it for granted that they must deny themselves all social contacts while they were separated.

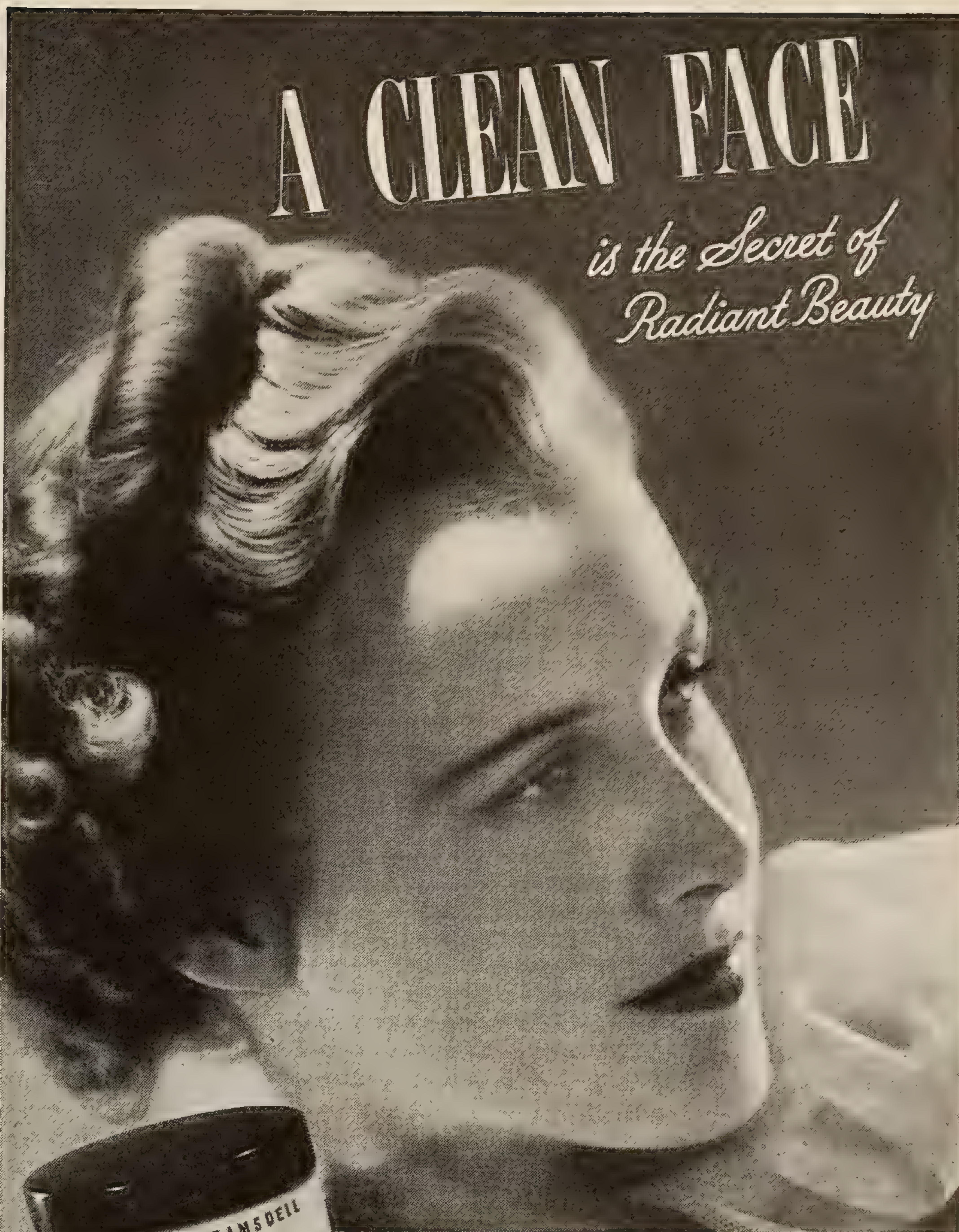
It's easy now to say that they should have talked it over, should have realized that the manner of their lives made it necessary for them to go out occasionally with other people, in the name of good business if for nothing else. But neither dared to be the first to speak. To intimate that the problem existed at all seemed to be a tacit admission that long-distance love was not enough. Each was afraid the other wouldn't understand. Each dreaded even the appearance of disloyalty.

Then NBC sent Dorothy to Hollywood and broadcast her programs from there. Soon she signed her present contract with Paramount Pictures and began work on her first movie, "Jungle Princess."

Now she and Herb were farther apart than ever. It became less and less possible for them to find any time at all together. There was one time—

Herb got as far West as the Texas Centennial in Dallas—and simultaneously Dorothy found herself with two free days, Saturday and Sunday. As happy as a little girl going to her first grown-up party, she called Herb and told him she was coming to Dallas to visit him.

"But darn it all, darling," Herb's miserable voice came back over the wire, "I have to play a German in Fort Worth Saturday."



See how your skin responds to the cleansing and invigorating action of Golden Cleansing Cream [it contains colloidal gold!]

Beauty authorities agree that the most important step in the care of your complexion is *thorough cleansing*. It's a simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created Golden Cleansing Cream. ☆ For this new cream contains colloidal gold . . . a substance with a remarkable power for toning and invigorating the skin. You can't see or feel this colloidal

gold, any more than you can see or feel the iron in spinach. Yet its penetrating action not only makes Golden Cleansing Cream a more efficient cleanser . . . but aids in keeping the complexion clear and youthful. ☆ Try Golden Cleansing Cream tonight. See how fresh and vitally alive it leaves your skin. At leading drug and department stores

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Golden Cleansing Cream

Daggett & Ramsdell, Room 1980, 2 Park Avenue, New York City.

MF-10-C

Enclosed find 10c in stamps for trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in U. S. only.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Copy, 1937, Daggett & Ramsdell

WHAT'S SHE GOT
THAT I HAVEN'T GOT



Well Sister,
the

KLEENEX*
HABIT

would help that
nose during Colds!

• No need to have your nose red as a Stop-Light just because you've got a cold! When sniffles start, put aside handkerchiefs and adopt the habit of using Kleenex Disposable Tissues. It saves your nose, because genuine Kleenex is so very soothing, soft and non-irritating. Saves money, too, as it reduces handkerchief washing.

Furthermore, the Kleenex Habit helps protect family and friends. Kleenex tends to retain germs, thus checks the spread of colds. Simply use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

Keep Kleenex Tissues in Every Room
And in the Car, Too.

To remove face creams and cosmetics . . . To apply powder, rouge . . . To dust and polish . . . For the baby . . . And in the car—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.



No waste! No mess!
Pull a tissue—the
next one pops up
ready for use!

KLEENEX*
DISPOSABLE TISSUES

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

"Oh," Dorothy sighed. Then she brightened. "Well, I'll come anyway. At least, I can sit and watch you."

For a German, in musicians' slang, is a dance which begins at midnight and lasts until dawn.

Dorothy arrived Saturday in time to see Herb for an hour or so before his regular evening appearance in Dallas, drive with him to Fort Worth, sit quietly through the long hours of the German, drive back to Dallas, have breakfast, and board the plane which would get her back in Hollywood in time for a little rest before her studio call Monday morning.

That was all.

They were pathetically grateful for those few hours together. So grateful that Dorothy never told Herb what she knew—that she had risked her entire career to have them. Studios, for obvious reasons, have a strict rule against allowing players to fly while a picture is in production, and if Paramount had learned of her trip her contract might have been summarily cancelled as soon as the picture was finished. If that had happened, even then it would have been worth it.

The miles between made their marriage no marriage at all. But distance was not the only thing they had to fight in their attempt to keep their love intact. There was Hollywood itself.

Now, Hollywood is not a bugaboo. It is not a wild, wild place where no girl is safe. It has as many chiselers, as many free-lance lovers, in proportion to its size, as New York or Chicago, but no more.

BUT it does present two special and unique dangers. Nowhere else in the world does the spotlight glare so fiercely upon private lives, with the result that nowhere else can innocent acts become so distorted by the time printed accounts of them appear. And nowhere else can loneliness become so acute as in the midst of Hollywood's merry social whirl.

Dorothy was determined to escape the first danger, but she didn't realize that in doing so she was making herself pitifully vulnerable to the second. Rather than risk having Herb read untruths about her in the news and gossip columns, she steadfastly refused all invitations, sacrificed all the fun and gayety to which her youth and beauty entitled her.

Day after day she rose early, went to the studio, worked for eight to twelve hours, came home to her attractive apartment glad she was too tired to want to do anything but go to bed. But there were the weekends. Saturday nights when the rest of Hollywood was playing, when all the girls she knew were out with attractive or amusing men, dancing, laughing, having fun. Still, warm Sundays made for drives to the beach. Mondays when somebody was sure to say, "You should have gone with us to the Troc Saturday night!"

Where would it end, when all the time Herb was becoming less and less of a presence, more and more a name, a shadow—beloved, but still a shadow—she would never have near her? She'd been robbed of her husband, she told herself, and now she was being robbed even of the poor comfort she could find in Hollywood's social life.

Dorothy is not the sort of girl who finds an easy refuge in tears. But one Saturday night she did cry. A big party was being held—a party to which she had been invited. Beautiful frocks, begging to be worn, hung in her closet. It would at least have been something to do. Yet here she sat, alone and miserable.

As if he had known Dorothy was facing a crisis, Herb chose that moment to call



feature **YOUR HAIR**
IT'S YOUR MOST
ATTRACTIVE POINT

Your hair is your most attractive feature—don't neglect it! No shampoo alone can do your hair full justice. A Golden Glint Rinse quickly adds tiny sunshine tints and delicate overtones to every hair shade. Magically transforms dull, spiritless hair with new life and beauty.

BROWNETTES, BRUNETTES, BLONDES and all in-between shades find it as necessary to a smart appearance as lipstick and rouge. The only rinse flexible enough to accurately highlight your individual hair shade without changing its natural appearance. The exact shade and highlight you require. Not a dye, not a bleach. Millions use it regularly.

SILVER GLINT—A rinse created especially for white, platinum and very gray hair. Imparts sparkling silver highlights, leaving the hair amazingly soft and manageable. Adds beauty to permanent and natural waves.

THE PRICE IS SMALL—THE EFFECT PRICELESS! Golden Glint Rinse at 10c, drug, and dept. stores. Golden Glint Shampoo and Rinse at drug and dept. stores, Silver Glint Rinse at 10c stores only.



GOLDEN GLINT
BRIGHTENS BROWN, BLONDE AND DARK HAIR

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that—Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night.



They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.



THE WAY COMPANY
719 McKerney Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

PHOTO Enlargements

Clear enlargement, bust, full length or part group, pets or other subjects made from any photo, snapshot or tintype at low price of 49c each; 3 for \$1.00. Send as many photos as you desire. Return of original photos guaranteed. **SEND NO MONEY!**



Just mail photo with name and address. In a few days postman will deliver beautiful enlargement that will never fade. Pay only 49c plus postage or send 50c—3 for \$1.00, and we will pay postage ourselves.

BEAUTIFULLY FREE! To acquaint you with the HIGH quality of our work we will frame, until further notice, all past colored enlargements FREE. Illustrations of beautifully carved frames for your choice will be sent with your enlargement. Don't delay. Act now. Mail your Photos today. Write **NEW ERA PORTRAIT COMPANY** 11 E. HURON STREET DEPT. 723 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

CLEAR-LOOKING SKIN FOR EVERYONE!

New Cream Hides Blemishes!

No longer need a conspicuous blemish cause you embarrassment! Now you can instantly conceal a Birthmark, Scar, Burn, Bruise, Pimples, Freckles, Dark Circles Under Eyes or any skin discoloration with "HIDE-IT". Won't easily rub off, peel or crack. Unaffected by perspiration or water. Lasts all day until removed. \$1 at Dept. and Drug Stores. 10c size at Ten Cent Stores.



Hide-it
HIDES BLEMISHES

TRIAL Clark-Millner Co., 666 St. Clair St., Dept. 14-K, Chicago I enclose 10c (Canada 15c) for "Hide-it." ☐ Cream ☐ Stick Check shade: ☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Brunette ☐ Sun Tan Name..... Town..... Address..... State.....

her on long-distance. The sound of his voice released all her pent-up emotions. Before she knew it she had told him all about the party, all about her loneliness, all about her misgivings for the future.

"But why didn't you go?" Herb asked in honest amazement.

"I—I thought you wouldn't like it," Dorothy sobbed.

"Good Lord! This needs looking into," he exclaimed. "I'm catching the first plane out of here."

"But Herb—what about the band?"

"The devil with the band! This has got to be straightened out right now!"

WHEN he arrived, the next day, they had their first really serious, frank discussion in more than a year of marriage. They each admitted that it had been hard, during the periods they were separated, to live in seclusion; they confessed the doubts that had haunted them when they were tired and discouraged.

"People need fun as much as they do food and water," Herb protested. "We've been starving ourselves, and for a pretty silly reason—just because we were afraid the other wouldn't understand. Why, if we can't trust each other we've got no business being married!"

"Yes, I know," Dorothy agreed, "but—"

"It's part of your job, anyway, to be seen out at parties and premiers. It's part of the Hollywood business. You're trying to make a name for yourself in pictures—and you know how much of Hollywood success depends on the right social life. Don't you?"

"Yes, I know," Dorothy said once more, and followed it up with another "but—"

"It just never occurred to me that you weren't going places. Because I'm not around, can't be around, to take you is no reason you shouldn't go, is it?"

"I don't know, Herb. Maybe it is. You know how the gossip-columnists are. First thing we know they'll be saying we've gone ffft, and you'll read it and wonder and people will start talking, and—and there's no telling where it will all end up."

But Herb couldn't and wouldn't agree to that. He insisted that three things were true: that they loved each other, that they had absolute faith and trust in each other, and that they respected each other's work and the demands it made. Then he had an inspiration—an inspiration that has made it possible for both Dorothy and Herb to lead normal, individual lives, and at the same time silence all the gossip.

"It's so simple," he said. "Go out whenever you like. So will I. But we'll always tell each other, right away, who we've been out with, where we went, what we did—all about it. Whenever it's at all possible, we'll make our dates be four-somes, and neither of us will go out with people we don't both know—or at least know about. I'll bet it will work."

It has. Dorothy and Herb have found the perfect marriage code for themselves, the perfect weapon against inevitable trouble-makers.

A mutual acquaintance rushed up to Herb in Kansas City one day. "I saw Dorothy in Hollywood just before I left," she gushed. "She was looking too ravishing for words. She was at the Trocadero with So-and-So—" and she named a handsome actor. "He seemed so interested."

"I'll bet he was," Herb calmly answered. "That ice blue satin dress she was wearing that night always knocks 'em for a row. Did you know that they had steak and mushrooms, cauliflower au gratin, endive salad and baked Alaska for dinner? Afterwards they went to the Grove for a dance, had a night-cap at the Bali, and

didn't get home until three o'clock, a good time having been had by all."

Herb was smiling, but the gossip didn't quite believe he meant it. Completely squelched, she went on about her business.

That frankness with each other is part of the design for marriage they created during that long talk—but only part. They really planned their lives that day. They know, now, where they stand in the matter of money, something they had each hated to mention in the days when they could have only a few hours together at long intervals.

Herb's earnings—and, contrary to the predictions of some of their friends, they are larger now than they were before he was married—support them both. Each week he sends Dorothy a check. Out of it she pays all her expenses—rent and upkeep on the charming but modest apartment, food, clothing, incidentals. And out of the weekly check she even manages to save a little. Her salary, intact, goes into a trust fund for the future.

They know what their future is to be. Some time, they will have a real home, with lots of lawn and garden around it, and Herb will go into the insurance or advertising business, while Dorothy gives all her time to being a contented housewife and devoted mother. For there are to be babies in the Kay family. But definitely!

"I WANT to have my first next year," Dorothy calmly told me.

"The first! How many are you going to have?" I asked.

"Oh, four at least," she said, while Herb beamed. "Preferably two boys and two girls," he said, "though of course we'll be satisfied with what we get."

The longest visit they have ever had

THE FINEST SIEVING OR STRAINING CAN'T DO IT...



Only Libby's special process makes **BABY FOODS** *Extra easy to digest!*

• No matter how hard you try, you can't make your baby's solid foods as easy to digest as Libby does.

You see, Libby uses a special method of *homogenization* that does what no sieve or strainer is able to do. Libby's process completely breaks up the *food cells* in vegetables, fruits, cereal and soup . . . sets free the nourishment in these cells for *easier digestion*.

Libby's Baby Foods digest so easily, many doctors are recommending them as early as three months to give baby extra minerals and vitamins for growth and development.

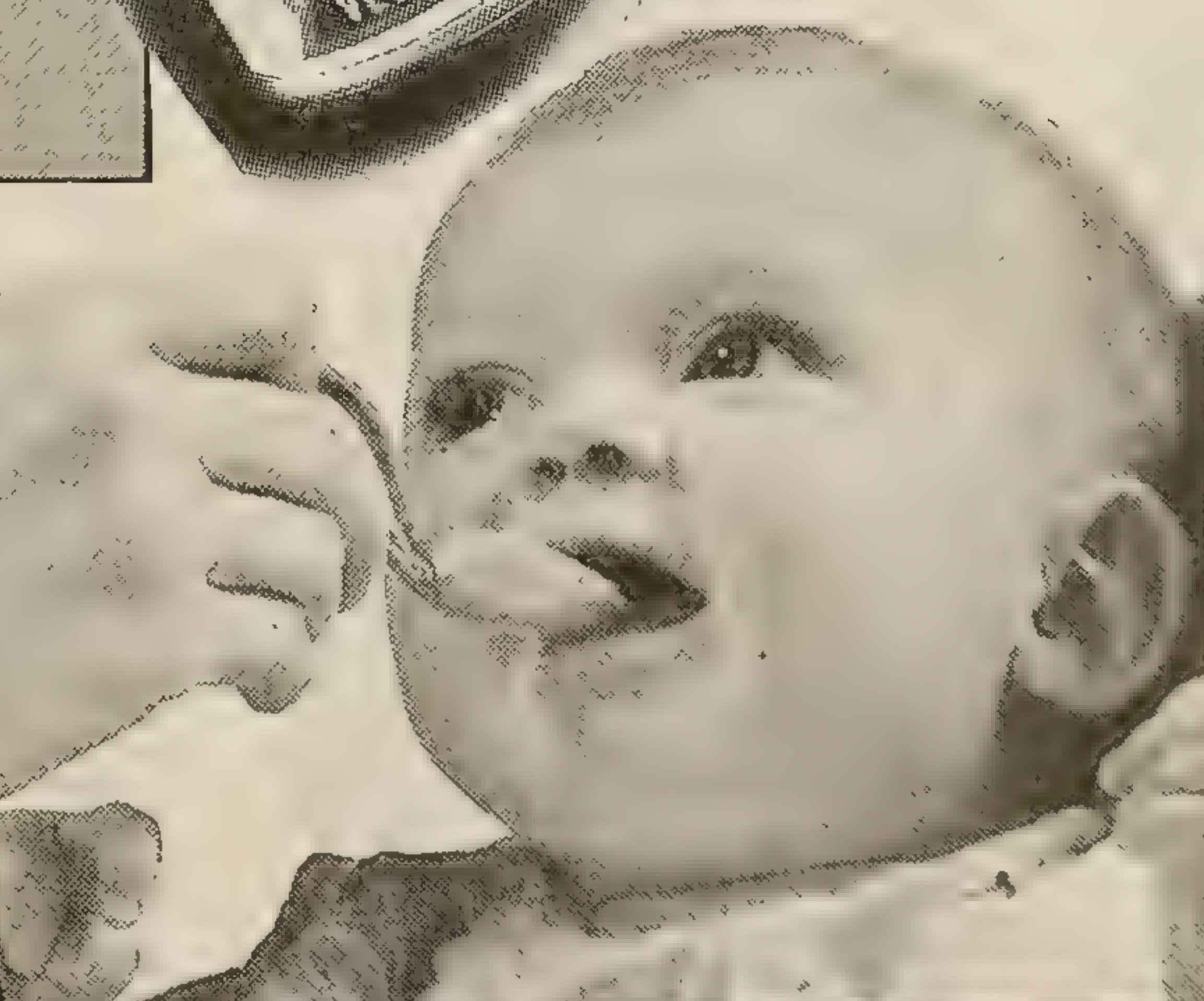
See your doctor regularly about your baby's diet. Your grocer has Libby's Baby Foods in economical enamel-lined tins or will be glad to get them for you.

THREE FOODS IN EVERY TIN

So convenient! Libby's Baby Foods come in special combinations...three separate foods in each tin. You can order them by number—all ready to warm and serve.

- No. 1. Peas, beets, asparagus tips
- No. 2. Pumpkin, tomatoes, string beans
- No. 3. Carrots, spinach, peas
- No. 4. Cereal combination—whole milk, whole wheat, soya flour
- No. 5. Prunes, pineapple juice, lemon juice
- No. 6. Soup—vegetables, chicken livers, barley

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau
Good Housekeeping Magazine



Libby's
HOMÖGENIZED*
BABY FOODS

*An exclusive Libby process that completely breaks up cells, fibers and starch particles, and releases all nutriment for easier digestion. U. S. Pat. No. 2037029.

FREE...NEW BABY BOOKLET

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Dept. RM-10, Chicago
Please send me, without charge, new booklet, "Helping Baby Grow Big and Strong."

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Grocer's Name _____



You, too, will delight in the beauty of these famous styles! Here are the very newest Fall fashions, just docked from Paris ... Styles fairly brimming with chic...designed in lovely materials ... in rich warm colors ... Styles that look *and feel* so expensive, but are so modestly priced that all women can afford them! See them at your dealer's ... today!

AAAA to C.

\$3. to **\$4.**



Write for Fall Style Booklet and Name of Dealer in Your City...Dept. M-1...

WOHL SHOE COMPANY • • • SAINT LOUIS

with each other was just drawing to a close when I talked to them. Herb had been in Hollywood for two whole months! During that time only their most intimate friends saw them.

Even with Herb in Hollywood, there hadn't been much free time, with Dorothy working every day in "Hurricane" and rehearsing and broadcasting her Sunday air show. Yet Herb had visited her at the studio only twice, and then only at her insistent urging. For that too is part of their code—no hanging around the "office," whether studio or dance floor, on the part of either.

"Not good business," they agree.

Watching them, listening to them, I became sure that nothing could come between these two. They are determined to make their marriage—their two marriages—work. Yes, two marriages. One, the elopement to Waukegan on May 10, 1935. The other, a ceremony performed in Chicago on October 16, 1936. Why?

Both are of the same faith. They wanted Father P. J. Molloy, the priest of Herb's boyhood parish, to give the church's blessing to their union. The difficulty was that neither could seem to be in Chicago at the same time, and it does rather complicate a wedding to have the bride or groom missing. It took those full eighteen months, in fact, to bring it off at last. They were married at eight in the morning, in the big old church, with Dorothy wearing a black caracul coat and hat and a dress of Herb's favorite color, blue.

"And we've never yet had a honeymoon," Dorothy wails.

She's wrong. The honeymoon has never ended.

Behind the Hollywood Front

(Continued from page 23)

color) to the elation of all the guests except Dorothy, who swept from the room.

* * *

Since taking unto himself a wife, Jack Oakie has not only given up the wearing of sweatshirts to social functions (and elsewhere) but has gone in for landscape gardening in a large manner. Right now, tropical fruit trees and rare plants occupy the rotund comic's mind—you see, he's building a garden for the new Oakie Manor.

* * *

SHORT SHOTS: It's doubtful if any chorus in radio today tops that of Meyer Alexander, but the lad doesn't intend to do swing-singing forever. In between engagements, he's studying medicine. . . . Benny Goodman actually blushes when he's addressed as the King of Swing. . . . The Hour of Charm is just that, with those thirty Phil Spitalny adorables, but they have to work at it all the time. Their daily routine is tougher than a chorus girl's job; beauty parlors, beaucoup exercise, likewise rehearsals and copious gobs of sleep, the best beauty treatment in the world. . . . Pinky Tomlin got a break with his new ranch in San Fernando Valley. The neighbors put up fences all around him and all Pinky had to do was put up a gate. . . . Martha Raye left a mighty lonesome husband on that ten weeks personal appearance tour of hers. Buddy Westmore had such a hard time finding things to keep him busy until the bride came home that he finally flew to Boston to meet her.

* * *

Ken Murray is certainly having trouble with Warner Brothers pictures—and vice versa. The radio comic feels

that Messrs. Warner are not entitled to use his catch-line for the title of a movie. So he's legal-fighting the movie moguls in an effort to keep 'em from using "Mama, that man's here again."

And while we're on the subject, do you think Ken's new "find," Lorraine Bridges, is a better bet as a vocalist than Shirley Ross, whom the sponsors didn't like on the show?

* * *

If television sneaks up on us unaware, Show Boat will be ready for it. The powers that be are actually making a regular stage production out of that show with costumes, scenery, lights and the whole works. All of which is just dandy for the folks in the studio but I'm darned if I can see how such stuff benefits the program as it comes into your living-room via the loud-speaker.

* * *

Maybe you think the weather was hot this summer—but that heat was like the wintry blasts from Polar Bear Land compared to the heart heat of John Hix and Dorothy Bryan. He's the Strange As It Seems man and she's the niece of William Jennings Bryan.

* * *

OPEN LETTER TO AL PEARCE: It may be very possible that a great many folks like the informal way in which you run your program but I find fault with it. The style of the show hasn't changed since you made such a spectacular success on the Pacific Coast years ago, Al, and believe it or not, radio has moved ahead a little since then. Your entertainers aren't any too exciting for me at best so I think you'd do better to give the program more showmanship and production. Tizzie Lish (Bill Comstock) does the same thing week after week and it is pretty funny sometimes but I literally tear my hair when, after winding up "her" stint, "she" trips off the stage and loses an unmentionable garment, which action drives the visual audience into gales of laughter but which leaves the listener sore as a goat and feeling he's been cheated. In fine, Al, why not put some production brains on the job and build a better show? Hopefully and helpfully, I hope, J. F.

* * *

Harriet Parsons took over the Hollywood Hotel introductions while her mama Louella trekked to Yoorope. Before mama left, she made up the list of guest stars on the program so all Harriet had to do was make the pretty speeches.

* * *

RADIO ROSES: Pretty posies to Don Quinn, for his excellent writing on the Fibber McGee and Molly programs . . . For Fred Waring who comes back to the airplanes from the Drake Hotel in Chicago on August 27th . . . For Ray Noble who proves that the British have a sense of humor plenty appealing to American dialers . . . For Howard Marshall, who is tops in commenting on the customs, manners and current events of England; he's heard on the NBC Blue net via short-wave from London.

* * *

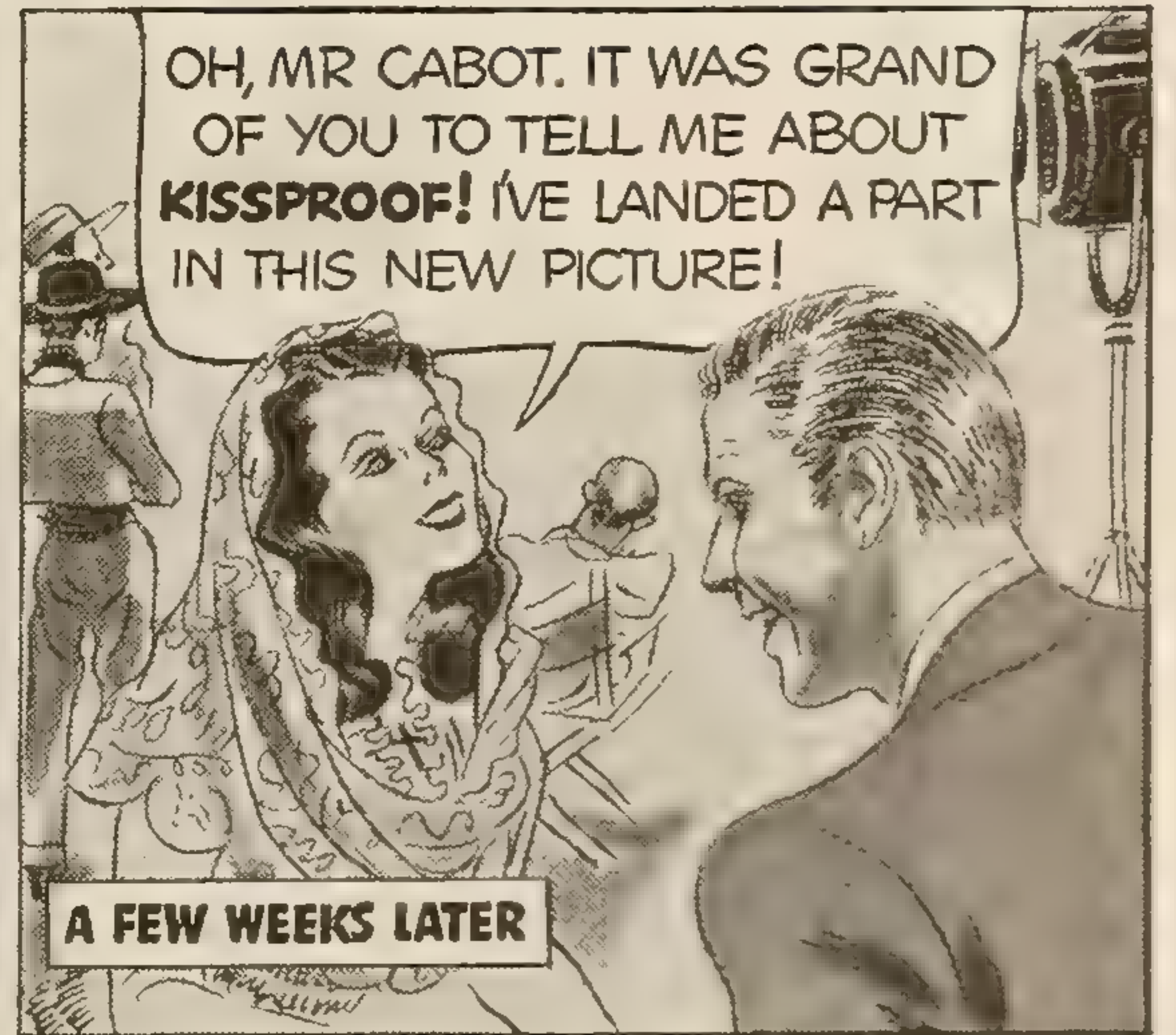
Burns and Allen have been working steadily for five years. I think they rate a vacation. Not only will it give them time to rest up from their labors but it will also allow a breathing spell in which to whip some better material into shape. They've been doing some pretty unfunny stuff lately.

Gracie, you might like to know, is considered one of the ten best dressed women in the world and is by all odds the most sartorially resplendent femme comic in show business. When she's not shopping for new outfits, you'll find her studying the art of natation (swimming, to you)

a word to the wise from *Bruce Cabot*



Bruce Cabot—don't fail to see his new Grand National picture, "Love Takes Flight"





EVERY GIRL SHOULD REMEMBER THAT FOR "LIP APPEAL" HER MOUTH MUST BE SOFT AND SMOOTH—RADIANTLY YOUNG

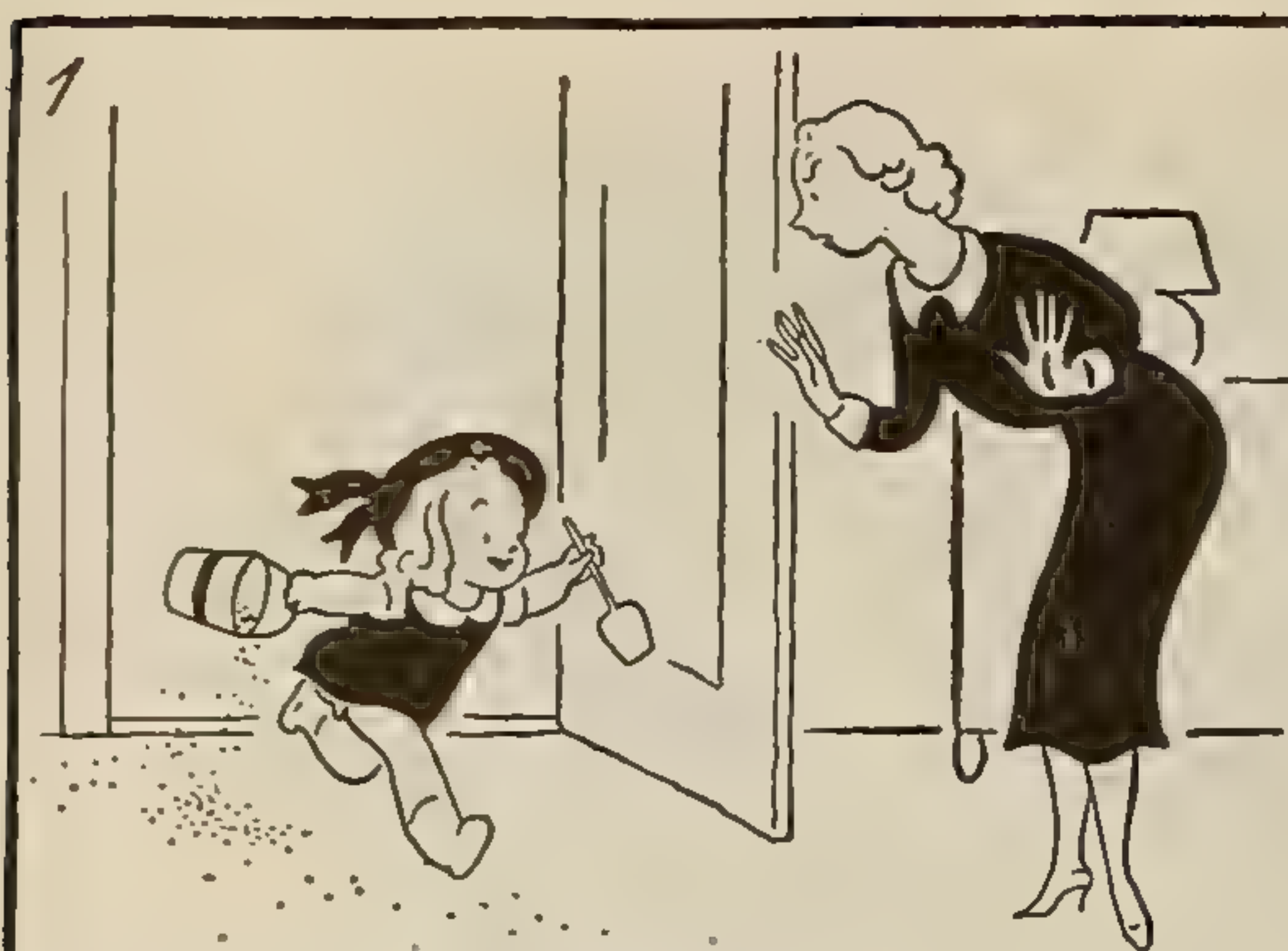
The Beauty-Cream base of Kissproof protects the lips against drying and cracking while it gives a warm, lasting color. Kissproof is a girl's most precious aid to loveliness.

Lipstick in 5 luscious shades at 50¢ drug and department stores . . .

Match it with Kissproof rouge, 2 styles — Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry). Kissproof Powder in 5 flattering shades. Generous trial sizes at all 10¢ stores.

Kissproof
Indelible LIPSTICK and ROUGE

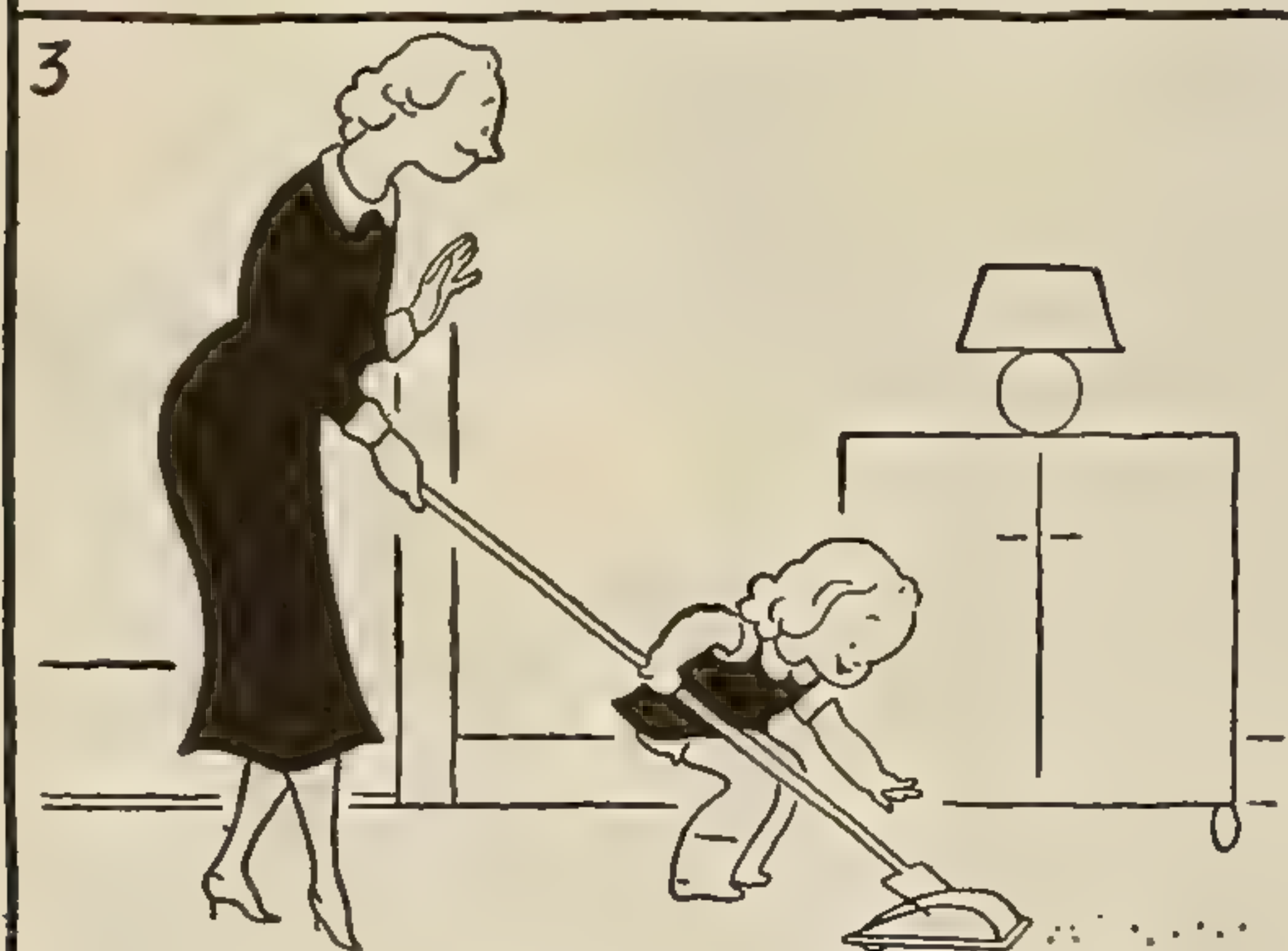




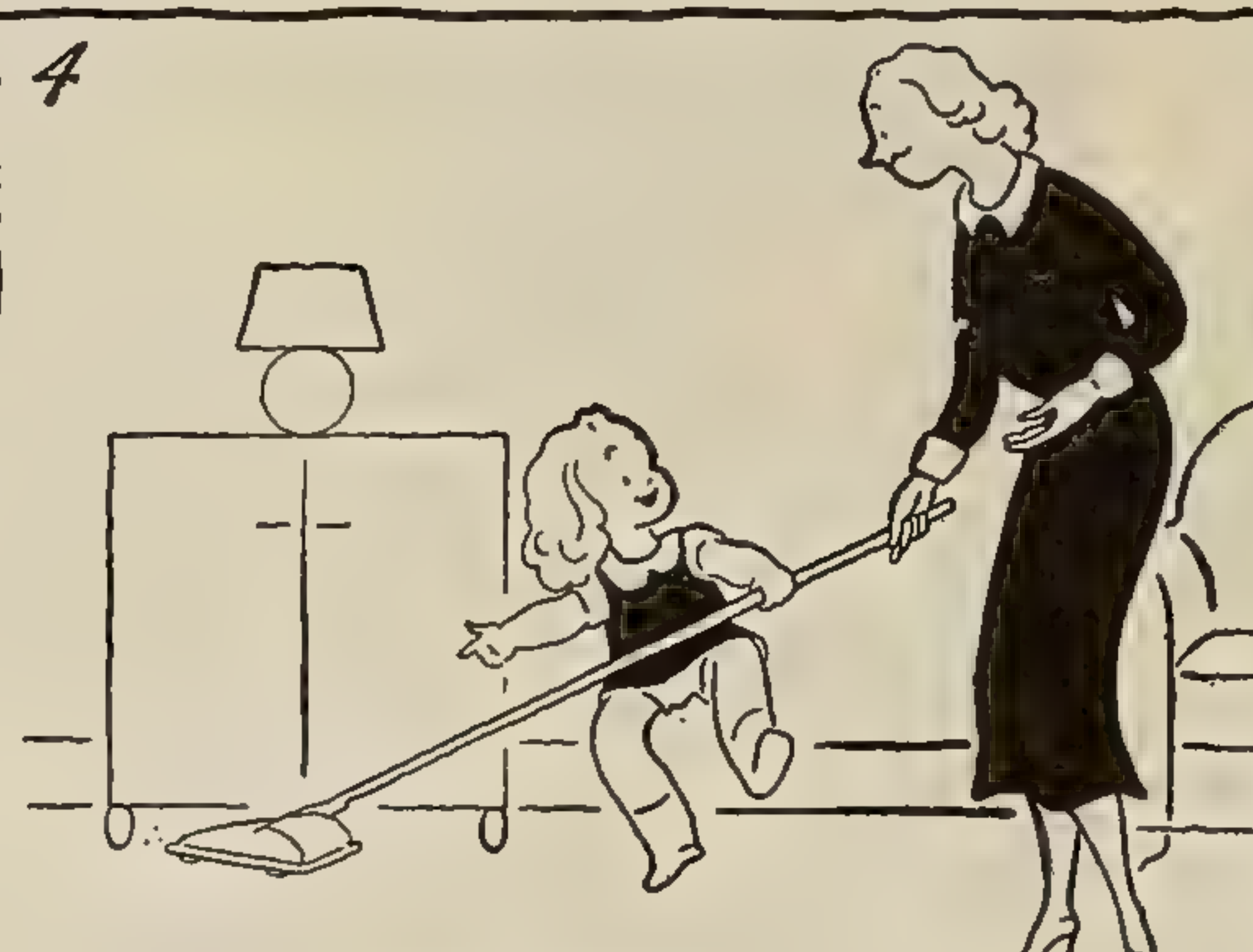
1
STARTS TO WRING HANDS AS MAHALIA COMES IN, SCATTERING SAND EVERYWHERE



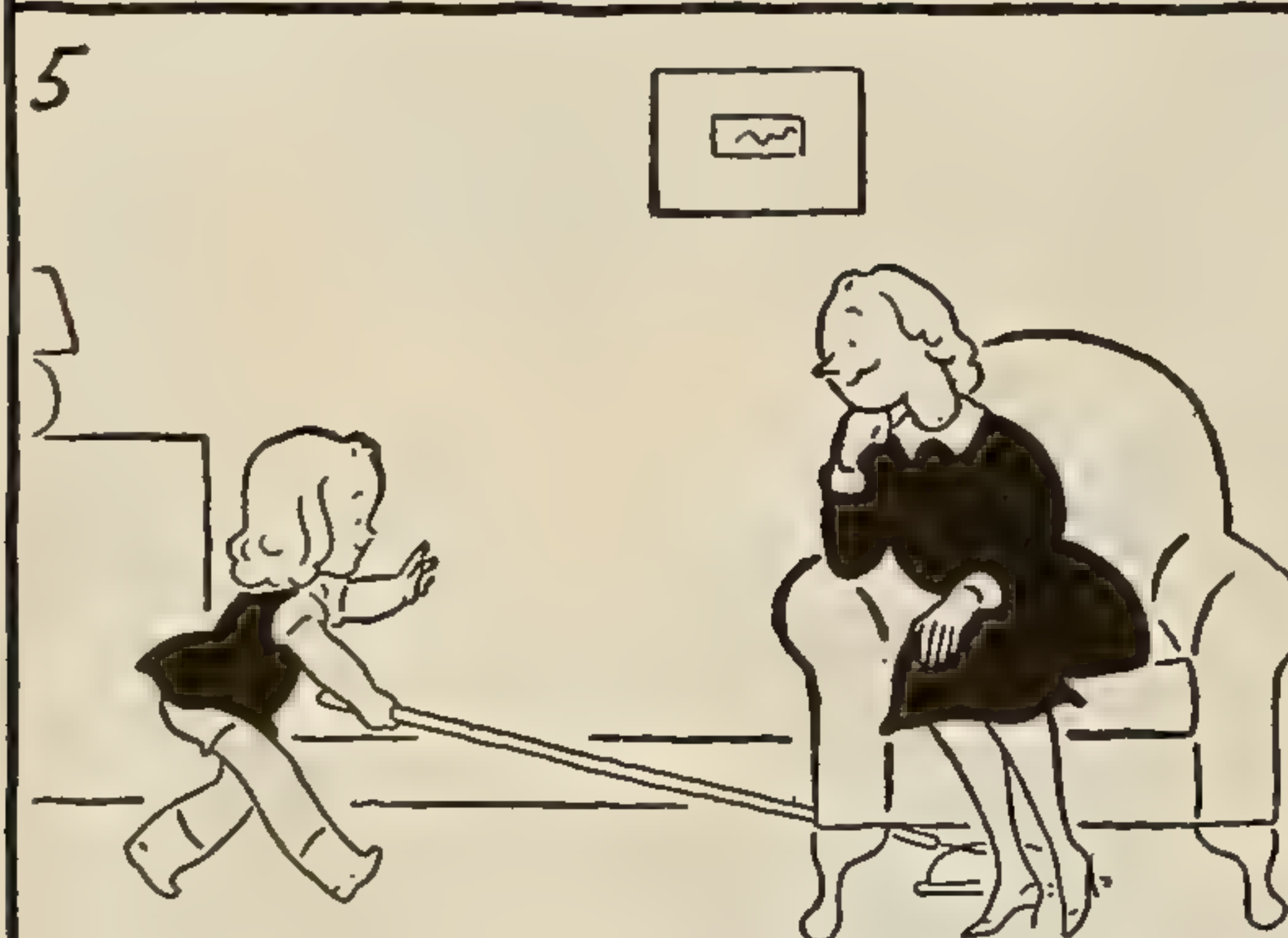
2
DECIDES THIS IS JUST THE TIME TO GIVE HER NEW BISSELL A GOOD WORK-OUT



3
NOTES HOW BISSELL HI-LO BRUSH CONTROL ADJUSTS ITSELF TO CLEAN HIGH OR LOW NAP RUGS



4
PLEASED AS BISSELL CLEANS UNDER LOW FURNITURE AND STAY-ON BUMPERS PREVENT SCRATCHING



5
DISCOVERS SHE CAN USE BISSELL FOR QUICK CLEAN-UPS AND SAVE VACUUM FOR ONCE-A-WEEK CLEANING. THEN—



ENLIGHTENS NEIGHBOR:

"Get a Bissell! It's so handy for daily clean-ups and saves your vacuum for periodic cleaning! Bissell's exclusive Hi-Lo brush control fully adjusts the brush to all rug naps, high or low!" And the new models are as handsome as they are efficient!

Models from \$3.95 to \$7.50



BISSELL

The really better sweeper
Grand Rapids, Mich.

JOIN EMBROIDERY GUILD

No Membership Fee. Buy stamped goods and all accessories for embroidery direct from manufacturer at wholesale prices. Also opportunity for a few women to earn extra income representing GUILD. Send Post Card now for FREE catalog! EMBROIDERY GUILD, Dept. 198, 740 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

NEED CASH? Sell Christmas Cards **BOX ASSORTMENTS**
Take orders for 5 gorgeous Box Assortments—lowest 25c to you. Outstanding value 21 card All Star Assortment, \$1.00 retail. Personal Christmas Folders, low as 25 for \$1.95. Get FREE Sample Offer. WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, 160 N. Washington Street, Dept. 101, Boston, Mass.

WILL YOUR Eyes thrill Him?



NEW SECRET OF CLEAR EYES

WINS THOUSANDS! Will he see red veins... or clear, bright whites? Thousands use EYE-GENE to clear eyes in seconds after late hours, overindulgence. Eyes look larger, more lustrous. New scientific formula; stainless, too; money back if it fails. At all drug and department stores; also 5 & 10c stores.



right along with her children. The instructor visits the Burns igloo every afternoon for that purpose.

* * *

Jacques Renard, the rotund batoneer, has never auditioned before signing a contract. To get his start, he paid CBS \$150 for some radio time, asked several high-powers to listen in, played a corking program and was immediately snapped up by Morton Downey. The rest is history.

* * *

The hackles of this reviewer are continually being raised by the prevalent practise of radio in casting Names for broadcasts without regard to the abilities of those Names. For instance, on the Chase and Sanborn shows recently, Werner Janssen, the conductor, was given hotcha music to direct and naturally didn't do as well as swing leaders might have. Werner Janssen had a big Name, so they hired him without bothering to consider whether this man could do the required job properly. That's like letting a first-rate auto mechanic go to work on one's molars. I feel certain that the better radio programs will be more acceptable when this wild-eyed flurry for Big Names has died down a little bit and when radio master-minds hire men and women to do the jobs that made them famous. Don't you agree?

* * *

So contagious has the music of Benny Goodman become, on his summer swing series for Camel, that the ushers in the radio theater here in Hollywood have their hands full. The young-uns in the audience get such a burst of rhythm to the feet that they hop out of their seats and start truckin' in the aisles. The confusion, believe me, is wonderful to behold. But it's the sort of thing that has made Benny the Good-man, the head-man of swing.

Incidentally, a very commendable gesture on the part of Fred Astaire should be noted here. From New York, Fred wired Benny as follows: "Brother, you and the boys left me limp, beat to the socks—your program was not only terrific, it was indescribably great. Sincerely, Fred Astaire." Considering that Benny and Astaire were arch-rivals for listeners (both programs being on at the same hour), this wire smacks of sportsmanship. For which I'm happy to cheer.

* * *

It was interesting to note, at the Barrymore-Barrie rendition of Shakespeare, that Elaine was completely free of mike-fright but constantly exchanged glances with her mother who stood right at her side during the entire proceedings. As for John, he had a bit of trouble. The actor is so full of nervous energy that his glasses popped off his chiseled nose as he spoke, neatly punctuating some of Shakespeare's better wordage in a novel way.

* * *

Aside to Gertrude Niesen: The bigger people are, the more they can afford to be cordial and friendly to people of lesser importance.

* * *

Ronald Drake, who is Wen Nile's (Ken Campbell Soups Niles' brother) sang a song on a recent Burns and Allen show—he's the sponsor's voice—and the canary-work brought forth sufficient audience reaction to induce the producer to groom the lad for a crooning role in competition with Tony Martin.

* * *

Nadine Connor, soprano on Show Boat, formerly sang on the Shell Chateau shows under the name of Peggy Gardiner. She's another Hollywood lass who had to go to New York so that Hollywood would recognize her value to radio.

USE 3-HOLE "Anti-Colic" NIPPLES
Used by Millions of Mothers

Millions of grateful mothers use the Davol "Anti-Colic" brand nipples to prevent colic... Doctors recommend them, also, to help baby's teeth come in straight. Made in two shapes, of either No. 147 or No. 151 mail this advertisement, before Nov. 1st, stating which you prefer. Dept. B-23 DAVOL RUBBER COMPANY Providence, R. I.

DAVOL

Speaking of Show Boat, master of ceremonies Warren Hull used to be the announcer on the Hit Parade and the Bea Lillie shows. Maybe the fact that he's now on Show Boat accounts for his recently acquired love of the water and the proposed purchase of a skiff of his own.

* * *

Have you noticed that the day of slapdash musical hours and backyard "variety" programs is now passe? Radio big-wigs will do well to build their shows to fit the personality of the star rather than the other way around. Consider the case of Jack Benny, or that of Bing Crosby. Here are programs that run smoothly, are effortless and have individuality and charm—and plenty of listeners.

* * *

Odds and Ends: It's been so hot out here in Hollywood that Glen Gray and the Casa Lomans strip to shorts for rehearsal (or are you cool enough without that sort of thing?)

Do you mind if I call it "plugging for plugs" when Bing Crosby constantly mentions his Del Mar race track?

One of the most elaborate summer vacations extant was that of Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone. The Pan American Exposition in Dallas, a hop to New York, then to Europe on the *Normandie*—but most loved of all was Jack's home town. Waukegan Chamber of Commerce, take a bow.

Mme. Galli-Curci, while visiting in Hollywood, tried to induce Igor Gorin to quit the film capital and join the Met Opera Company in New York. Igor is wavering, but film and radio work will probably win out for some time to come.

Maybe you're as glad as I am that Nelson Eddy has finally let the shears clip-clap on that lion's mane of his. You should pipe the West Point coiffure now. Very

different indeed from the marcelled locks Nelson formerly sported.

VIA WIRE—George Burns and Gracie Allen have gone terpsichore with a wallop. (Which is another way of saying they're nuts about dancing lessons for their forthcoming Fred Astaire picture.) . . . Alice Faye is really one of the most generous gals in show business when it comes to shelling out the shekels. "I'm dirty with money," she sez, when friends think she's giving too much to the needy. Incidentally, that spat between Alice and her heart, Tony Martin, is ail patched up. It started when Tony called Alice on the movie lot and she was too busy to talk. He got mad at her . . . Four years ago Gene Austin was playing one-night stands, looking fat and forty, but now that success has been nabbed, Gene's figure is slim and he looks twenty years younger. Success will do it, if nothing else will, eh? . . . Ken Murray is a nut about pipes. He added fifteen on his birthday to the collection of 250 he had already gathered here and there . . . Hal Kemp has five lads in the band who are left-handed (can this possibly matter to anybody but a right-handed clarinet?) . . . Local chatterboxes reported the stork hovering over Arlene Harris of the Al Pearce gang. But don't let the gabble-gabble guys fool you. They guessed wrong . . . Before the Burgess Meredith Shakespeare broadcast, he warned the cast to leaf through the scripts to be sure the pages were in order. Then, on the air, he found himself minus page four. However, this actor is a trouper and ad libbed the missing page without a hitch . . . John Barrymore may or may not be a "mike-hog." At any rate, NBC has built an iron fence waist high around the mike to hold actors at the proper distance. But John can lean toward the little

instrument, and he does . . . Ella Logan and Tully Richards have their own private bonfire of romance burning brightly as a beacon . . . So doggone many Arkansas travelers insist on having lunch with Lum and Abner, together with the usual camera-snapping, that NBC has agreed to pay half the food bills at the L & A Encino Ranchero . . . Because you queried I'm telling you: They call that disease which grabs radio tyros "Microphobia" . . . Ham and eggs, salt and pepper, cup and saucer, Margo and Francis Lederer (or don't you get the idea?) . . . Darned if I know why he sez it, but according to Phil Spitalny, "Unmarried women make the best musicians; and married men produce the sweetest music." I wonder why, too . . . Amos 'n' Andy got a terrific scare recently when they were driving in the mountains. A runaway trailer side-swiped their machine and then plunged over a cliff. A few inches closer and radio's most famous blackface team would be history . . . Ken Murray's singing protege Lorraine Bridges failed to make the grade apparently . . . Would you turn down \$10,000 for fifteen minutes in front of a mike? Neither would I, but Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne did just that, with CBS willing to spend the ten grand . . . Of course you've heard of the guy who went to so many studio broadcasts he couldn't laugh except on signal . . . One Man's Family has deserted San Francisco and is producing that fine dramatic program from Hollywood. They moved August 8 . . . Connie Boswell has one of the sunniest dispositions despite having to travel everywhere in a wheelchair. And her singing gets me . . . Amos 'n' Andy moved their offices and now occupy the one-time Beverly Hills office of Will Rogers . . . Ella Logan has been replaced by Maureen O'Connor on the Texaco summer show.

"AM I THRILLED—
IT'S BOB!"



Popular young things guard against Cosmetic Skin this way . . .

THEY use cosmetics, of course, these gay young things who get around. But they don't take chances with Cosmetic Skin—annoying little blemishes, dullness, enlarged pores! They use the soap with ACTIVE lather—Lux Toilet Soap—to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Use it before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed!

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE IT!



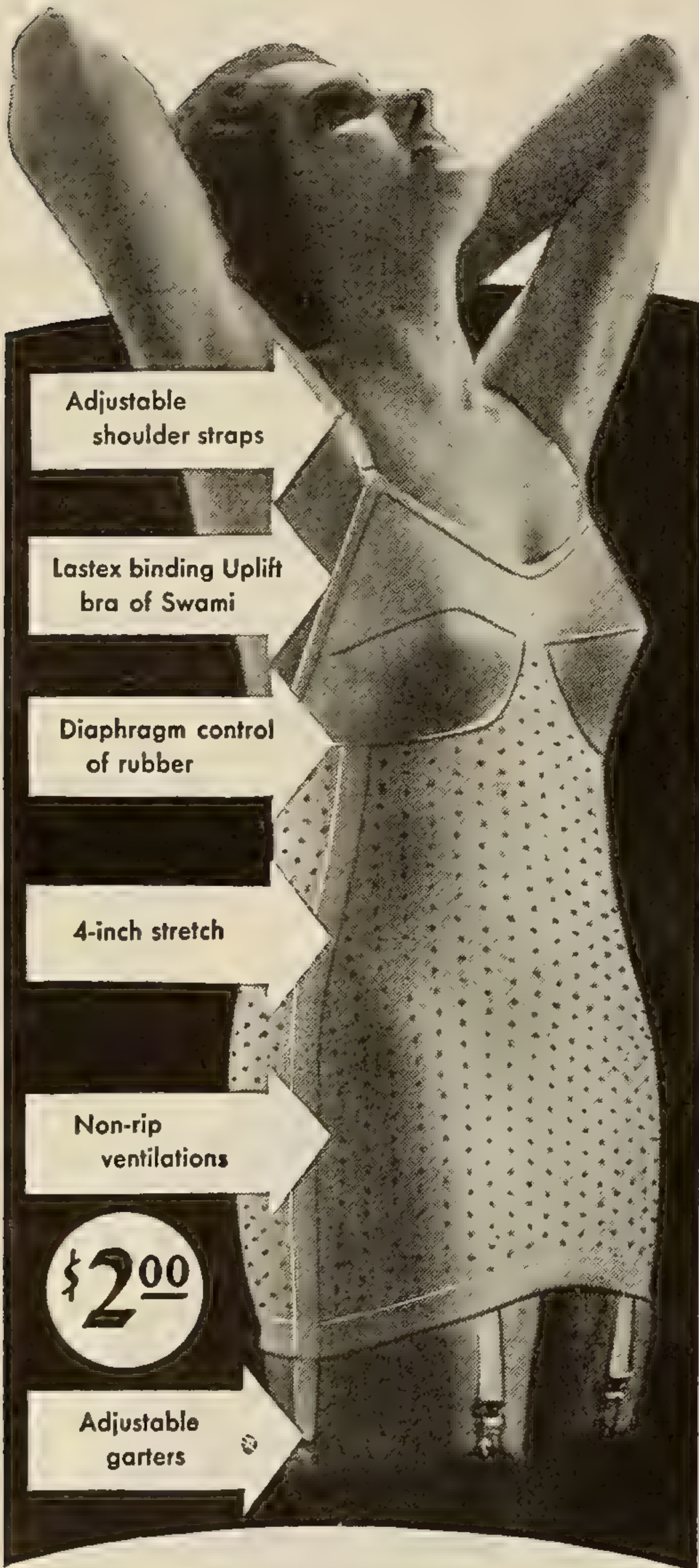
I USE COSMETICS,
BUT I NEVER
WORRY ABOUT
COSMETIC SKIN
THANKS TO
LUX TOILET SOAP

GINGER ROGERS
RKO-RADIO STAR



"HOW SMART AND SLIM YOU LOOK!"

And how easily, how comfortably is such slenderness achieved with a smart *Sturdi-flex Reducer designed by Kleinert's!



• Kleinert's new "all-in-one" of Sturdi-flex rubber fabric is a marvel! ODOR-LESS, perforated, completely comfortable, easily washed. Uplift bra of soft firm fabric, flat Solo hose supporters, adjustable shoulder straps.

The three-piece fitted back and controlled stretch mould your figure into rounded youthful lines as your pounds melt away. If you don't find Kleinert's Sturdi-flex at your favorite Notion Counter, send us (\$2) two dollars.

To order correct size, just take bust measurement carefully. Kleinert's Sturdi-flex Reducers are sized to bust measure—every other inch from 32 to 44.

Kleinert's
* U.S. PAT. OFF.

485 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
TORONTO, CANADA . . . LONDON, ENGLAND

How To Beat Life

(Continued from page 36)

long that sawing wood on Saturday came to be a habit. Later, when I was going to college, I worked steadily on a newspaper and helped put myself through school that way. The result is that work has definitely become a habit with me. I take it for granted, as I do sleeping and eating.

"That's the only way to remove the curse from working. Simply make it one of your habits. It isn't easy, and if you haven't somebody to form the habit for you, as my father did for me, it will take a lot of self-discipline. But it can be done, and it has to be done.

"I don't mean," he went on, "that a capacity for working a great deal will by itself make a man successful, but you might call it one of the prerequisites. Just as you must know the alphabet before you try to become an expert typist. Without it, nothing else is much good, unless you're lucky. And luck isn't what you came up here to ask me about."

HE gestured at the wide vista of the rolling Berkshire Hills which lay before us as we sat on the porch of his home. "Many people say that if you make a habit of work you lose the ability to play, but I don't believe that is true. I haven't. I spend four months a year up here, doing all my broadcasting from a little studio in the loft, and for a part of each day I play as hard as I work during the other part. Weekends I spend almost entirely in the saddle, or playing baseball with our local team, or going on picnics with my family and friends. I can forget work entirely at these times, and I believe it's because I've learned how to get down to business and really accomplish something when I am working.

"The fifth thing a man must have to be successful is *understanding and sympathy with all kinds of people*. There again I was lucky, when I was a boy, because I grew up in Cripple Creek and because my father was the kind of man he was. He was a great scholar, and when I was at home with him I was taught poetry, the classics, languages, science. My home life was secluded and quiet. But the minute I stepped out on the street I was in the midst of all the rowdiness of a typical Western mining camp. I got to know miners, gamblers, panhandlers, —all sorts of people. The way to school led straight through the most disreputable part of town.

"So, you see, I grew up in two worlds. My father taught me to be a gentleman, and to understand gentle people. Cripple Creek, and the people I knew there, taught me to take care of myself and to understand people who are able to live only because they know how to take care of themselves. I've never stopped being thankful for that early education, because it has made it possible for me to mingle with people of all classes, all over the world, and get along with them. It taught me that everyone is a pretty decent sort of guy if you treat him right.

"Of course, as I say, I was lucky. Not everyone can be born and raised in a mining camp, with a scholar for a father. But everyone *can* make a point of never shunning any human contact or experience. On the contrary, you should seek out acquaintanceships with people outside your own sphere of life. As many different people as possible. Make them your friends, even if they're the dregs of the earth."

"Suppose they don't want to be your friends?" I suggested. "Many people find



The Doctor Says . . . "You Cannot Grow Healthy, Attractive HAIR Until YOU—

DESTROY LOOSE DANDRUFF AND DOCTORS RECOMMEND

Lucky Tiger

Clinging dandruff chokes and smothers new hair growth. Clean it up with Lucky Tiger. Every morning give your scalp a vigorous massage—then you'll have a chance to grow healthy, attractive hair. You'll find LUCKY TIGER At Druggists and Barbers.



Lucky Tiger
FOR HAIR AND SCALP



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SET with simulated, fiery, flashing, full carat diamond. Yours by RETURN MAIL, to wear at our risk! If you think it as brilliant and beautiful as any \$300.00 ring, pay 2 monthly \$2 payments (total \$4.) We trust you. Send only 25 cents for postage, packing, etc. Your ring in rich Gift case shipped by return mail, all postage paid. No charge for credit! Money back guaranteed. You risk nothing! State whether for lady or gentleman.

BRADLEY, Dept. R-3810, NEWTON, MASS.



EXTRA MONEY

Yes, you—anybody can make a lot of money right at home, and what's more, have real fun doing it. We show you how, we furnish everything necessary on an easy basis.

COSTS NOTHING

to earn about our plan, all details are given you free. Write today for idea book full of colored pictures telling all about our methods which have made so many people independent. Learn how easy it is to make many extra dollars every week in the most delightful home work you can imagine. Don't miss this opportunity. Write Now—It's FREE!

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EVERY WOMAN Wants The NEW "PRINCESS ROYAL" HANDBAG



Breath-taking beauty; unique, new, exclusive features, and VALUE unequalled in any bag at any price! Just show this amazing new and different handbag and take in profits in hand! Every woman loves its soft, pliable, beautiful, life-time quality, genuine Steerhide leather—with Stream-line tooled design . . . its self-closing handle and soft velvety genuine suede lining.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER! You'll be excited and enthusiastic when you see the actual "Princess Royal" we offer you FREE! Don't wait! Start "cashing-in" now. Write at once for profit-proving details and FREE SAMPLE OFFER! MERCHANDISERS Merchandise Mart, Dept. B-10 Chicago, Ill.

it difficult to make quick friendships."

Thomas laughed and said, "They do, only sometimes they're afraid to show it until you've convinced them of your good intentions. I've found one good way of making friends. The minute you meet someone, say something pleasant, and say it in a firm, determined tone, as if you meant it. It doesn't do any good to say 'I've looked forward to meeting you,' for instance, if you just mumble it. You've got to make the person believe you, and the best way to do that is to believe yourself when you say it.

YOU simply can't learn the tact and diplomacy you must have before you can make a success of your life without knowing and understanding all sorts and conditions of people. It doesn't make any difference what business you are in—you must know how to handle people, and you can't learn that without knowing lots of them, the poor as well as the rich, the disreputable as well as the respectable.

"The sixth rule is really a rule for happiness as well as a rule for success. *Be able to take a terrific defeat.* I've always been thankful for what happened to me when I was not much more than a boy. I had got the whole story of Colonel Lawrence of Arabia—the news story of the year—and I made more than a million dollars out of that one story, putting it into a book and touring the world lecturing about Lawrence. I made the million easily, and lost it just as easily. One morning I woke up to find that the world was no longer particularly interested in Lawrence, and that meanwhile most of my money had melted away.

"It taught me many things. One was that my success had been luck, and not much more than that. Another was that I hadn't deserved the success, because I

hadn't husbanded it when I had it. But the real lesson came later, when I discovered that it was possible to recover from the shock of making a lot of money and then losing it. From that experience I learned how to build a really solid success. And also I learned a truer perspective of myself and my work.

"The seventh and last success rule is, I sometimes think, the most important of all. *Learn to talk.* In any sort of business, the man who can express himself in words, and hold other people's interest, is already far ahead of the field of his competitors.

"Here again my father helped me when I was a boy. He knew the value of knowing how to use the spoken word, and he was determined to teach me. His method of training me was to make me learn poems in dialect, and recite them by heart. Dialect poems, because the necessity of concentrating on the unfamiliar word-formations gave my voice variation and kept it from becoming monotonous. I had to learn them by heart because he wanted me to gain the confidence necessary to stand up before a group of people and talk.

"My father always insisted that in school I go out for every kind of debating and oratorical activity, but even when I did this he never let me off the home poem-learning job. Of course, I thought it was all nonsense, and I hated it. But one year I went back to Ohio, to my father's old home town, and went to school there for a while. One of the assignments in my English class was to deliver a speech, not just before the class itself, but before the whole school assembly. Everybody else in the class made a pretty poor showing, but I got up and reeled off a speech with no trouble at all—simply because it was second na-

ture to me. A week or so later I was elected captain of the football team. I was a new boy, there were lots of better players on the team than I, but they elected me because that speech had brought me to the attention of the whole school, and for no other reason.

"I knew then how right my father had been in all the years that he forced me to learn and recite those poems. I hated that training worse than I hated anything, at the time, but I'm deeply grateful for it now."

"Are you putting your own son through it now?" I asked.

Thomas grinned a bit shamefacedly. "No—because I don't want to endanger the friendship between us. He's only thirteen, and I don't want him to think of me as a taskmaster, as I sometimes thought of my father. Instead, I encourage him to go after positions of responsibility and leadership in his school, thus getting himself into a position in which he'll have to talk. Then I help him with what he has to say. It's not as strenuous a course of training, and I hope it will be just as efficient."

HE paused a moment and added, "Those are the seven secrets. There's really an eighth, but it isn't something that a man can control, so I suppose it doesn't belong in the list, even though it is an absolute necessity. I mean a happy and contented family life—something that is both an incentive and a reward for success. I've had that—Mrs. Thomas and I have been married for twenty years—and I know that without it my life would have been very different. The best luck I can wish anyone is a similarly happy homelife, because I know if he has that, the other seven secrets will be twice as easy to learn."

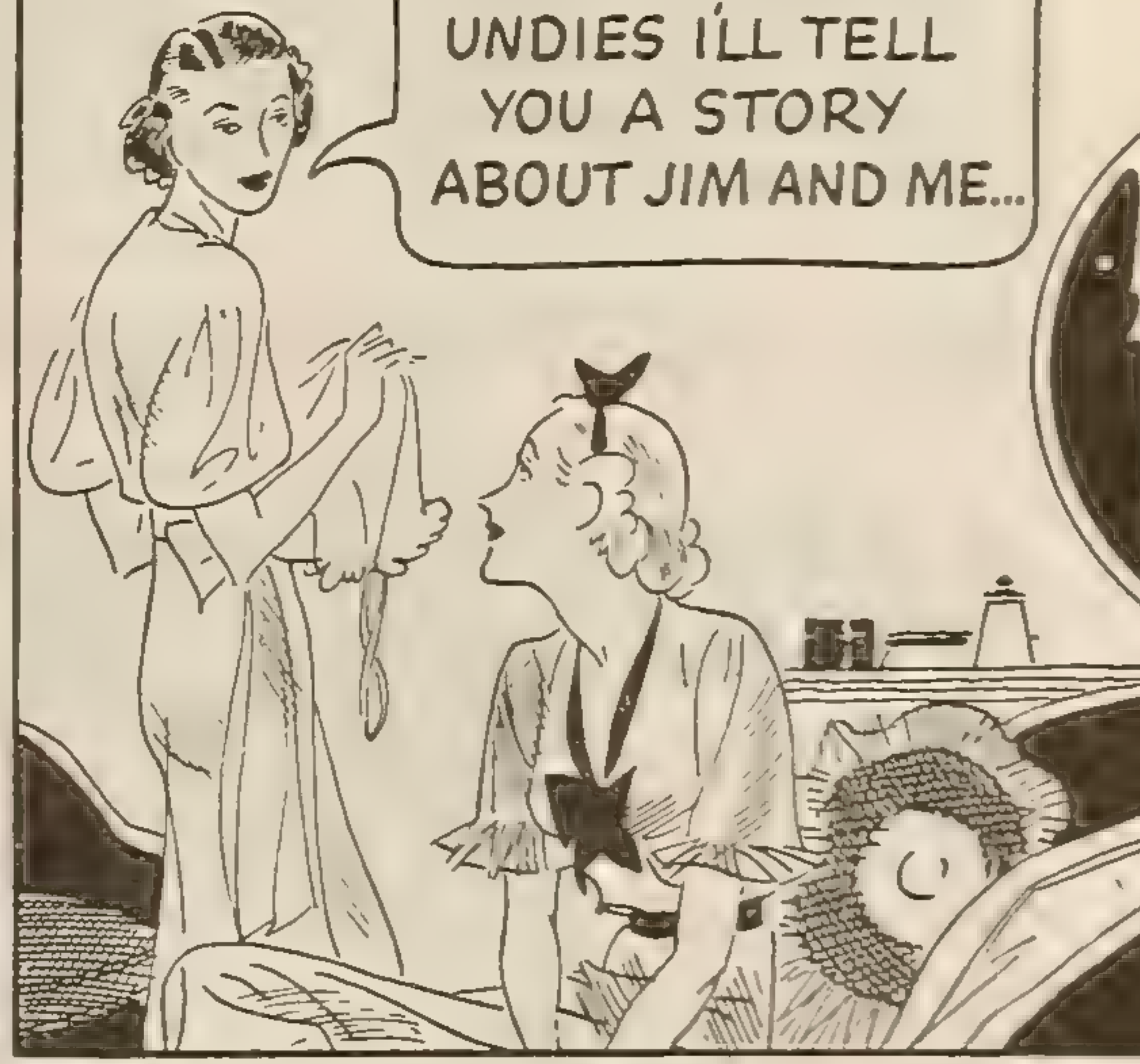
THE TROUBLE IS, I'M STILL IN LOVE



OH, JANET, I KNOW BILL LOVES YOU, TOO

HE DOESN'T SHOW IT, THEN

SEE HERE, HONEY. WHILE I DO MY UNDIES I'LL TELL YOU A STORY ABOUT JIM AND ME...



EARLY IN OUR MARRIED LIFE, JIM SEEMED TO LOSE INTEREST. AN OLDER FRIEND WARNED ME ABOUT PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS. I GOT **LUX** RIGHT AWAY... IT REMOVES ODOR YET SAVES COLORS. TRY **LUX**, HONEY—IT'S SO EASY TO PROTECT DAINTINESS THIS WAY...

JANET TOOK THE HINT AND NOW....

I DON'T DESERVE A WIFE AS SWEET AS YOU!

I'M LUCKY TO HAVE YOU, DARLING!

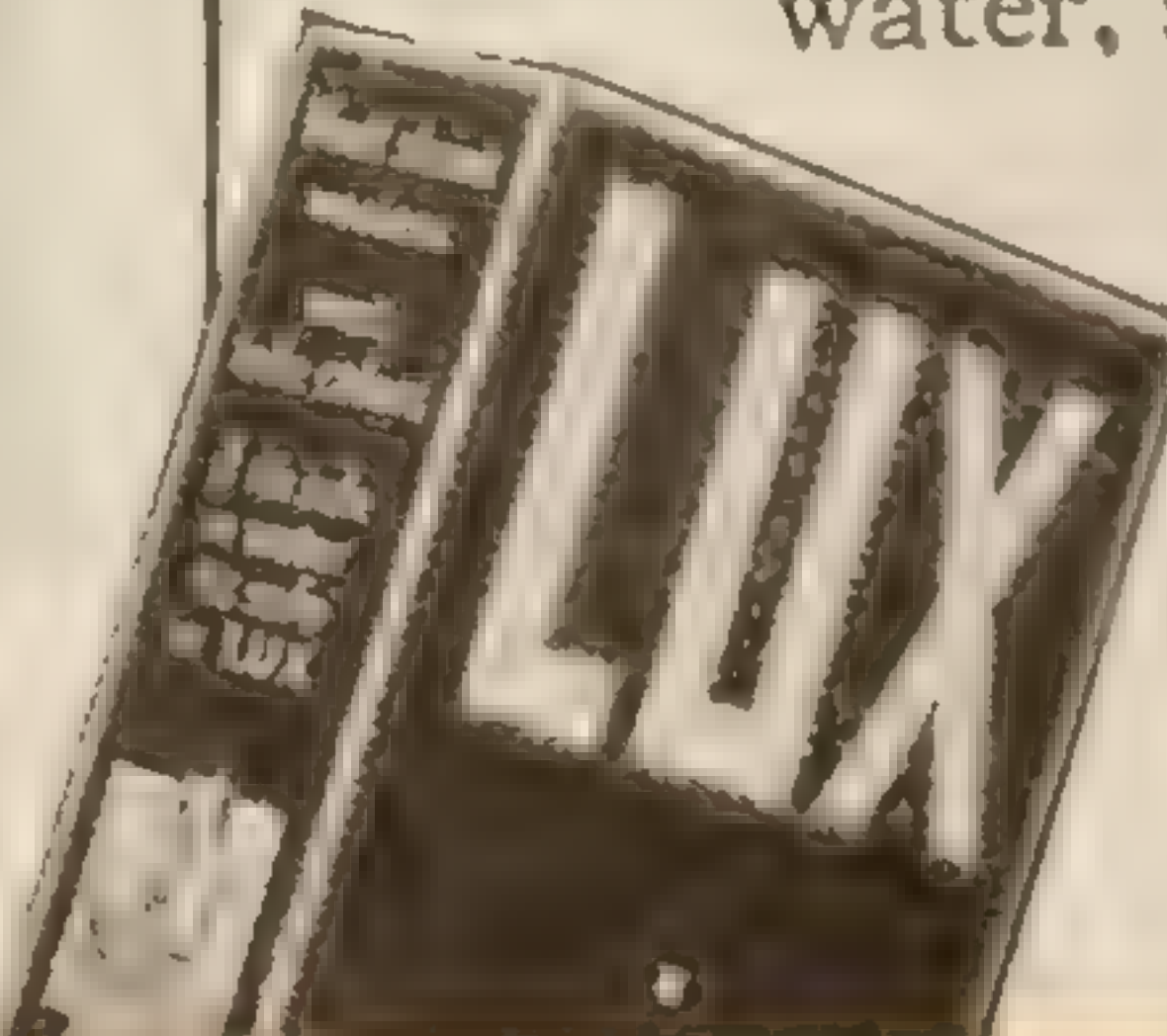
AND **LUX**



Avoid Offending

Don't take chances with happiness. Play safe—Lux underthings after each wearing. Then you're sure of never offending. Lux removes odor completely—saves colors, too. It has no harmful alkali as many ordinary soaps have. Avoid injurious cake-soap rubbing. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

for underthings



Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 11)

MUSICAL ANNOUNCER

When a boy plays a piano recital at famous old Carnegie Hall in New York City at the age of fourteen, is a church organist at fifteen, and at the ripe old age of seventeen is a full-fledged Loew's Circuit orchestra leader, it seems a far distance to a WSAY microphone at Rochester, N. Y., but that is the beginning of the story of WSAY's program director and announcer, Ken Sparnon. In between the recital and his mike chores of today came composition of original scores for silent pictures, vaudeville Master of Ceremony-ing, and show producing. Many units of the good old vaudeville days started under his tutelage.

Ken's father was a minister and although he was scheduled to follow in his father's steps, somehow Ken landed in show business. His radio career began with NBC in 1926 in conjunction with his theater work when he appeared as conductor of the Master Musicians Hour. Thereafter all his time was devoted to radio in various capacities.

Among his many WSAY mike jobs is one each Friday afternoon at 4:30 which RADIO MIRROR takes part in. It is the Radio Gossip broadcast, with your favorite radio magazine furnishing the up-to-the-minute news of the radio stars, and WSAY's favorite microphoner, Ken Sparnon, doing the rest.

DRAWING LISTENERS

When cartoonist Chuck Thorndike decided it was high time the boys and girls of his profession received some personal recognition and went to station WINS in New York to see about it, the station decided Chuck was right. That was the start of the Behind the Cartoons broadcast and the first time on the air for a series of this kind.

Chuck, who presides over this program of unusual interviews with famous cartoonists, believes these funny folks with the pen are just as colorful and interesting as the personalities of the movies, stage, or any other field of the arts. And if listener reaction is any criterion, he is right, because letters of appreciation have been pouring in since the program began.

The interviews, as you learn by tuning in WINS Thursday evenings at 8:45 p. m. are not the cut and dried conventional type but instead are full of ad libbed humor and interesting tips on the art of how to amuse folks by drawing pictures. Among cartoonists Chuck has presented are Ned Hilton, Fritz Wilkinson, Barbara Shermund, George Wolfe, Dorothy McKay, Gustav Lundberg, F. G. Cooper and Don Herold, all well-known magazine contributors; Burris Jenkins, sports cartoonist; Roland Coe, creator of the popular Crosstown feature; Harry Hershfield, daddy of Abie Kabibble, C. D. Russell, Mal Eaton and many others.

Aside from having written and illustrated two books on humorous drawings, The Secrets of Cartooning and The Art of Cartooning, Chuck also did a radio dramatization of Billy DeBeck's famous hill-billy pals of Barney Google and had them broadcasting for his listeners one Thursday evening. Listen to Behind the Cartoon and chuckle with Chuck.

* * *

SO THEY SAY

Your Highlighter now admits he was just sort of hoping and whistling in the

Young MRS. HUBBARD SPRUCED UP HER CUPBOARD

...and it cost but 5¢

THERE'S no bone of contention about Royledge. Mrs. Hubbard and her guests agree it's the thriftiest, smartest, quickest way to pretty-up shelves all over the house.

Fabrics are expensive; Royledge isn't. Fabrics need laundering; Royledge doesn't. Edgings have to be tacked; Royledge lies flat, protecting the shelf, decorating the edge.

This wonderful shelving won't curl, doesn't catch dust...lasts and lasts. See the beautiful modern and period patterns approved by decorators. At nearest 5-and-10¢, dept. or neighborhood store. 5¢ for 9 feet. 10¢ sizes too...and you can put it up in 5 minutes! Roylace, 99 Gold St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When you need Doylies, say Roylies
... 5¢ and 10¢ a package!

9 FT.
5¢

Royledge

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"FEEL THE EDGE"

S H E L V I N G

BUSY HOUSEWIFE EARNS

\$400

Mrs. F. McE. (Penna.) thought it was too good to be true when she read that Chicago School of Nursing students were often able to earn \$25 a week while learning practical nursing. However, she sent for the booklet offered in the advertisement and after much careful thought decided to enroll. Before she had completed the seventh lesson she was able to accept her first case—in three months she had earned \$400!



CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

can train you, as it has trained thousands of men and women, at home and in your spare time, for the dignified, well-paid profession of Nursing. Course is endorsed by physicians. 38th year. Lessons are simple and easy to understand. High school education not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. Easy tuition payments. Decide today that you will be one of the many men and women, 18 to 60, earning \$25 to \$35 a week as trained practical nurses! Send the coupon for interesting booklet and sample lesson pages. Learn how you can win success, new friends, happiness—as a nurse.

Approved by The Practical Nurses' Association

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 1810 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name _____

City _____ State _____ Age _____



Lustrous Color for

**FADED
HAIR**

(Test Bottle
FREE)

Have ever-youthful looking hair this SAFE way. Clear liquid is combed through hair. Gray goes—streaks disappear. Color wanted comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Nothing to wash or rub off on clothing. Hair stays fluffy—takes wave or curl. Get full-sized bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. Or mail coupon for Free Test.

FREE TEST—We send complete Test Package Free. Snip off a lock of hair. Test it first this safe way. No risk. No expense. 3,000,000 women have received this test. Mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN

3322 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Color of your hair?.....

dark when in a recent column he asked readers to advise him of any local station stars they would like to see highlighted here, so you can imagine his enjoyable surprise when readers not only wrote but were enough interested in their favorites to become press agents for a day and tell him a few things about some radio folks he didn't know.

Asheville, North Carolina: From a Candler, North Carolina fan, Helen Penley, came a letter asking, "Did you know the lovely voice who asks WWNC listeners that same question several times weekly belongs to attractive, brown-haired, hazel-eyed announcer Ruth Elson Clark? Ruth, who was born in West Virginia twenty-two years ago, attended schools in both Florida and North Carolina. It was while taking part in dramatic school broadcasts over her local college town station that the manager first heard her voice and recognized its possibilities as a regular feature for his station. That was three years ago and she has been with WWNC since then as both announcer and continuity writer."

Tuscola, Ill.: From out in the Midwest came the following information concerning Clair Hull, the twenty-nine-year-old manager of Tuscola's WDZ, and his Man on the Train broadcasts. Clair's is the only station in the country which every week-day conducts a typical man-on-the-street broadcast from a moving train, and was recently awarded the certificate of Merit by the National Research Bureau for the unusual program.

The youthful manager of WDZ every week-day carries his portable short wave transmitter to the streamlined "Egyptian Zipper" of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railway Company and broadcasts interviews with its passengers while enroute from Villa Grove to Tuscola.

The eleven minute program goes on at 2:35 p.m., CST, and continues until the train reaches Tuscola. What, isn't that train ever late, Clair?

Philadelphia, Pa.: At station WFIL, writes another fan, is tall, blond, ruddy-faced, good-looking announcer Al Stevens—and a good announcer, too. The fan also adds that Al has a wiry, athletic figure. Al, just thirty, is one of WFIL's veteran announcers, with a pretty wife and a six-months-old son, Alson, Jr.

A native of Maryland, announcer Stevens is a graduate of the University of Baltimore and tried his hand at insurance, selling, and department store management before landing in radio to stay. A licensed air pilot, his other hobbies are tennis, and cabinetmaking.

And that, for this time, is all space permits, but don't forget, you fans, we're still in the market for the lowdown on your favorites, too.

San Francisco, Calif.: Vicki Vola, actress, who recently joined the KGO staff in San Francisco, thinks the world is a topsy-turvy place, and no wonder . . . arriving for her first rehearsal she found the man she had been seeking for two years, to thank him for saving her life at Lake Arrowhead. He was producer Jerry McGee, of the KGO staff. Vicki plays the grass widow in Dr. Kate, Wednesday nights at 9:30 PST over the NBC Pacific Coast Blue network. She also plays in Gloria Gale daily except Saturday and Sunday at 1:45 p.m. over the NBC Red network.

CUPID ANNOUNCING

Cincinnati: Cupid's one gent we can always depend on to come through with a few items each month. First, he informs us of the early summer wedding of plant engineer Harvey Glatstein of Cincinnati's

ROUGH HANDS made youthfully soft

Your hand skin chaps and roughens—ages sooner—when water and cold weather take special moisture out of the skin cells. Jergens Lotion soaks in more effectively than other lotions tested—soon puts back the lost moisture.



WHEN your hands chap and roughen, they actually begin to age! Because they have lost some of the special moisture that keeps young skin supple and smooth. But Jergens Lotion replaces the lost moisture—gives back inviting young smoothness to your hands. Jergens soaks in—more effectively than any other lotion tested.

And it contains two remarkable softening and whitening ingre-

dients, used by many doctors. Young hands are lovable, charming—an asset to every woman of any age. And Jergens can help you have young hands! Get it today. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00 for the special family size—at any beauty counter, and the \$1.00 bottle now comes with a useful dispenser!

WALTER WINCHELL—every Sunday night—National Broadcasting Company Blue Network—Coast-to-Coast.

JERGENS LOTION

FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS

Prove for yourself how swiftly and thoroughly Jergens goes into the skin, conserves and renews the youthful softness of your hands! The Andrew Jergens Co., 1734 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada—Perth, Ontario.)

Name _____ PLEASE PRINT

Address _____





MARY'S HAD A BABY

We speak so blithely about the beauty of Motherhood!

And so little about its pain—dismissing it almost casually as the good news is passed around among relatives and friends:

"Mary's had a baby!"

Of course, through the ages, women learned to endure silently, so we take their courage for granted. But, actually, there is no need for silence.

For, 61 years ago, a woman shattered this myth that her sex must suffer silently. She devoted her life to aiding the relief of their pain.*

Today, the name of Lydia Pinkham is blessed throughout the world. Mother tells daughter, friend tells friend, how, when the ordeal of motherhood approaches, it can usually be made easier with the use of Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Think what that signifies. If the burden of child-bearing can be eased, that often means a stronger, healthier mother. That, in turn, often means a sturdier, healthier baby.

Through the years we have received more than a million letters telling us of the aid that women have received through the use of the Compound. Young girls passing into womanhood, wives, mothers—they tell us of bitter suffering that has been relieved, of nervousness that has been soothed, and, as a result of this, of unhappy times that have been made normal once again.

Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may help you also to go "smiling through." Try a bottle today.

*For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts† which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

†functional disorders

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

WCKY and Miss Lillian Gutman of Erlanger, Kentucky.

Chicago: It was a June wedding for Marjorie Gibson, WLS Fanfare Reporter, and John N. Thornburn, Chicago lawyer. Dr. John W. Holland, pastor of the WLS Little Brown Church of the Air, tied the knot.

And over at Chicago's WBBM it was actor John Walsh of the Betty and Bob program who marched back from a June altar with the former Miss Roma Ricci his bride.

AT LONG LAST

If you enjoy statistics, as we do, you'd better skip this, but on the other hand if you are one of the howlers (we're with you there, too) maybe you'd better stick.

Anyway, Ed Franklin, KJBS Operations Manager in San Francisco, after hearing the howls raised from almost everywhere against the length of commercial advertisements on the air, decided to make a stop-watch check to learn how much air-time KJBS actually devoted to plugs.

So hold on tight. Here it is: out of a total operating day of thirteen hours and forty-five minutes—not counting the all-night program (What? No plugs on that?)—the actual time given to commercial copy was one hour and thirty-six minutes.

The average length of a "spot" announcement was thirty-nine seconds and the average quarter-hour program carried one minute and thirty-six seconds of advertising gab.

And that's only the beginning, folks, only the beginning. Let's go on from there. Unless our figuring is faulty, that makes approximately eleven hours and twenty minutes of advertising a week. And to go farther, it adds up for a year of three hundred and sixty days to five hundred and seventy-six hours or exactly twenty-four days. Now, you see, we're getting some place, to say nothing of wasting a lot of time. A good steady listener with any luck at all could probably crowd about three years of ad listening into his lifetime, and if all those years were placed end to end they would reach right into the hearts of the sponsors.



John J. Anthony, director of True Story's Good Will Hour, Sundays at 10 p.m. on WMCA and the Inter-City network, and on WOR, WGN and CKLW.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

LUCILLE REED, Ryan, Iowa — The "kid brother" whom Don Ameche coached for his first radio role, is striding right along in Don's footsteps. Jim Ameche has deserted Jack Armstrong American Boy—yes, Miss Sherlock, you were right—to go to Paramount Studios, Hollywood, for his first picture work with Dorothy Lamour in "Manana." He was born August 6, 1915.

Mary Ann Glemore, Bristol, Conn. — Dorothy Lamour, as you probably know by now, is appearing on the Chase & Sanborn Hour with the irrepressible Charlie McCarthy, W. C. Fields, etc. I am sure you will be interested to learn she plays the feminine lead in the Samuel Goldwyn picture, "Hurricane," to be released soon. She will be 23 in December. Write her care of Paramount Studios, Hollywood.

Rose Roberts, Toronto, Canada — Nino Martini was born 30 years ago in Italy. He starred on the Chesterfield program for two years, ending with April, 1937. He is expected back with Chesterfield after he finishes the picture he is now making in Hollywood.

M. W., Philadelphia, Pa. — It might be worth your while to write the agencies which handle these programs. First Nighter is produced by Aubrey, Moore & Wallace, Inc., 410 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and Irene Rich's program by H. W. Kaster Co., Inc., 360 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Good luck.

J. A. B., Manning, S. C. — Muriel Wilson, one time Mary Lou of Show Boat fame, is now heard occasionally on NBC sustaining programs. Lilian LaFerty is author of the Big Sister scripts. The Gumps are off the air. I'll give you Rodney McLennan's present whereabouts in the next issue.

John A. Widmer, Buffalo, N. Y. — Yes, sorry to report that Honeyboy (George Fields) of the team, Honey-

boy and Sassafras, died April 25 this year.

Miss Eunice P. Cignoni, Springfield, Mass. — We'll be right on our toes living up to that "best of its kind." Nelson Eddy was born June 29th, 1901. He is now on the Chase & Sanborn Hour. See Fan Club section for announcement of Eddy fan club.

Miss Phyllis A. Crocker, Freeport, Digley Co., Nova Scotia — Address Nelson Eddy, care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, California.

Como Izzo, Revere, Mass. — Bobby Breen is a Canadian, Phil Baker was born in Philadelphia 38 years ago. Like many other spotlight personalities he has adopted his present name—and does not reveal his original one.

E. Ann Richards, Ogden, Utah — The Buck Jones show on the General Foods program is a transcription and not a network broadcast.

A. D. S., Los Angeles, Cal. — Few studios distribute photographs of deceased stars. However, I believe one of Russ Columbo could be obtained from the Culver Studios, 205 E. 42d St., New York City. You might write them for details.

Six Ardent Fans, Baltimore, Md. — Elsie Hitz was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on July 21, 1902. She is married to a non-professional, Jack Welsh, and has a daughter. "Dangerous" Nick Dawson of the colorful career was born in Vineland, N. J., the year his secret. He is married.

R. T. W., Dinuba, Cal. — We'll try to have that introduction to your favorites take place in an early issue. The cast of Betty and Bob includes: Elizabeth Reller as Betty, Lester Tremaine, Bob; Dorothy Shideler, Jane Hartford; Frank Dane, George Hartford, and Ruth Lockwood, doubling as "Mrs. Hendrix," and "Mrs. Cary." Luise Barklie was the Hope Carter of Modern Cinderella—which has been replaced by (Continued on page 78)

Answers to Professor Quiz' Twenty Questions on Page 3

1. Walter Tetley.
2. Jane Pickens—she was soloist in two difficult arias with the Philadelphia orchestra this summer in "Robin Hood Dell."
3. Lily Pons
4. Mario Braggiotti—he showed Doris Duke Cromwell how to practice scales.
5. Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady. The songs were written when Gershwin was twelve years old.
6. Ray Noble—with Burns and Allen, he will be in Fred Astaire's next picture.
7. George Hall, the maestro of the Taft Hotel in New York.
8. Tommy Cecil Mack.
9. George Burns and Gracie Allen.

10. Neither, his hair is red streaked with white.
11. Alice Faye.
12. Floyd Gibbons, Lily Pons, George and Bob Burns, Louella Parsons, Ted Collins, Jane Pickens, Bob Simmons.
13. Intoxicants—W. C. Fields.
14. Walter O'Keefe.
15. Jack Benny.
16. Charlie McCarthy.
17. Because that is what he used to be. His real name is Harry Einstein.
18. Nino Martini, because she always tunes in his program.
19. Molly of Fibber McGee & Molly.
20. Arthur Godfrey, announcer for Professor Quiz.

"IT'S WHAT
I CALL
REAL FLAVOR"

"Honest—you ought to try it! You'll know this Beeman flavor's something special the minute you tear off the airtight wrappings and get that first tantalizing whiff! And the taste—smooth as custard—a real up-and-doing flavor!"



"Let me tell you something! Beeman's is fine for digestion, too! When you can't resist one of those rich, indiscreet desserts—top off with Beeman's! It comforts your digestion!"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

Follow the Stars IN THESE HOLLYWOOD STYLED SHOES

Now you can wear shoes that have the unmistakable flair of Hollywood, where glamorous, fascinating footwear fashions are born. Jolene—fashion observer of the films—sketches the very models that the screen's best-dressed women choose for their own ensembles. Her sketches form the inspiration for Jolene shoes—Styled in Hollywood. For exciting fall footwear at exciting prices (\$3 to \$5) see the new Jolene models.

For the name of your nearest Jolene Shoe Dealer write Jolene's Studio, Suite C, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

\$3.00 to \$5.00



DISTRIBUTED BY TOBER-SAIFER SHOE CO. • ST. LOUIS, MO.

TOBY WING
Featured in
"Sing While You're Able"
Says, "You're right
JOLENE! Styling
means everything in
shoes and Hollywood
is the Style Center."

Arnold Grimm's Daughter.

R. H. N., Plainville, Conn., and Mrs. M. H. Lynes, Utica, N. Y.—You'll need a whole page of your scrapbook for all these names. And I hope you will forgive me for not making an earlier issue. The cast of *Girl Alone* includes: Betty Winkler as Patricia Rogers; Pat Murphy, Scoop Curtis, and Margarette Shanna, Mary Kruger. In *Dan Harding's Wife*, Merrill Fugit is Dan Harding; Margarette Shanna, Eula Sherman; Robert Griffin, Mr. Fowler; Laurette Fillbrandt, Annette Dupre, and Ann Stone, Hester Forrest. The O'Neills are: Kate McComb as Mrs. O'Neill, Violet Dunn, Peggy O'Neill Kayden; Chester Stratton, Monte Kayden; Jimmy Tansey, Danny O'Neill; Arline Blackburn, Eileen Turner; Jimmy Donnelly, Eddie Collins; Santos Ortega, Mr. Collins; Jane West (author of the script) Mrs. Bailey, and John Moore, Sir Donald Rogers. *Way Down East* was an electrical transcription program which is no longer on the air.

M. F., Fresno, Calif.—For the first time, Jeanette MacDonald will be heard in a series of weekly broadcasts beginning October 3 at 7:00 p. m. on Vick's Open House, CBS, with Joseph Pasternack's orchestra. She has appeared in radio only as guest star before. Unless plans are changed, there will be no singing partner.

Ona C., Portland, Ore.—Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson will resume their roles of Jean Page and Clay Bannister in *Follow the Moon over CBS* October 3 at 5:00 p. m. Letters to them should be addressed care of Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Mrs. D. A. McGuire and Mrs. F. B. Taylor, Aurora, Ill.—Jean Paul King was born in your Middle West—in North Bend, Nebraska, Dec. 1, 1904. He grew up in Tacoma, Washington, and attended Miami University and the University of Washington. Before his radio days he worked in a theatrical stock company. He is five feet 8 inches tall and weighs 145 pounds. Has dark brown hair and eyes. Is married, and has a son.

FAN CLUB SECTION

An all-stars fan club is announced by R. E. McGurn, president, of 2510 N. 12th Street, Kansas City, Kan. He calls it the Radio Fans' Booster Club, and is looking for new members.

Is there an **Alan Courtney** Fan Club? Virginia Reichert, 170-118th Avenue, Jamaica, N. Y., would like to know.

A **Nelson Eddy** Fan Club has been formed with Shiela Ames, 221 South Tower Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., as president. A membership card will be mailed in return for your name and address and three cents in stamps, Shiela says.

"Club Berlette" is the up-to-the-minute name of a new **Milton Berle** Fan Club. Anyone interested should contact the president, Judy Jasper, 1366 East 3rd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Where's the **Benny Goodman** Fan Club? asks Anita Friedman, 2505 Spangler Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

New members are wanted by the **Gale Page** Fan Club, Vivian Bretz, 417 N. 3rd St., Lehigh, Pa., president.

The Oracle will be glad to answer questions by a personal letter IF the requests are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Sell PERSONAL INITIAL Christmas Cards 21 for \$1
EARN UP TO \$5 IN A DAY
Quick, spare-time money-maker! 21 beautiful Christmas Folders with sender's INITIAL in Metallic Gold and Silver Seals—only \$1. Make 100% profit. New! Exclusive! Also sell Personal Christmas Cards—name IMPRINTED—50 for \$1. Sensational bargain. Many other big-value Christmas Card Assts., retail 50c up. Write for Samples. **ARTISTIC CARD CO., 846 Way St., Elmira, N. Y.**

BE A TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE
Study at home—train the "Pierce Way." Home Study Course or 6-months Practical HOSPITAL Course for resident students. Write for free book. **PIERCE SCHOOL ENDORSED BY AMERICAN TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSES' ASSOCIATION.**
PIERCE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL NURSING
702 West 17th St. Secretary C-25 Los Angeles, Calif.

DANGER
Corns come back **BIGGER—UGLIER**

unless removed Root* and all

• Home paring methods risk infection—only affect the surface of a corn. The root grows back bigger and uglier than ever. Don't take chances. Use the new double-action Blue-Jay method that stops pain instantly, by removing pressure, then in 3 short days the corn lifts out root and all (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Blue-Jay is a tiny medicated plaster. Easy to use—invisible. 25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada. Get Blue-Jay today.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS
REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

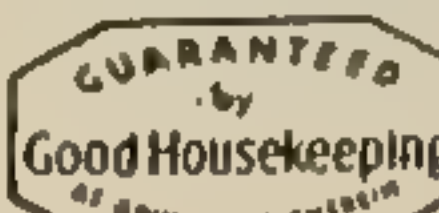
* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

"I Get 10 Window Shades for the Price of ONE!"

AND 2 YEARS WEAR AND MORE..FOR 15¢

Millions End "Shabby-Shade" Nuisance With 15c CLOPAYS

• Why have shabby window shades? Women everywhere win compliments of friends on lovely 15c CLOPAYS. Look like linen, won't pinhole, crack or fray. Wear 2 years and more. Attach to rollers in a jiffy—no tacks. *New roller and brackets 15c extra. See CLOPAYS in smart, new patterns and colors at neighborhood and 5 and 10c stores. Write for FREE color samples to CLOPAY CORP., 1248 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.



Use Your Shortwave

Why miss out on some of the most fascinating hours your radio can give you? Use that shortwave dial—let it carry you into the midst of the color and excitement of foreign lands! Here, for the first time, is a complete, handy guide to the principal shortwave stations, making it easier than ever before to operate this part of your receiving set. The times noted (all in Eastern Daylight Saving Time) are the hours that reception is best on the station indicated.

16 METERS

		Megacycles
GSG	London.....	17.79
	4:00-6:00 p.m.	
PHI	Huizen.....	17.77
	7:30-9:30 a.m.	

19 METERS

HAS-3	Budapest.....	15.37
	Sunday 9-10:00 a.m.	
DJQ	Berlin.....	15.28
	4:50-11:00 p.m.	
GSI	London.....	15.26
	12:15-6:00 p.m.	
TPA-2	Paris.....	15.24
	5:00-10:00 a.m.	
DJB	Berlin.....	15.20
	4:50-11:00 p.m.	
GSO	London.....	15.18
	6:20-8:30 p.m.	
GSF	London.....	15.14
	4:00-6:00; 6:20-8:30; 9:00-11:00 p.m.	
HBJ	Geneva.....	14.53
	Saturday, 6:45-8:00 p.m.	

25 METERS

RNE	Moscow.....	12.00
	4:00-6:00 p.m.	
TPA-3	Paris.....	11.88
	10:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m.	
OLR-4A	Praha, Czech.....	11.83
	Mon., Thurs., 8:00-10:00 p.m.	
I2RO-4	Rome.....	11.81
	12:40-5:45 p.m.	
JZJ	Tokyo.....	11.80
	2:30-3:30; 4:00-5:00 p.m.	
DJD	Berlin.....	11.77
	4:50-11:00 p.m.	
GSD	London.....	11.75
	4:00-6:00; 6:20-8:30; 9:00-11:00 p.m.	
TPA-4	Paris.....	11.71
	5:15-7:00; 9:00 p.m.-midnight	
PPQ	Rio de Janeiro.....	11.67
	7:30-8:15 p.m.	

31 METERS

EAQ	Madrid.....	9.86
	4:30-9:30 p.m.	
LRX	Buenos Aires.....	9.66
	4:00-10:30 p.m.	
CT1AA	Lisbon.....	9.65
	Tues., Thurs., Sat., 4:00-6:00 p.m.	
I2RO-3	Rome.....	9.63
	6:00-7:35 p.m. (try 11.81 megs.)	
HJ1ABP	Cartagena.....	9.62
	5:00-10:00 p.m.	
HP-5J	Panama City.....	9.61
	6:30-10:30 p.m.	
VK2ME	Sydney.....	9.59
	Sunday, 5:00-8:00 a.m.	
GSC	London.....	9.58
	9:00-11:00 p.m.	
DJA	Berlin.....	9.56
	4:50-11:00 p.m.	
VPD-2	Suva.....	9.54
	5:30-7:00 a.m.	
DJN	Berlin.....	9.54
	4:50-11:00 p.m.	
GSB	London.....	9.51
	4:00-6:00; 6:20-8:30 p.m.	
VK3ME	Melbourne.....	9.50
	4:00-7:00 a.m.	
PRF-5	Rio de Janeiro.....	9.50
	4:45-5:45 p.m.	

46 to 50 METERS

TIEP	San Jose C. R.....	6.69
	6:00-11:30 p.m.	
YV4RB	Valencia, Ven.....	6.52
	4:30-9:30 p.m.	
YV5RH	Caracas.....	6.40
	5:30-10:30 p.m.	
YV1RH	Maracaibo.....	6.36
	6:00-10:00 p.m.	
HIN	Trujillo City.....	6.24
	6:00-10:00 p.m.	
HJ3ABD	Bogota.....	6.05
	6:00 p.m.-midnight	
HP-5B	Panama City.....	6.03
	7:00-10:30 p.m.	

Help your skin BREATHE



and help it stay YOUNG!

ALMOST two years ago, Woodbury's scientists found a way to put the "Sunshine" Vitamin D into Woodbury's famous Cold Cream . . . made tests that proved the elusive vitamin would work in this new medium. Beauty specialists foresaw a precious new aid to skin health . . . Two years of use have told the story—on the faces of pleased women! Today we know that

Vitamin D Stimulates the Skin's Breathing!

As you rub Woodbury's into your skin, the Vitamin D is absorbed by the living cells, quickens their respiration. Your skin begins to *breathe better!* The stimulated skin shows new vigor, can better resist fatigue and wear. This bland cream cleans, softens dry skin, helps protect from weather. And remember, Woodbury's Cold Cream is . . . and stays

GERM-FREE to the LAST

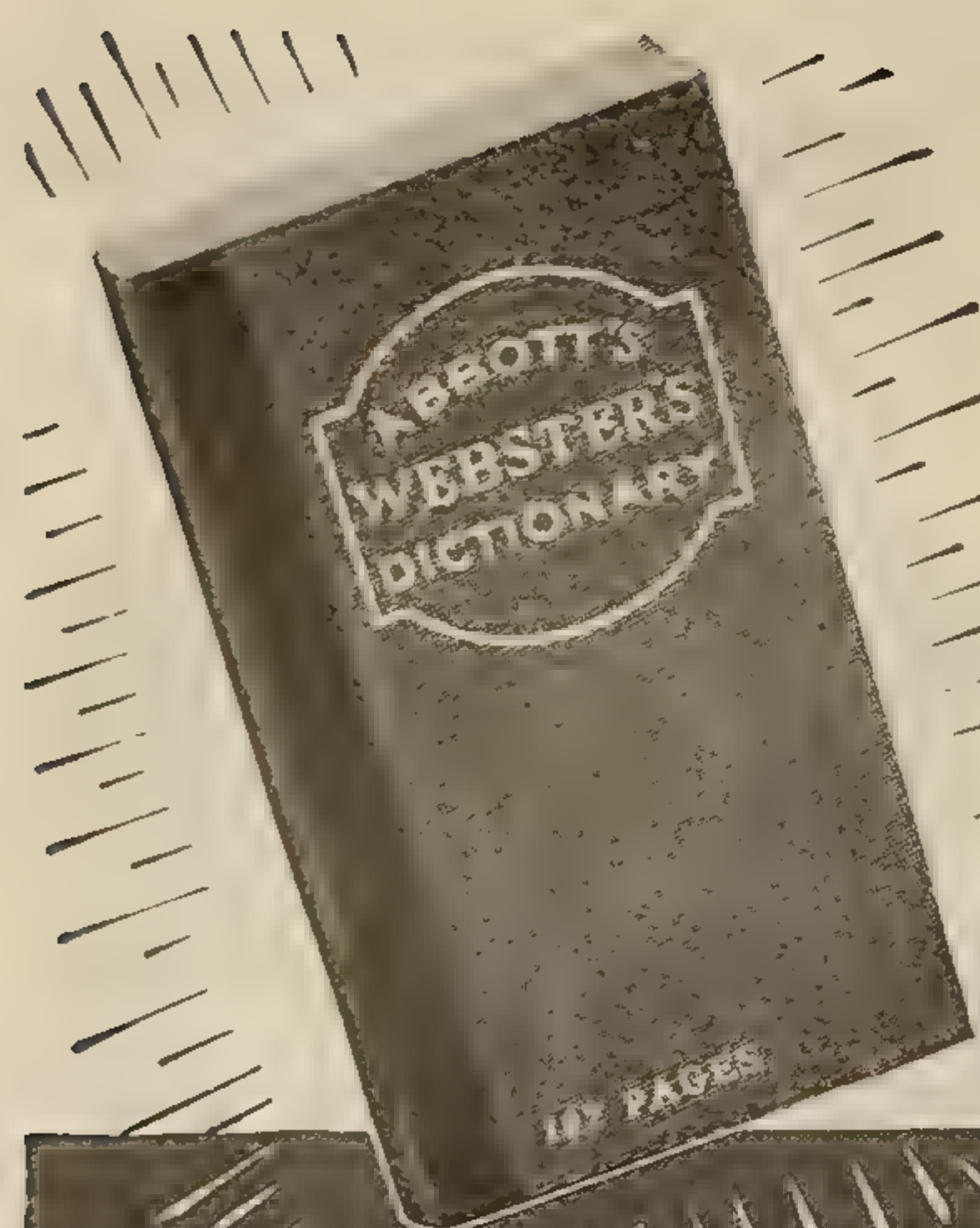
It will not harbor the bacteria that so often cause skin blemishes! Use Woodbury's Cold Cream regularly night and morning . . . and watch your well-cared-for face respond with flattering effect! At cosmetic counters everywhere, in 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, and extra generous \$1.00 jars that last for weeks. Your skin will thank you if you get a jar today!



SEND FOR 10-PIECE LOVELINESS KIT!

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Eyes to the Kings' Taste

(Continued from page 51)

Heidt's musical organization—to see just what they could tell us about eye make-up. Not only do they have the advantage of knowing what types of cosmetics to use under all conditions of light, climate, and closeness to or remoteness from their audiences on various stages or ballrooms, but everybody knows that a large family of girls has unparalleled advantages for experimenting with make-up, criticizing each other and seeing just what effect a new beauty routine has on someone else's appearance. Although there are only four of them in the present musical unit, there are really six sisters, all of whom have been with the organization at some time or another.

Louise, Alyce, Donna and Yvonne (you'll notice, as some enterprising press agent once pointed out, that the initials of their first names spell out LADY!), who comprise the present quartette, all use the same make-up for their skin and lips. All use those invaluable little brushes, for instance, when applying moist rouge to their lips. They wear identical clothes when singing and similar styles when off the stage. They use the same face creams and shades of powder and rouge. After all, they're sisters and their skins are of the same type.

BUT there's one place where each girl has found she must develop her own beauty technique. In spite of their strong resemblance to each other, each has discovered that she has her own peculiar problem in making up her eyes, and each adapts and changes the general procedure to suit her own personality.

There's the question of eyeshadow, for example. Alyce and Louise, who have almost identical coloring wear gray eyeshadow. Donna, who has more the complexion of the true redhead, uses blue. Yvonne, the blonde baby sister of the group, uses brown. All agree that this latter shade is the safest for daytime use, whenever eyeshadow seems called for. And all agree that brown eyebrow pencil is the least conspicuous, too, unless one is a very dark brunette indeed.

Alyce whose sisters pointed out that she had the largest eyes of them all, said, "I use the least eye make-up of all. All my features are fairly large and too much make-up hardens the general appearance. For the same reason, I do very little thinning of my eyebrows, since a too-slender browline would over emphasize my other features."

"I have the deepest set eyes," asserted Louise, "so I use very little eyeshadow, but lots of grease to create a highlight in the natural shadows I already have. My eyes are rather close-set, so I compensate for that by plucking out the bit of brow nearest my nose-line. They also have a slight tendency to droop at the outer corners, therefore I extend the eyebrows upward a little at the temples with a few faint pencil strokes."

"On the other hand," Donna interpolated at this point, "my eyes are the widest apart and light in color, so when penciling my eyelids—which we all do to some extent for evening and artificial lights—I draw the line a little closer in at the inner corners of my eyes and pencil a bit more heavily than my sisters, even though my eyes are fairly large. Another reason for this is that I have the plumpest face and accentuating the eyes minimizes this." For still another thing, Donna has the lighter eyebrows and lashes of the redhaired girl, so that they require

Clean Here

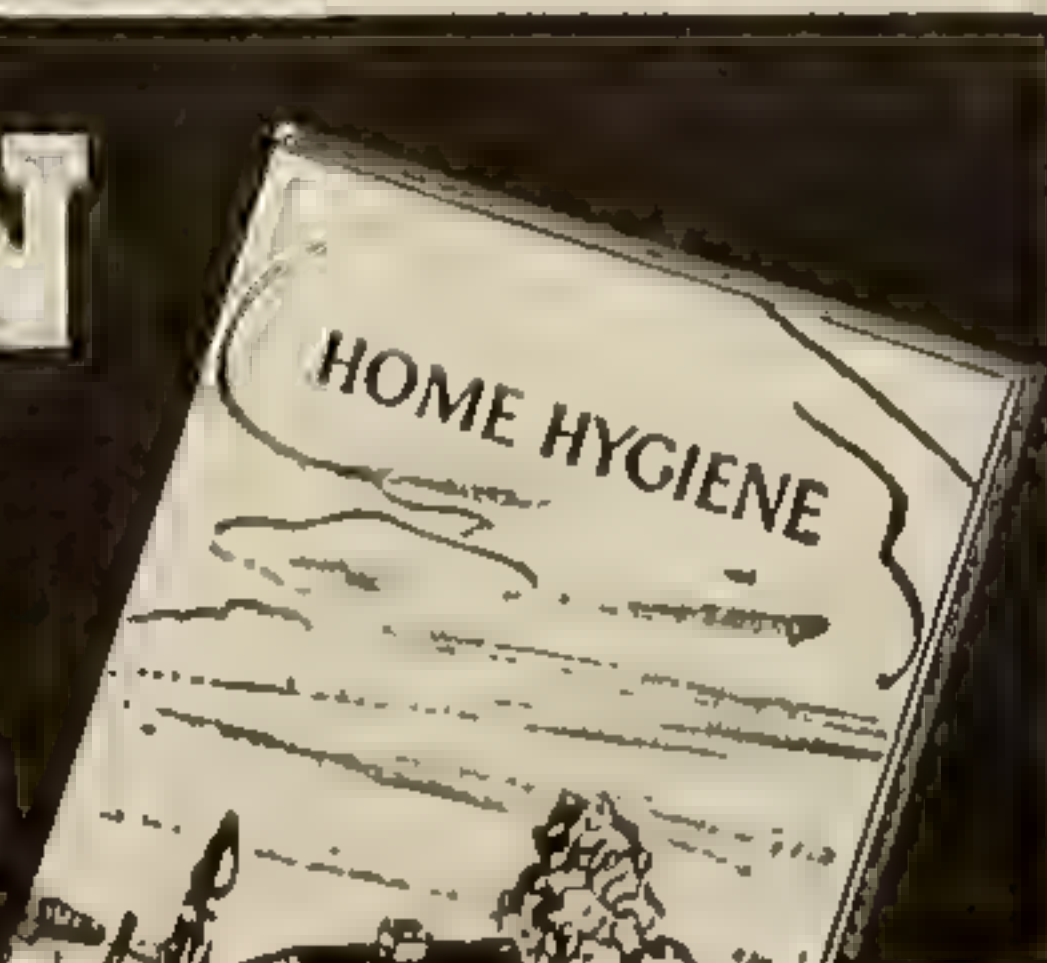
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Bathroom Odors



more make-up to bring them out.

"My eyes are smallest," Yvonne remarked, ruefully (though why she should worry, with her generally small and delicate features, *we* can't understand!), "therefore, in spite of my blonde coloring, I use more eyeshadow than the others, just taking extra precautions to blend it carefully—much more heavily on the eyelid itself than underneath the brow. I extend the pencil line at the corners with a tiny triangle—being very careful, of course, to make the effect as soft and natural as possible. Since my eyes are rather wide apart, too, I also bring the pencil line clear in to the inner corners. In addition, I brush my mascara on the upper lashes with an outward motion, rather than straight up, which helps to make the eyes appear larger."

Each and all of them use a good eye-wash before going to bed and safe eye-drops at any other time of exposure to wind and weather conditions—"particularly during the dry and dusty summer," Louise added. And they all use eyebrow brushes to train the little hairs in the right direction and to remove that dull film which comes with powdering.

Are your eyes small or large, dark or light, wide-set or close-set, deep or shallow? Whatever your problem, there's a tip for each of you in the Kings' carefully thought-out beauty regime. Imagine, if

four sisters of the same type can differ so radically in their cosmetic treatment of their eyes, how careful you must be to play up your own individuality and experiment until you find the perfect solution for your problems! But, at least, you have the benefit of their experience as a starting point for your self-improvement campaign.

I've just discovered an invaluable new preparation which solves a problem we all have to face at times. It's a delightfully perfumed cream designed to conceal those blemishes which always seem to pop up on the most inconvenient occasions. And it's not only safe and waterproof, but it has a base which actually gives you a bit of medication to help remove the spot while you're concealing it. I'll gladly send you the name of this interesting product—and the names of the King Sisters' recommended cosmetics—if you'll just enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your query, addressed to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

How About Jack Haley?

(Continued from page 25)

when Jack was starring in "Take a Chance," a Broadway musical comedy hit, one of the biggest successes, in fact, that Jack or the Street ever had.

In the middle of the run, the producer of a new radio program asked him to audition. Jack showed up, excited and expectant, with the confidence of a star in a solid Broadway hit. He was met by a sour faced sponsor.

"Haley?" he said, "Jack Haley? Who are you? I never heard of you."

"Why," Jack stammered, "I'm . . . I'm in a show on Broadway."

"I never go to shows," cracked the sponsor, "but go ahead, read your stuff."

Jack did. And all right, he thought. The cold reception had him a bit off balance, maybe, but he knew when he was in the groove. When it was over he grinned confidently. "Like it?"

The sponsor frowned. "You don't call that funny, do you?" he said flatly. "It's lousy!"

Then Jack blew up. "Just lousy enough," he yelled, "to be packing them in on Broadway. What I just read was from 'Take a Chance.' Maybe," he shot over his shoulder, as he stamped out of the place, "you ought to try going to shows once in a while!"

But the incident upset him, embittered him, convinced him that radio was a stupid, unappreciative business and no place for an entertainer who had any respect for himself or his talents.

The stories his friends told made him sure he was right. Fred Allen's experience, for instance. Fred is a Boston boy, like Jack Haley, and although they both had to go to New York to meet each other, they've since been the greatest pals in the world. Jack Haley wouldn't miss a Town Hall broadcast if the Academy was going to give him an Award on Wednesday night. Fred had a half hour air spot around about that time and plenty of sponsor trouble which he confided to Jack.

It seems Fred's Boss Man had a wife who went for organ music in an extra special way. She thought it would be

nice to have it on the program. The fact that Fred was fighting for laughs, that it was a strictly slapstick show which the dulcet and ethereal tones of a pipe organ would dismally dampen down, didn't stop her from insisting on a solo in the middle. Fred protested. A half hour fun program, he pointed out, would be murdered by a long stretch of church music cutting it in two.

"Yes," agreed the sponsor, "that's true. But my wife and her friends will still enjoy it!"

It was Fred Allen and Jack Benny and George Burns and their respective wise-cracking wives who can really take bows for luring Jack Haley to the microphone at last.

That quartet of couples has been thicker than a country pie since the old tank town days when they'd meet on the road and never miss a celebration because they'd met. Jack Haley and Jack Benny were on the same vaudeville bill in the old Keith Circuit days. Once a booking agent, scouting talent for a new Broadway musical comedy, was tipped off to catch Jack Haley in his act. Neither Benny nor Haley had cracked Broadway then. All the agent could remember about the tip was the name of the theater and "Jack." Instead of watching Haley, he watched Benny and left very disgusted indeed.

"Why," he scornfully reported, "we couldn't use that bum. All he's got is a fiddle!"

He found there was some mistake, so he went back to catch the other Jack. It happened to be a night when Haley was off form. The agent viewed him as he laid a colossal egg before a dead pan audience. Again he departed, even more disgusted.

"I got the right 'Jack' this time," he snapped, "but he's still a bum—and he hasn't even got a fiddle!"

In New York Jack and his pretty blonde wife, Florence Macfadden, who quit the stage to take on the even tougher job of talking down Jack's inferiority complex, lived in Central Park South. Next door lived Nat Burns and Gracie Allen, who

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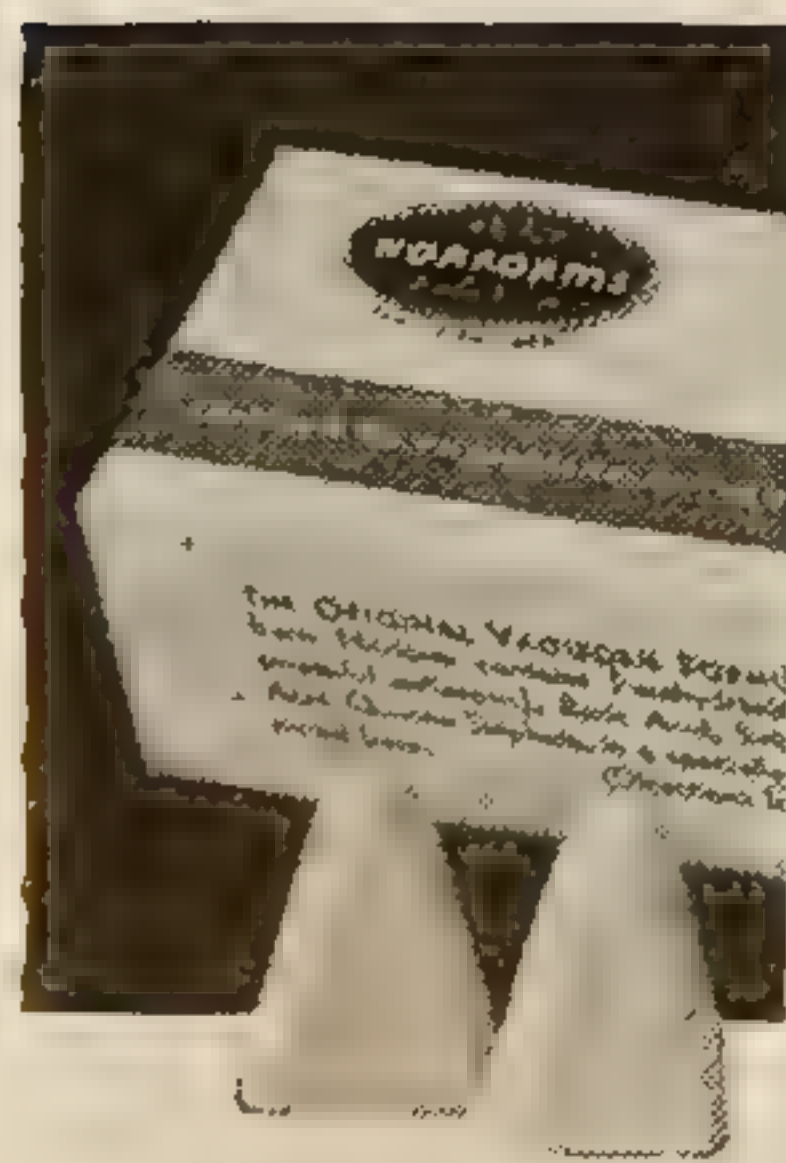
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© N. P. C. 1937 Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

were having a tough time then convincing producers they were good for more than fifteen minutes of patter. Around the corner lived the Jack Bennys. The same set-up exists now—only removed to Beverly Hills. You could bounce a rock off Jack Haley's big home and skip it around the roofs of the Benny and Burns mansions. In the Central Park days if all three teams, and the Fred Allens, happened to be in the Big City at once, it was always an excuse for a party. In those days they went in heavy for Dutch lunches. Now, with all three in town all the time, or practically all, they have to pick on less auspicious occasions to get together for bridge and poker and maybe a highball at the Haleys' bar. So whenever Mary Livingstone buys a new dress she has Gracie Allen give a party to show it off, and the gang gathers. Sometimes not that much of an excuse is necessary.

THE Haley hopefuls—Jack, Jr., four, and Gloria, twelve—are supposed to know their own home, but sometimes they get a little mixed up living promiscuously around with Uncle Nat and Uncle Jack and Aunt Mary and Aunt Gracie and their various cousins by remote control. There are spare kids' swimming suits hanging by the Haley pool and extra toothbrushes in the Burns bathroom—it's like that.

And from all this closed shop friendship, knotted by the years, grew the "How About Haley?" club, which can point with a good measure of pride to Jack's radio contract with General Foods. Because, while Jack Haley eventually got over his particular beef at radio in general and couldn't help realizing its possibilities and recognizing its grown-up greatness, there was still another side to the picture. You can't have a big show without a sponsor. Years in show business have instilled in



Tarzan's understudy! He's Philip Renard, Jacques' son, who began practicing the Tarzan yell as soon as he learned Johnny Weissmuller was his neighbor.

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Jack Haley this belief—the wrong kind of a break is worse than no break at all. There have been plenty of radio offers scattered through recent years, but none with any “production,” that is, none with a big and costly enough show to insure the right kind of a debut. But sponsors who are set to gamble thousands of cookies want to be sure they’re on the right horse. Remember that up until “Wake Up and Live” Jack Haley was a high priced, solidly set screen comedian, but he wasn’t a national name.

THIS situation didn’t stop the “How About Haley?” Club. Whenever a new radio show was in the air, or before, radio agencies grew deaf from clamors rising from George Burns and Jack Benny and Fred Allen and of course, their better halves. “How about Jack Haley?” they’d chorus. “There’s a great comedian going to waste. He has everything you need. He’ll be terrific, etc., etc., etc.”

It finally took—oddly enough all at once. Of course, “Wake Up and Live” and the load of fans Jack made by that performance had something to do with it. Anyway, all the bright boys of radioland swooped down at once with the right kind of deals, only to find another turtle had won the race. Then—can you beat it?—the ones who lost out blamed George and Jack and Fred. “Why didn’t you tip us off about Jack Haley?” they yelped. “He’s a friend of yours, isn’t he?” But that’s always the way it is.

Busting onto the air waves right now slaps Jack Haley on two extremely hot spots, brought out, curiously enough, by the two things that gave him his radio chance—“Wake Up and Live” and his best friends.

Still I happen to know they both make him all the more desperately eager to

click. Maybe I’d better explain.

You see, when “Wake Up and Live” was conceived at 20th Century-Fox, it wasn’t by any stretch of the imagination tagged as Jack Haley’s picture. A couple of other guys, named Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie, were scheduled to divide the cake in two big chunks. Maybe for that reason and maybe not, Jack Haley’s part was regarded as just that—a part, not a personality. Jack was hanging around under contract and he was dependable.

Jack had some songs. One, “Never in a Million Years,” turned out to be the smash hit of the picture. You know that. Well, as you’ve read and heard over the air, Jack didn’t sing them. Buddy Clark, an experienced radio crooner, did. They dubbed his voice on to Jack’s lips.

Now there’s nothing unusual in that. As everyone knows, all movie song birds have voices dubbed in—usually their own voices, it’s true, but even when Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy warble, they do it afterwards and let the sound track man fit it to film.

The reason Buddy Clark sang for Jack wasn’t that Jack couldn’t handle the numbers. Jack Haley built his reputation as much on his songs as he did on his comedy. The first show job he ever had was plugging songs at twenty bucks a week. But “Wake Up and Live” was a radio picture, and they wanted a definite radio voice. There was no attempt to disguise the substitution. Neither by the studio, nor by Jack. It was taken for granted. It was strictly a technical matter.

Then, wonder of wonders, “Wake Up and Live” didn’t mean Winchell or Bernie. It applied purely to little Jack Haley and no mistake, as the preview plainly revealed. Immediately the gossip columnists and radio commentators, sensing the

drama of the situation, told about Buddy Clark, implying that Jack had scored a hit with another man’s larynx. I doubt if they believed that, because it wasn’t just Jack’s voice that pilfered the picture. But it was good copy—darned good and it was used plenty.

Jack will deliver in person on the air. His voice must be the real McCoy. He can prove—and he must prove—that he’s not riding to fame on borrowed tonsils, as it were.

I’m not worrying much about it myself, and here’s why: I happen to know that two tests were made for Jack Haley’s next picture—one with his own voice and one with Buddy Clark’s, the ghost voice. And the voice the bosses picked to use was Jack’s. They picked it because they liked it better than Clark’s.

BUT Jack Haley faces an even more ticklish radio situation because of the very lifelong friends who pulled for him to get a break on the air. They’re all, basically, the same type of comedian he is. They’re all established on the air—have been for years—with their own particular personality shadings and comedy twists. Whatever Jack does, he runs the grave danger of touching the trademarks of his very best pals. If his stuff even hints of a steal from Jack Benny, or Fred Allen, or George Burns—he’ll hear the howls. “Thief!” Not from them, but—what is worse—from others. It’s the toughest job in the world to be completely original in humor. But that’s what Jack Haley has up beside his number on radio row, and he’ll have to come through.

That’s what’s worrying him now—but plenty. He told me so the other afternoon as we sat in his backyard while radio writers hammered at the gate with new scripts and Jack tore up old ones.

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he loves
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lipstick
parching!



Yes, he likes bright lips...they look expressive and responsive.

But how his admiration chills, if lips are dry and rough. Parched lips are old lips!

Remember, then, your lipstick has two duties. It must bestow thrilling color. It must protect you from Lipstick Parching.

Coty's new lipstick, the "Sub-Deb," does just that. Because of a new softening ingredient, "Theobroma," it keeps your lips smooth and soft, dewy as a fresh petal. Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in 5 ardent and indelible shades, 50¢.

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"I suppose," said Jack, "now that I'm on the air I'll get gray and worried and worn-out looking like all the rest."

He grinned and told me about meeting Fred Allen one day.

"Say," said Fred, "I was just down the street and saw So-and-So."

"Yeah?" said Jack. "How's he doing?"

"Well, sir," replied Fred, "I don't know, but he must be doing great. His face was wrinkled, and he looked like he was about to die. Yes, sir, he must be very successful."

If you ask me, it's the little lady who takes the rap in the Haley home. Because when Jack went in the house, trying en route to make his youthful face look very old and wrinkled with care, his wife Florence tapped her foot dangerously.

"For years," declared Mrs. Haley, "I've been living with gags. Jack never says 'Good morning'—he just wakes me up and says, 'Listen—do you think this is funny?'"

"But since this radio business started, he wakes me up in the middle of the night. 'Say,' he asks, 'does this make you laugh?'"

"What I want to know now," sighed Florence Haley, "is how I'm ever going to get any sleep!"

But what I wanted to know was if she laughed. Because if Jack Haley can make anybody laugh in the middle of the night he's a cinch on the air or anywhere else.

She said she did. "But," she added, "I'm in love with Jack. I'd do anything for him!"

ATTENTION!

Here are the Winners of the
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"I Believe —"

(Continued from page 12)

should protect its men who pay dues, and it should promote efficiency and initiative. The craft unions we now have—with the exception of CIO—are doing a fine job. I am, and always will be for them. The CIO is composed of men who want something for nothing. They want to step in and get the same pay that men have taken years to get through efficiency and initiative.

"Take me, for example," Boake Carter smiled, "I have spent years working my way up in the newspaper and radio business. What would I say if a young man came in to me and said he was just starting in the business, and expected me to help him get the same pay I get? I would tell him, and not in gentle terms, that he was a lazy fool! I am not for putting the wages of all newspaper men and commentators on the same basis. CIO is full of 'have nots' who want everything that rightfully belongs to the 'haves.' But they don't want to work for it. If a man in a factory spends years at the job of turning a bolt, he has no ambition. He'll never get ahead, and deserves what he is getting.

"I am for a union that respects human initiative," Carter said, "and pays a man for it. I am for no other kind!"

I POINTED out to Boake Carter the many stands that have been taken on Foreign Trade. Most recently, Secretary Wallace came out flatly against foreign trade in a London newspaper article.

"I read that article," Boake Carter answered. "I am for foreign trade. We must have it. We consume 92% of our total output domestically. This leaves 8%. It amounts to 24% in three years' time, and we have to do something about it. If we don't send it away, it depresses local prices. I talked all this over with Admiral Sims before he died," Carter related, "and we reached the same conclusion. It gets back to my basic philosophy of competition. Trade stimulates us, and we must have it.

"Those arguing against it," he continued, "say that we are the richest nation in the world, and that exporting our natural resources lowers our standard of living. This is a half truth. True, we are now the richest nation in the world, but we won't always be. It's round robin. Next Japan will be the richest nation. Then Russia, and so on. The world prospers under the competition of free trade. I am for it."

A few weeks ago, President Roosevelt brought up the question of government health control. The President advocated taking drastic steps to check the disease prevalent in our country. This, in brief, was the subject that I next brought to the attention of Boake Carter. It was a problem he had outlined for a future broadcast and he got to the point quickly.

"As we become more civilized, we become more diseased. We lived a good many years without care, but we can't any longer. Greek and Roman history point out to us what will happen unless something is done in this country along the lines of health control. I believe that some day, very soon, the medical care of the people of this country will have to be put into the hands of the government."

Crime being what it is—United States leading the world in this pastime—I considered it important to get the commentator's opinion on why we have it, and what can be done about it.

"One reason why crime goes unchecked here," Carter advanced, "is that we have



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about a new help
for women's trying days

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SAYS

Jane Heath

No girl can look truly super-smooth and glamorous with brows running rampant or a fringe of short hairs sprouting from her hair line. TWEEZETTE is the little beauty implement for removing face hairs automatically and painlessly, and a cap covers the pluckers so you can carry it in your purse wherever you go! \$1.



don't forget

It isn't enough just to de-fringe yourself . . . the glamour girls all have that well-groomed look too! . . . Sleek, shining brows like wings . . . long, silky lashes. . . KURLENE is a scientific formula for grooming—so always stroke your brows and lashes with it before retiring. Use KURLENE for daytime, too, and notice the lovely rainbow lights a touch of it puts in your lashes! 50c and \$1.



remember

Spell eye beauty, "K-U-R-L-A-S-H," for only a frame of curling lashes can bring out the greatest charm of your eyes. So slip your lashes into KURLASH every day. In only 30 seconds they'll be perfectly and naturally curled without heat, cosmetics or practice. \$1.

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so many people and they are spread out over such a wide area. It constitutes trouble for our police force. Criminals are hard to catch, because they have a large territory to run free in. The basic reason for crime, I believe, is that we are yet a young people. We have many different nationalities here, and we haven't learned to get along well together.

"People ask me why we could not apply the British system of criminology here. I admit it is the best in the world, but it is also suited only to the British temperament, and would never work here. All we can do, is to learn to understand our mixed racial tendencies better. As we become an older nation, our crime will be less of a problem."

Boake Carter has always fought Fascism and Communism. He has always maintained that Democracy is a superior type of government. It was for this reason that I saved the question until the close of our interview. His answer came over the desk clipped, efficiently worded:

"Communism says that we are all created equal. This is a fallacy. For example, I point to the last twenty years of the Russian experiment. They are fast becoming the most capitalistic nation in the world! Fascism, on the other hand, is not natural. It does not permit people to say what they think. I for one must have the right to express my opinion freely.

"I believe that Democracy is a form of government which comes the closest to recognizing human nature. I am for Democracy and always will be, because it does recognize the fundamental human character. The desire of human beings to want to better themselves."

THE telephone rang again. A brief answer, and Mr. Carter hung up. Before I could get my last question out, it rang again. The day was growing older, and news was getting hotter. My time was almost up. I could tell by the nervous way Boake Carter moved his hands. They were itching for action.

I had read in a daily trade journal of radio that officials were going to suppress some of the dynamite that the red-headed commentator spilled over the air. I had to get this question out. When he hung up for the second time, I popped it at him. Without any ceremony. He straightened up, and shot his answer back at me.

"Did you hear my program last night?" Before I could answer, he continued. "If anything, I cracked out harder than I ever have before. I'm not going to be censored by anybody. If I were, all the value of my program would be lost. If you don't believe this, listen to what I have to say on the air. The time has come for the going to get tougher. If the time ever does come when I can't say what I want to say—I won't be broadcasting!"

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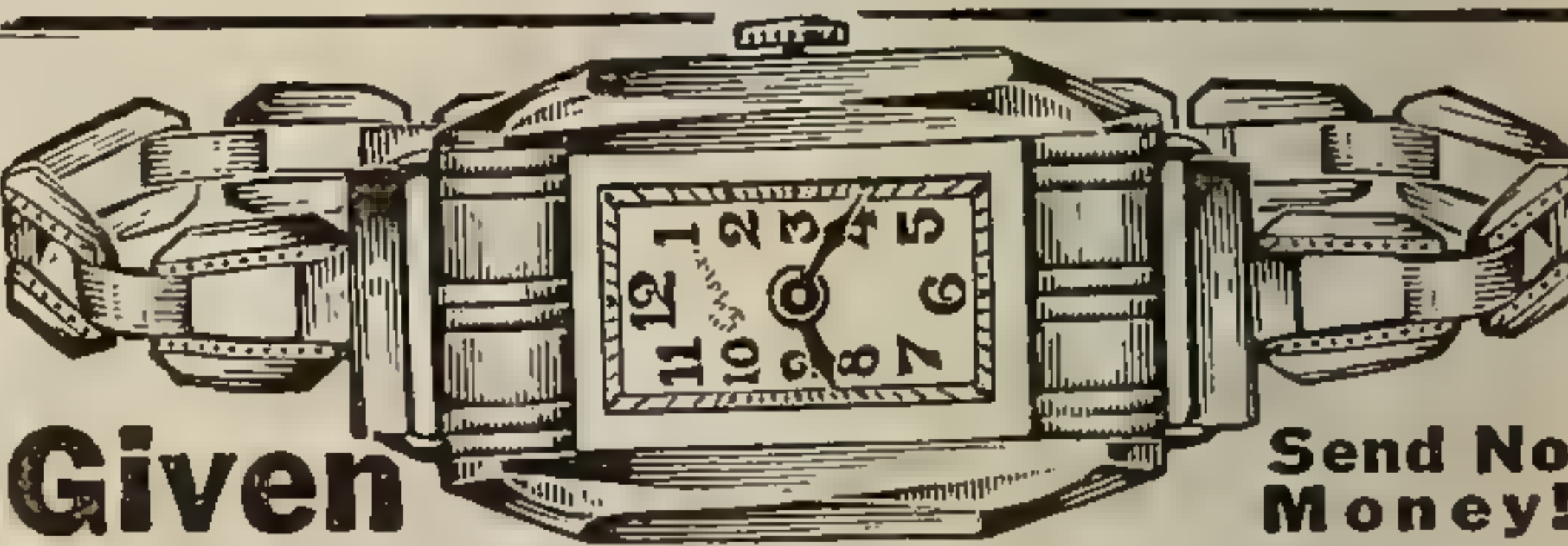
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For quick relief from the itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, rashes and other externally caused skin eruptions, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION. Original formula of Doctor Dennis. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or your money back. Ask for D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.



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and beautifully designed chrome plated case. Or big cash commission. Yours for SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE big colored

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The Best GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can



mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

What's New?

(Continued from page 5)

a Manhattan theater. It was quite a sacrifice, too, because if it hadn't been for staying over she could have met her new husband, Buddy Westmore, a day earlier in Boston. But Martha stayed. What with one thing and another on the day of the premiere, she was late getting to Lindy's for dinner. Half-way through the meal, she saw with horror that the clock was creeping up toward nine o'clock, so she did something only Martha Raye could do. Stuffing the rest of the dinner in her mouth, she dashed for the door, hailed a taxi, and started for the Astor Theater. At that, she was almost late—autograph hunters spotted her and held up the taxi until a policeman jumped on the running board and constituted himself her escort.

* * *

THE deepest sympathy of all his friends went out to Eddie Duchin, the popular orchestra leader, on August 3, when his wife, the former Marjorie Oelrichs, died in a New York hospital as the result of complications which arose after the birth of a son on July 28.

* * *

THAT non-existent singer, Jack Randolph, will soon be back on the air again. Remember when Jerry Cooper used the name of Randolph on his electrical recordings for the Drene company, but finally dropped the name because Randolph was getting more famous than

Cooper? Barry Wood has Jerry's old job with Drene, now that Jerry's singing on Hollywood Hotel, and he's making some transcriptions for the same company—using the name of Jack Randolph.

* * *

FOR the first time in his career, Lanny Ross will sing this fall on a program which originates in Hollywood—the Packard show, Tuesday nights at 9:30 on the NBC Red network. Charlie Butterworth and Florence George, the lovely blonde soprano from Chicago, will be featured on the show with Lanny, with music supplied by Raymond Paige's orchestra. Lanny was a bit reluctant to go out to Hollywood—it meant leaving his favorite spot, the up-state New York farm where he spends every hour he can spare. To make up for the many months he'll be away from the farm, he took the three-week interval between his departure from Show Boat and a singing engagement in Dallas, and spent it all as a gentleman farmer. Not too much the gentleman, either—Lanny does know how to pitch hay and feed a cow.

* * *

THE collegiate sense of humor is not popular in Hollywood. Take it from Pinky Tomlin, one of the stars of Eddie Cantor's summer show. Pinky knows.

Pinky became famous three years ago, almost before he was out of college, when he published "The Object of My Affection," and he's never really lost the youthful spirit which filled that song-hit with such fresh charm. College memories still

represent the sweetest part of his life to Pinky, and he'd be right at home on any campus.

Recently he thought it would be a good gag to tip the waiter at a popular—and swanky—Hollywood night club a penny. Now, that's a gag any collegian can get away with. But Pinky's next visit to that restaurant found him seated at a table far in the rear of the house. He ordered. Exactly one hour later came the first course. It took Pinky five hours to eat his dinner, served to him at hourly intervals. He didn't get up and walk out because he realized he had the lesson coming to him. Today he's one of the restaurant's best—and best-liked—customers.

* * *

IN his travels around the world Bob Ripley has collected more than strange facts. He has collected an assortment of strange pictures—some of them horrible and frightening in the extreme. He exhibited some of these at a party he gave for newspaper men when his new Friday-night program for General Foods got under way. One of the hard-boiled reporters took one look at the pictures, turned pale, and keeled over in a faint.

* * *

AFTER seven years, Floyd Gibbons is moving from the Midtown hotel where he has maintained a combined office and home. The Gibbons establishment filled three suites of the hotel with secretaries, filing cabinets, old newspapers, typewriters, souvenirs, and visiting celebrities; but unfortunately there wasn't much room



ARE YOU ASHAMED OF YOUR SKINNY BODY? —READ THIS



JUST THINK, HELEN, ONLY A FEW WEEKS MORE AND WE'LL BE OFF ON OUR BERMUDA CRUISE! AREN'T YOU THRILLED THAT DICK'S COMING ALONG, TOO?

OH, ANN! I'M SORRY I'M GOING—DICK'S NEVER SEEN ME IN A BATHING SUIT AND I'M SO SKINNY!



NOW DON'T YOU WORRY, HELEN—JUST START TAKING IRONIZED YEAST RIGHT AWAY—IT BUILT ME UP IN NO TIME

A FEW WEEKS LATER



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THANKS TO IRONIZED YEAST

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WHY be ashamed to be seen because of a skinny, scrawny figure? Thousands of girls have put on 10 to 25 pounds of solid flesh in a few weeks—with these amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets.

No matter how thin and rundown you may be, you may easily gain normal, attractive curves this quick way—also naturally clear skin, new pep, and all the new friends and good times these bring.

Why they build up so quick

Doctors now say thousands of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough yeast vitamins (Vitamin B) and iron in their daily food.

Now, by a new process, the vitamins from the special rich yeast used in making English ale, world-renowned for its medicinal properties, are concentrated to 7 times their strength in ordinary yeast. This 7-power concentrate is combined with 3 kinds of iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron). Pasteurized English ale yeast and other valuable tonic ingredients are added. Finally, for your protection

and benefit, every batch of Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically, to insure full vitamin strength.

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Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the very first package you don't begin to eat better and get more benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength and pep—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the pounds you need—your money promptly refunded. So start today.

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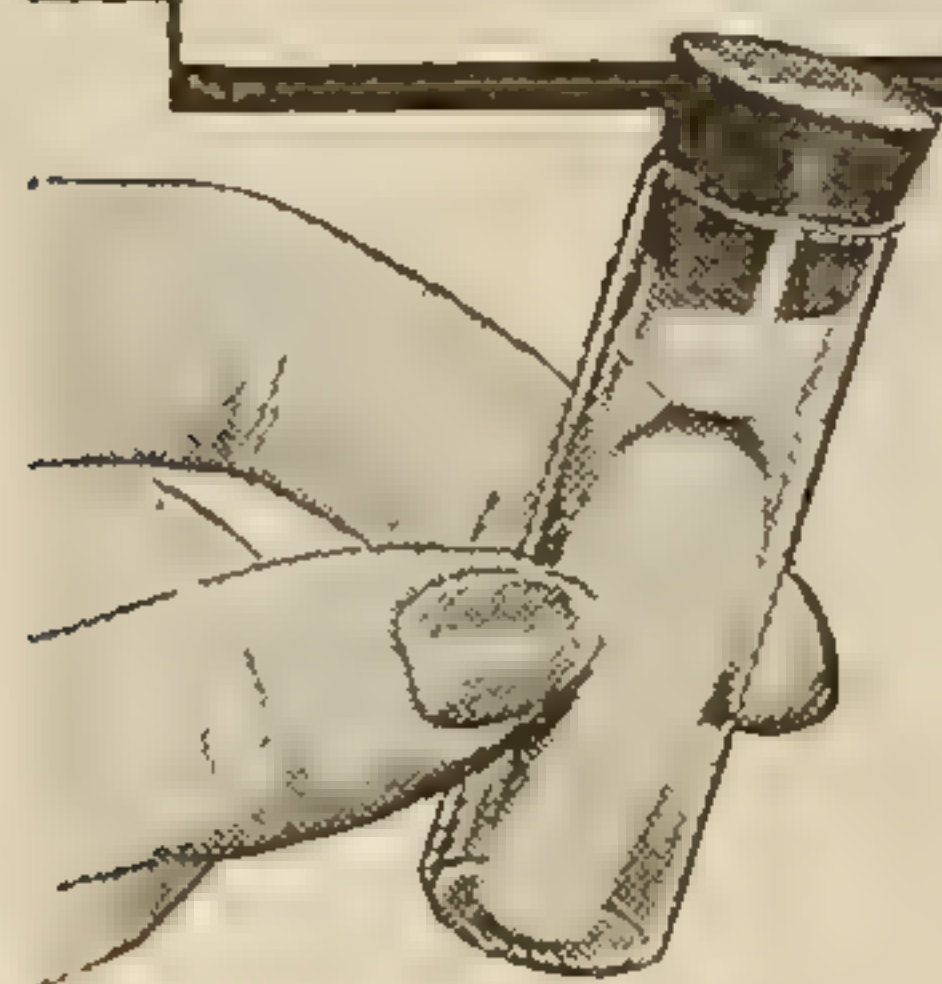
To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2210, Atlanta, Ga.

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4. For your douche, after using Zonitors, we recommend Zonite. Its antiseptic qualities, proven by over 20 years of continuous use, promote feminine cleanliness—assures additional protection. Use 2 tablespoons of Zonite to 1 quart of water.

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Use Saxolite Astringent Daily
A DELIGHTFULLY refreshing astringent lotion. Tingling, antiseptic, helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

Choose Phelactine Depilatory
For removing unwanted hair quickly. Easy to use. At drug and department stores everywhere.

for sunlight. Since he's been on the air nearly a full year without getting time for his usual trip to foreign countries, Floyd decided he at least had to have some place to sun himself. He's moving from the hotel to a penthouse atop an apartment building with plenty of terrace space for sunning.

* * *

THE Jacques Renards, out in Hollywood, also moved not so long ago, but they're not so sure it was a good idea. It had one unforeseen result.

Most of the members of the Renard family took it as a matter of course that their next-door neighbors would be Lupe and Johnny (Tarzan) Weissmuller. Not young Philip Renard. He got wildly excited when he heard the news, and for days before the family moved he acted very strangely. He'd disappear for hours at a time, and even when he was around he seemed to be gargling under his breath.

As soon as they arrived at the new house Philip climbed the high wall dividing the two houses, perched on top, took a deep breath, and—"ahh-eee-ooo-ahh!"

Back came an answer from the Weissmuller home: "Ahh-ee-ooo-ahh!" And Lupe Velez appeared, a little bit startled to discover Philip instead of her husband.

But she and Philip have become great friends. And Johnny has helped Philip to practice his Tarzan call until it's almost as good as the original. To, it must be added, the dismay of the senior Renards.

* * *

THE radio world has a high opinion of Harry Von Zell's wisdom, judgment, and abilities—an opinion which Harry's seven-year-old son, Kenneth, can't share. When Kenneth went with his mother to visit Harry's parents in Hollywood this summer, the one thing he wanted most of all to do was see Charlie McCarthy, whom he thinks is the funniest comedian on the air. "But," Harry pointed out when he heard about this ambition, "Charlie McCarthy isn't a real boy. He's just a dummy." Harry should have known better than to stick his neck out—Kenneth not only didn't believe him, but his opinion of his father's intelligence went down in an express elevator. Imagine saying Charlie McCarthy isn't a real boy! He talks, doesn't he?

* * *

REALLY good news to lovers of homespun, common-sense philosophy is that Tony Wons, Scrapbook tucked under his arm, is returning to the network which first brought him fame. Early in October he'll begin a thrice-weekly morning program on the CBS network, under the sponsorship of the Vicks Chemical company. Tony's been absent from the coast-to-coast air for several years, although for part of that time he was heard on a mid-western station. Last winter he was seriously ill, but now he is completely recovered and ready for his comeback.

* * *

KEN MURRAY received lots of fine presents for his birthday recently, but he thought the best one was a new encyclopedia given him by his girl, Florence Heller. But Tony Labriola, who plays Oswald, wasn't so sure. He looked enviously at all the other presents—then he came to the encyclopedia set and his lip curled. "What's the use of that?" he asked. "Twenty-four books and all alike!"

* * *

VIRGINIA VERRILL is still learning things about life in Hollywood. The latest lesson was administered in the front row center of the Hollywood Legion Sta-



Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



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NEWEST SENSATION! Send any snapshot or photo and we'll reproduce it in this beautiful onyx-like ring. Indestructible! (Hand-tinted 25c extra)

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dium a few weeks ago. Many a sports writer had spoken wisely to Virginia about wrestling matches, telling her that all bouts were fixed and that the fight business was as safe as knitting. Thus reassured, Virginia hied herself to the Stadium to view a wrestling match. It would have been all right if she hadn't had a front-row seat. Instead of pennies, heaven sent Virginia a 200-pound wrestler. He landed in her lap, bumped her neck against the top of her seat, and knocked her unconscious. Just as she came to and lifted her head, she bumped into a bottle of smelling salts somebody was holding under her nose and it knocked her out again.

Her injuries weren't serious enough to keep her from coming to the Goldwyn studio for picture work next day. Sam Goldwyn, the producer, took one look at her bruised neck and demanded to know the trouble.

"A wrestler fell in my lap last night, Mr. Goldwyn," she said.

"Serves you right," Sam exclaimed. "You should know better than to go around with wrestlers."

* * *

THE sponsor of one of radio's pet programs has proved that business isn't all she's good at. Patricia Gordon, who sponsors the Tale of Today series every Sunday on NBC, was the inspiration for Dr. Samuel A. Lieberman's "In a Winter Garden" orchestral suite, which recently won the Hollywood Bowl prize. At a musical evening in her Chicago home, Mrs. Gordon suggested to Dr. Lieberman that he write a piece of music giving the highlights of vaudeville, and later outlined the idea on paper. Dr. Lieberman set to work, and won a prize. The suite has also been played on the General Motors Symphony hour.

* * *

LIFE is one long scurry and bustle for a radio star. She can never tell when some seemingly harmless request will develop into a minor crisis. Take Jean Dickenson, the young soprano on the American Album of Familiar Music, for instance. One day NBC telephoned that some photographers were coming to take pictures of her penthouse apartment, where she lives with her parents and her Scotch terrier, Gilly. There followed a mad scramble to tidy up the apartment. Odd coats, magazines, musical scores, puppy playthings, and what not were shoved any old way into closets and the drawers of Jean's dressing-table. Anything to get them out of the way. Then NBC called again. A magazine was sending its photographer too, about the same time as the NBC man, to take pictures of Jean's closet and dressing-table drawers.

* * *

NETWORK officials shudder when they think of anything going out over the air as part of a big program which hasn't already been rehearsed and okayed, but now and then a performer takes the bit in his teeth and cuts loose with a little impromptu entertainment just for the fun of it. Alec Templeton, the brilliant blind pianist on Universal Rhythm, did this one hot summer night, while the broadcast was in full swing. Sepp Moscher, the assistant director of the orchestra, whom you know by the name of Larry Marsh, was busy looking over the music for the next number while Templeton was doing his part of the broadcast. Suddenly, Moscher was startled to hear his own voice giving instructions to the orchestra. It was Templeton, making use of his uncanny ability to mimic anybody and anything, and reproducing Moscher's voice to its last shade of accent.

"Listen, Mother!"

HOW ABOUT MY OLIVE OIL POWDER!"



MOTHER, if you want the utmost in comfort, freedom from chafing for your baby, use the baby powder made with *olive oil*. Because of the olive oil, Z.B.T. is smoother, longer-clinging, superior in "slip"—hence more effective against diaper rash, prickly heat and other skin irritations. Z. B.T. is approved by leading hospitals, by Good Housekeeping Bureau and by your baby. Large 25¢ and 50¢ sizes.

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free—A gift package of the two Bathasweet fragrances, Garden Bouquet and Forest Pine, sent free anywhere in the U. S. A. Mail this coupon with name and address to Bathasweet Corp., Dept. MF-J, 1911 Park Avenue, New York.

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To make teeth brilliant, your smile truly attractive, gums too must be cared for. You cannot trust to half-way measures. Begin the two-way care dentists advise, tonight.

1. Clean teeth by brushing all surfaces with Forhan's in the usual manner.
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Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated, soon teeth gleam.

Forhan's Toothpaste was developed by Dr. R. J. Forhan, eminent dental surgeon, to do both vital jobs—clean teeth and safeguard gums. It contains a special ingredient found in no other toothpaste. End half-way care. Get a tube of Forhan's today! Also sold in Canada.

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SPEAKING of mimics, Arthur Boran may hit the air this fall in a program that promises something new in the way of entertainment. If and when, it will be called The Laugh Clinic, and Boran's co-star will be Max Eastman, author of the best-selling "Enjoyment of Laughter." Eastman's job will be to analyze the humor of the country's foremost comedians and explain why they make us laugh. Boran's task, and no small one, will be to imitate the comedians.

* * *

PROBABLY the professional writer never lived who didn't have trouble getting himself out of bed early in the mornings and to work before noon. Carl Carmer, author and star of Your Neck O' the Woods, on CBS, always had the same difficulty until he met some radio people. He'd always thought he wouldn't mind getting up early to play tennis, but the trouble was that all his friends were writers, and they liked to stay in bed late, too. Then he started his air program and met some radio people who had to be in the studios by nine-thirty. Now he plays an eight-o'clock tennis match with them twice a week, and is in his study, writing away, by nine-thirty.

* * *

MAY SINGHI BREEN and Peter De Rose, NBC singers, are in no doubt as to how America feels about the war scare in Europe. In the past few weeks they've received a number of requests to sing a number written away back in 1917. Its name is "I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier."

If You Want To Act—

(Continued from page 35)

"Gentlemen After Midnight," with Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. It didn't take her long to prove her point, because we had been watching Archie Mayo, the director, putting Mr. Howard and Eric Blore through a scene before an elevator in the lobby of a hotel.

"There you are," Olivia said. "They've already shot the scene where Leslie and Eric get off the elevator and go to their rooms. That's the way they make movies—piece-meal. Often they shoot the last scene first, then skip backwards and forwards so you don't know where you are, or what's coming next. It's confusing, and I think it is bad for acting. That's why I appreciate radio so much, and look forward to every guest appearance on it."

Which is revolutionary talk for a coming young movie actress, you will agree. But then, Olivia never wanted to go into movies in the first place.

The one thing she had set her heart on was the stage. When she got her first big role, in the touring company of Max Reinhardt's "Midsummer Night's Dream," she was in the seventh heaven of delight. Then Zoe Akins saw her performance and offered her a small part in a Broadway show she had written.

Olivia wanted that small part more than she'd ever wanted anything. Think of it—Broadway! But Reinhardt had made arrangements to film "The Dream," and he wanted her to play her old role in the picture. The studio was agreeable, but only on condition that she sign a long-term contract—which meant that she must give up all her dreams of going on the stage for a long, long while. On the other hand, Reinhardt had given her her first opportunity, and she felt morally bound to do as he asked.

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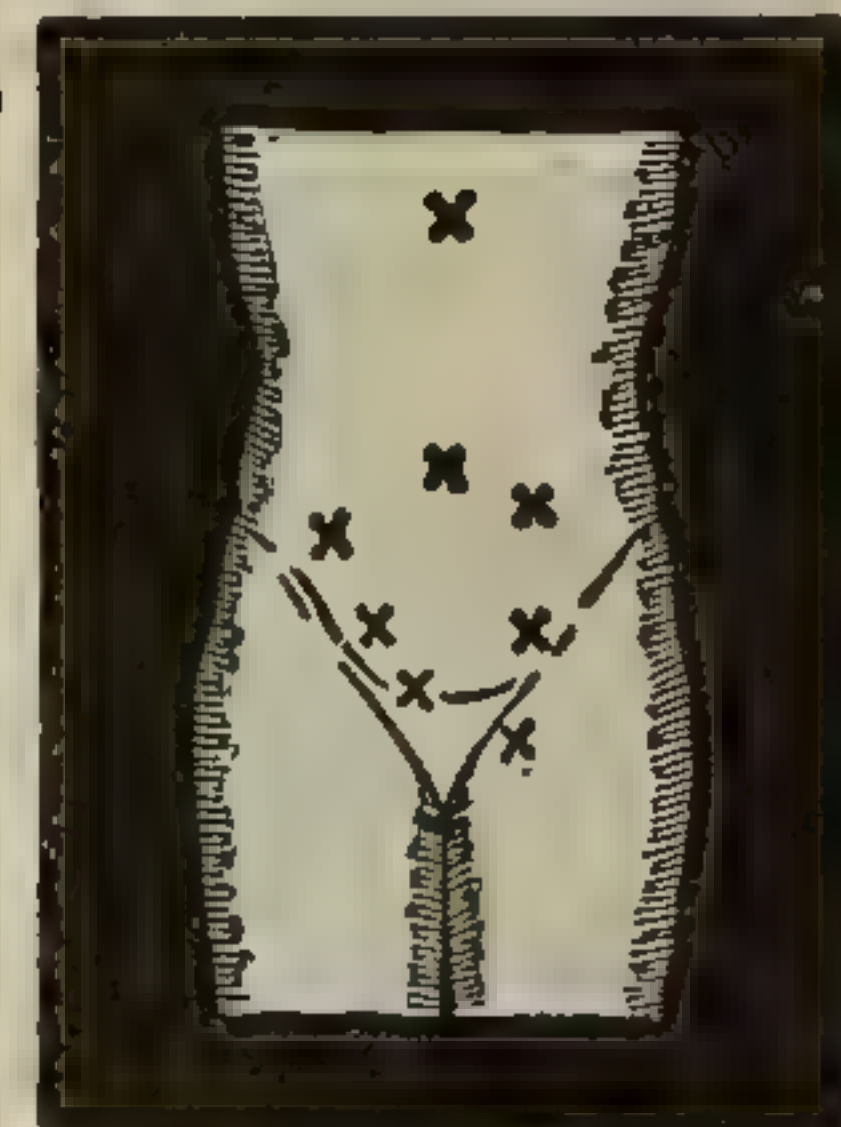
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"I didn't want the movies, I wanted the stage," she told me. "It had been my lifelong ambition. And besides, I didn't believe, without stage training, that I had much of a chance to really get anywhere in the movies.

"But I signed the contract. I decided to make the best of circumstances as they were, even if I wasn't very happy about them. Maybe, I thought, I could still go on the stage—some day."

Olivia still hasn't gone on the stage, and from the big plans Warners has for her, it doesn't look as though she will for some years to come. But suddenly, a few months after her picture career began, all that she had given up came to her, and from a totally unexpected source. Radio.

Her first broadcast was "Captain Blood" with Errol Flynn. Like many another Hollywood star, Olivia was frightened to death of the microphone at first. It was so mechanical, so impersonal. She grew afraid of stumbling in her lines—there could be no retakes in a radio program!

"I suppose Errol saw I was on the verge of the galloping jitters, and he began to tease me," she said. "All through rehearsals he tried to make me see, by laughing and joking, that the mike wasn't going to bite me. By the night of the broadcast I was feeling better, but not much. So I tried to bolster up my courage by going out and buying a new hat. Oh, it was a *very* expensive hat—it cost more than I'd ever paid for a hat before—but I went ahead and bought it because it was a great big picture hat with a rose right in the middle of the forehead, and I was sure it would cause a sensation.

"It did, but not the sort of sensation I'd expected. Errol took one look at it and let out a whoop of laughter. Then Don-

ald Crisp and Basil Rathbone began to laugh, too. By that time I was getting stubborn about it. I'd bought that hat for the audience, and I was going to wear it or die in the attempt. So I marched out on the stage with the hat still on my head.

"Do you think Errol and the rest would let me get by with it? Not for a minute. They made me take it off and put it under a chair, and the audience howled!"

Oddly enough, instead of making her more nervous, all this foolery eased the tension of Olivia's nerves as the broadcast began. Smiling and at ease, she began to read her lines. Then, slowly, she realized that something was happening. This was a real play, done exactly as it would have been done on the stage, except that it had no props or scenery. Scene followed scene in logical order; the story built itself to a stirring climax. She was feeling, living the part, unhampered by interruptions from director or technician.

"It was inspirational!" she told me. "This was the experience I had expected to get only on the stage. Radio was giving me exactly what I wanted!"

Since that first broadcast, Olivia has gone on the air many times, for the Lux Theater and Hollywood Hotel, each time learning how much radio could give her.

For instance, it gave her the opportunity to play with actors from other studios. Had it not been for the Lux Theater, and its production of "Saturday's Children," she could never have played opposite Robert Taylor—whom, incidentally, she likes immensely. In another broadcast she was with Herbert Marshall and Lupe Velez. And to a young actress who takes her profession as seriously as Olivia takes hers, it is a great privilege to watch different actors, study them, and thus learn more about her job.

From radio directors, too, she has learned a great deal. "A radio director must not only know drama, but music," she explained. "He must be able to blend every sort of sound, from the voices of the actors to the thread of background melody. I marvel at the way such directors as Frank Woodruff, of the Lux Theater, and Bill Bacher, of Hollywood Hotel, obtain complete co-ordination of actors, musicians, and sound technicians and avoid a single mistake.

"I've learned how important it is to get exactly the right inflection in the voice; and I've learned how important silence is, too, for a pause can be as eloquent as sound.

"And that's the reason I say that any young actor should look on radio as a great opportunity. It's not easy to get on the stage, but the thousands of radio stations do offer a chance to learn how to act. I'll always be grateful to radio for bringing the stage back into my life when I thought I'd never have a chance at it again."

But if Olivia is grateful to radio, radio is grateful to her, too. She has a personality of that rare sort which projects itself as well through sound as through sight. Not all voices match the faces of their owners. Olivia's does.

Warner Brothers regard Olivia as the most valued young player on the lot. She has been cast in one picture after another, and each role seems to have brought out greater talent. Her first was with Joe E. Brown, and in it she was merely decorative. As the smitten young thing in "Call It a Day," where she suffered the tortures of first love's frustration, Olivia gave a performance that any star might envy.

And hand in hand with her progress forward has gone the microphone, now her proven ally.

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Modern doctors now say that the old idea of poisons getting into your blood from constipation is BUNK. They claim that constipation swells up the bowels causing pressure on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure is what frequently causes bilious spells, dizziness, headaches, upset stomach, dull, tired-out feeling, sleepless nights, coated tongue, bad taste and loss of appetite.

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Another feature of universal interest is "Hollywood Morals—If Any," by Errol Flynn who tells the truth as he sees it with utter frankness and candor. Still another feature that will intrigue your interest is "Hollywood Does Not Understand Sex," by Gilbert Seldes. In fact, every page between the covers of this larger and most unusual magazine will please you tremendously.

The new Photoplay, in its larger luxury size is so rich in art, rich in color, rich in content that it is a pleasure to touch and a thrilling adventure to read. The price remains at 25c as formerly. So take no chances on missing it.

GET YOUR COPY TODAY — AT THE NEAREST NEWSSTAND

Wake Up and Live With Hot Cereals

(Continued from page 54)

is devoted to his two dogs. In one important respect, however, his life differs from that of the average high school boy he portrays so well—he is excused from classes daily for the rehearsal of the Vic and Sade program.

Like all boys, Billy loves to eat and he realizes the important part the right foods play in his busy and active life. He's a stickler for a hot cereal breakfast, he told me, for nothing else "stays with him" so well during the long day of radio and school activities. He also advocates cooked cereals for lunch and for those between-meal snacks without which no growing boy seems able to function. Cooked wheat cereal and oatmeal are his favorites and he prefers them with milk only—no cream and sugar since they hide the good flavor of the cereals.

He has the normal boy's fondness for cookies. Two that he recommends highly, wheat cereal and raisin cookies and oatmeal nut cookies, I hope you will try for your own family, for their ingredients make them especially desirable for children's menus.

WHEAT CEREAL AND RAISIN COOKIES

- 1½ cups flour (sift before measuring)
- ¼ cup uncooked wheat cereal
- 3 tsps. baking powder
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- ½ cup butter
- ¾ cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- ½ cup chopped raisins

Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add the eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Combine the dry ingredients and sift together twice. Add the dry mixture, together with the chopped raisins, to the creamed mixture and blend thoroughly. Drop by spoonfuls onto a well greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) until done.

OATMEAL NUT COOKIES

- 3 cups flour
- 3 cups oatmeal

- 1¾ cups brown sugar
- ½ tsp. salt
- 1 cup butter
- 1 egg
- ½ cup milk
- ½ tsp. soda
- 1 cup chopped walnut meats
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Sift together flour, oatmeal, salt and sugar and cut in shortening. Add the beaten egg, then beat in the milk in which the soda has been dissolved. Add nuts and vanilla. Roll thin on lightly floured board, cut into desired shapes and bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) for fifteen minutes.

Fluffy muffins, another favorite of Billy's, also depends on wheat cereal for their flavor and lightness.

FLUFFY MUFFINS

- 1 cup flour (sift before measuring)
- ½ cup uncooked wheat cereal
- 3 tsps. baking powder
- 1 tbl. sugar
- ½ tsp. salt
- 1 cup milk
- 1 egg
- 1 tbl. melted butter

Allow the milk to stand until it reaches room temperature. Sift the dry ingredients together. Beat the egg and stir, with the melted butter, into the milk. Combine the liquid and dry mixtures and stir until smooth, but no longer. Pour into well-greased muffin tins and bake in hot oven (425 degrees F.) for about twenty minutes.

I have other suggestions for cooking and serving cereals, also spoon bread and raisin and nut pudding recipes, both of which are made with cereals. If you would like to have these recipes, just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Jack Benny's "Vacation Broadcast"

(Continued from page 19)

DON: Is that so?

JACK: (And you can practically see him hooking his thumbs into the arm holes of his vest.) Yep. Of course, I prefer comedy, but if I'm the romantic type—well, what can I do?

MARY: Play comedy.

DON: Say, Jack, here's Kenny Baker. He wants to ask you something.

JACK: Why hello, Kenny. What do you want?

KENNY: Well, you know I've signed a contract to make a picture as soon as we get back, too.

JACK: Oh, have you, Kenny? I'm glad to hear it. What company?

KENNY: Monotonous Films.

JACK: Well, that's a nice company. Makes a lot of pictures too. How did you get the job?

KENNY: Incognito. I told them I was Robert Taylor.

JACK: Oh boy, wait until they find out!

KENNY: But I'm a little worried, Jack. You know, you've had so much experience, I wish you'd give me a few pointers. I'm a little weak on dramatic lines, and com-

edy, and character parts.

JACK: Well, what can you do?

KENNY: I could make love, with a little encouragement.

MARY: (Hopefully) Encourage him, Jack.

JACK: Don't worry, Kenny, all you need is a little coaching. For instance, take a scene like this. Suppose you come home to your wife after eight years in the Navy and you find her in the arms of another. Now you walk in and say, "So this is what's been going on, eh? You've let eight years in the Navy separate us. When I get you alone, I'm going to kill you, kill you, kill you!"

KENNY: Do I kill her?

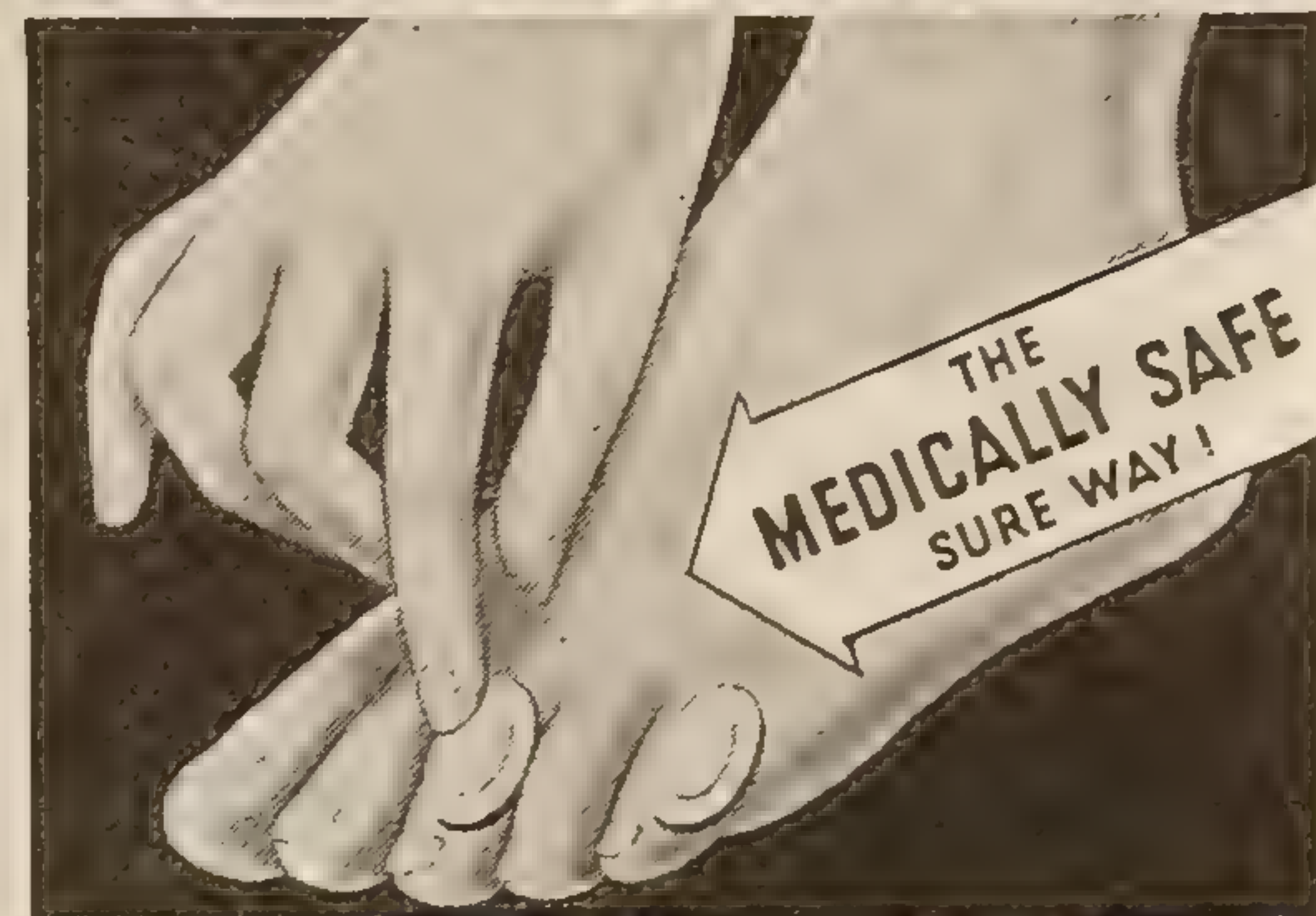
JACK: No, she's never alone. Now you try it, Kenny.

KENNY: (He rattles the speech off without any expression at all) So this is what's been going on, eh . . . Gee, you've let eight years in the Navy separate us. When I get you alone I'm going to kill you three times, so help me.

JACK: Hm!

KENNY: What will I do now?

CORNS

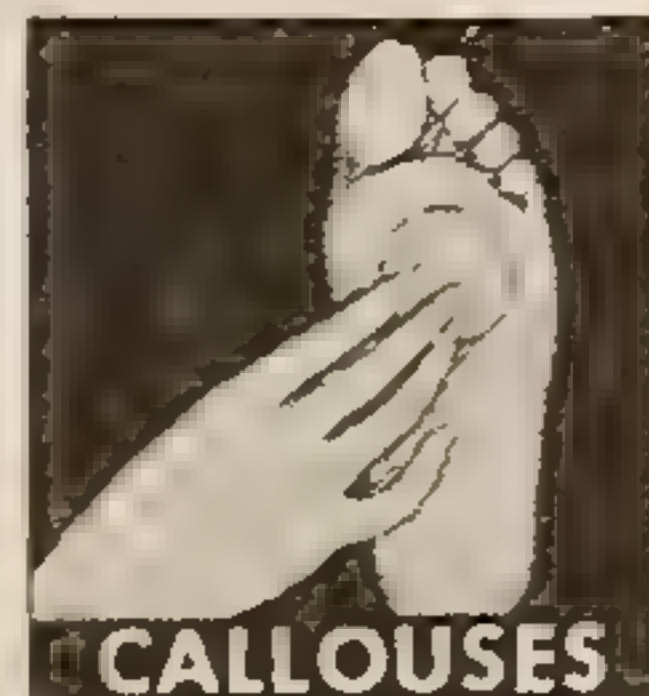


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MARY: Tear up your contract.
JACK: No, Kenny, try again and put some fire into it.
KENNY: Okay, Jack . . . So this is what's been going on, eh? After eight years I find you in the arms of another.
JACK: No, Kenny, Gable wouldn't do it that way.
MARY: Gable wouldn't stay away eight years.
KENNY: Gee, this is too hard, Jack. Shall I try something else?
JACK: Yes—sing, Kenny.
(Kenny sings "You're My Desire") and makes a swell job of it, too. Then, as he finishes:
SALESMAN: Mr. Benny, Mr. Benny! . . . Hello, Mr. Benny, remember me?
JACK: No.
SALESMAN: That's what I thought, now I can speak freely. My name is Chisleworth, Chester C. Chisleworth, and I represent the Major Motors Company. Now, how about buying a car now, while you're on your vacation, and then it will be all ready for you to use when you get back to Hollywood.
JACK: Well . . .
SALESMAN: Let me show you our catalogue. Now right here is the best buy in America today, the Synthetic Seven. Yes, sir! What a car! And talk about economy—why, you can get fifteen miles to every fifteen gallons of gasoline.
JACK: Well, I don't think I'm interested—
SALESMAN: And talk about speed—why, this little car is so fast, it will take your breath away.
JACK: Take my breath away! What do you do, drive it or gargle with it?
SALESMAN: With this car you don't need gargles. Our windshields are sun-proof, windproof, shatterproof, and bullet-proof.
JACK: Sounds pretty good, eh, Mary?
MARY: Yes, and he's got nice eyes, too.
SALESMAN: Now, just look at this picture of the car, Mr. Benny. Notice its beautiful lines, those lovely curves. Just look at that streamlined chassis!
JACK (Doubtfully): I don't know—I like Loretta Young better. What's the price of that Synthetic Seven?
SALESMAN: Three hundred and eighty dollars—but if you want to go just a little higher, we've got the Synthetic Nine.
JACK: How much is that?
SALESMAN: Twelve thousand.
JACK: Hm, not bad.
SALESMAN: Of course the nine is built especially for touring. If you buy it, you'll get a trailer.
MARY: What's a trailer, Jack?
JACK: A man from the finance company—I ought to know.
SALESMAN: Now, as a special inducement, the moment you buy this car we give you twenty gallons of gas free.
JACK: What about the oil?
MARY: He's giving you that now.
JACK: Well, you see, Mr. . . .
MESSENGER BOY: Radiogram for Mr. Benny.
JACK: Ah! Just in the nick of time! (We hear the rattle of paper, then Jack reads): "Arriving by plane this afternoon. Must discuss story of your next picture. Signed, Gensler, Paramount Studios. Well, can you imagine that! Flying all the way over here to discuss the picture with me! Gee, it certainly must be a big part."
MARY: Either that or they're worried.
JACK: I'll have to go and rest—he'll be here any minute now. Play, Don—I mean John—I mean Phil!
(Phil Harris' orchestra begins to play "Where or When" from the musical comedy, "Babes in Arms," but soon, over the music, we hear the drone of an airplane motor—then a babble of voices—and

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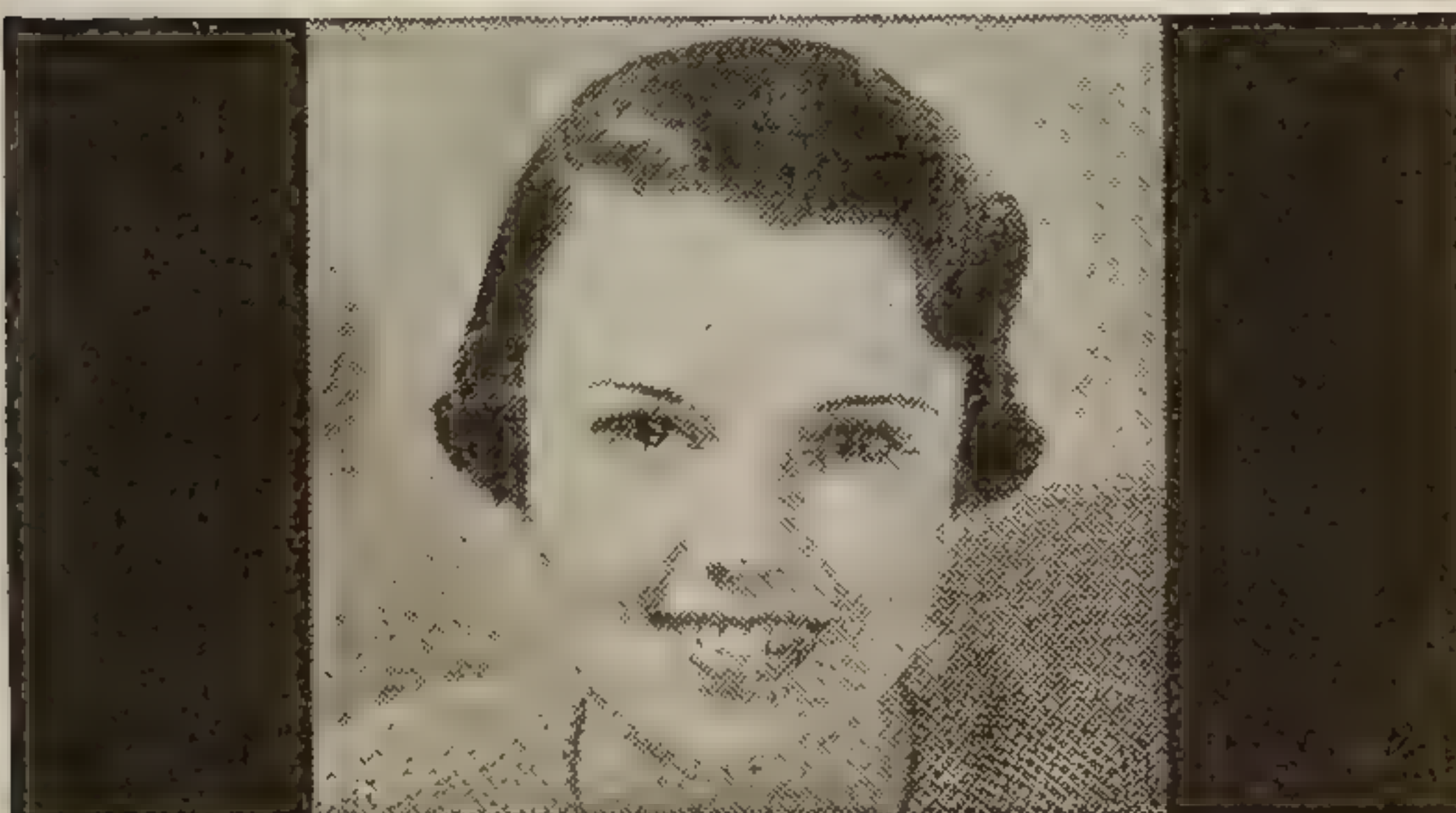
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when next we hear Jack, he and the director of his new picture are deep in discussion. Listen:)

JACK: When do I come in?

DIRECTOR: Very soon now. Here's where it gets dramatic.

JACK: Oh! (And he clears his throat before he goes on, reading:) "As we fade in, we find the lover seated on the davenport with a beautiful blonde. He takes her in his arms and says, 'Darling, I can't live without you.' She says, 'I can't live without you.' Then he says, 'I can't eat without you.' And she says, 'I can't eat without ketchup.' . . . That's quite romantic, isn't it?"

DIRECTOR: Yes. In fact, we worked two weeks on that one line. We didn't know whether to use ketchup or chili sauce.

JACK: And you worked two weeks on it. MARY: One more week and she could have had mustard.

DIRECTOR: "The lovers move closer together, and as he puts his arm around her you hear the beautiful strains of a violin playing 'Love in Bloom.'"

JACK: Here I come, Mary.

DIRECTOR: "Then a shot is heard!"

MARY: There you go, Jack.

DIRECTOR: "Then as the music dies out, you see the lovers sitting on the floor, looking out of the window at the moonlight."

JACK: Oh, they're on the floor now, huh? What happened to the davenport?

DIRECTOR: We loaned it to Metro.

JACK: Oh, I see . . . You know, Mary, the studios exchange courtesies like that. We loan Metro a davenport and they loan us Garbo.

MARY: Oh!

JACK: I'm not in the picture yet. Do I come in soon?

DIRECTOR: Right away. "As they are looking out of the window, the butler enters the room and says, 'Madame, you're wanted on the phone.' That's you, Jack."

JACK: Who, the butler, the madame, or the phone?

DIRECTOR: The butler, of course.

JACK: (Disgusted) That's fine. I'm supposed to be the star and I play the butler. (Mary starts to laugh.)

JACK: What are you laughing at, Mary?

MARY: I'm not even in the picture and I got a bigger part than you have.

JACK: Now wait a minute, we're not through yet. What happens after that?

DIRECTOR: Well, Jack, then we go into a lot of specialties, dancing, music and comedy—so you'll be out of the next six reels.

JACK: I'll be out for six reels! Well, can't I do anything during that time?

DIRECTOR: Sure, you can do anything you want to—you can play golf, or you can go down to the beach and take a swim.

JACK: I can't swim.

MARY: You ought to be able to learn in six reels.

JACK: Well, there's something to that . . . Now, what do I do next?

DIRECTOR: Ah, you'll like this, Jack. In the last reel you have another big scene—

JACK: I know—the phone rings again—

MARY: And you swim in and answer it.

DIRECTOR: No, this time there is a knock at the door . . . The husband comes in unexpectedly and you hide in the closet.

JACK: Why do I have to hide in the closet? I haven't done anything.

MARY: (There's no stopping this girl) I'll say you haven't.

DIRECTOR: You see, Jack, you're really not the butler at all. You're a detective dressed as a butler.

JACK: Oh, now I get it. I'm a detective (Continued on page 97)

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**DON'T MISS
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Physical Culture

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(Continued from page 95)

and I hide in the closet to trap the lover.

DIRECTOR: That's it exactly. Now when the husband comes into the room and sees his wife in the arms of another, he kills himself, and the lovers live happily ever after. You get the idea?

JACK: Yes, but when do I come out of the closet?

MARY: After the preview.

JACK: Now see here, that part isn't big enough for me. I thought I was going to be the star of this picture. I won't play it!

DIRECTOR: Oh, Mr. Benny . . .

JACK: No, sir, there's no use arguing with me!

DIRECTOR: Well, then, I guess we'll just have to get Fred Allen—

JACK: Now wait a minute—don't fly off the handle. Maybe we can talk this thing over. Just why isn't my part bigger?

DIRECTOR: You see, Mr. Benny, the studio is afraid you can't act the part it had in mind for you at first. Maybe you're not exactly the type, you know.

JACK: What part was it?

DIRECTOR: A storekeeper—a druggist, in fact—very wise and gentle and philosophical. But then we got to thinking it wasn't exactly the sort of part you'd like—

JACK (He's very emphatic now): It's exactly the sort of part I like, and I do it very well. In fact, I'm playing a druggist in our dramatic offering for this broadcast. Now you just listen, and you'll see. The idea of saying I'm not the type!

. . . two grains of salicylate of sodium . . . one grain of phenol-barbitol, and a corned beef sandwich.

WOMAN CUSTOMER: Mustard on the sandwich, please.

JACK: Yes, ma'am. How about Russian dressing on the pheno-barbitol?

WOMAN CUSTOMER: Yes, and hurry up. (We hear the door open and slam).

JACK: Pardon me a moment, ma'am. What can I do for you, sir?

KENNY: I can't sleep nights; what do you suggest?

JACK: How about a nice alarm clock?

KENNY: That sounds good. How much are they?

JACK: Well, these clocks over here are one dollar.

KENNY: One dollar! Why, they're marked fifty-nine cents.

JACK: Well, that's all a dollar is worth today. But they're very good clocks. I make them myself. See the name, Big Benny?

KENNY: Well, never mind. I'll take some chewing gum.

JACK: Chewing gum, okay. Shall I send it?

KENNY: No, just stick it on my shoe.

JACK: Oh, shooin' gum.

WOMAN CUSTOMER: Hey, how about my prescription?

JACK: Oh yes, ma'am. Let's see that again . . . two grains of Silly Symphony . . . one grain of Ricardo Cortez . . . and one grin from the audience. (The door opens again.) Oh, pardon me a moment. What can I do for you, Miss? . . . Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: Let me see . . . Give me a choc-



Always behind the eight-ball! Even in Hollywood, trouble pursues Fibber McGee and Molly. Here they're tangling with James Finlayson, a co-actor in their first moving picture, Paramount's laugh hit, "This Way, Please."

(There's a fanfare of music—then Don Wilson's voice).

DON: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight Jack Benny makes history by appearing in an entirely new role—that of Jack Bennypill, owner and proprietor of Bennypill's Pharmacy in Medicine Hat. Lights! Curtain!

(Fading in, we hear the tinkle of a cash register, the clink of glasses, the hiss of a soda-fountain. Then Jack speaks):

JACK: Yes, ma'am, what can I do for you?

WOMAN CUSTOMER: I'd like to have this prescription filled right away, my husband is awfully sick. Quick, please—he's very low.

JACK: How low is he?

WOMAN CUSTOMER: Right now he's playing pinohle with a worm.

JACK: Oh! Let me see that prescription

olate malted frappayed fudge ice cream soda plain, with maraschino cherries and nuts.

JACK: How about some whipped cream?

MARY: No, I'm on a diet.

JACK: All right, I'll make it right up for you.

MARY: While I'm waiting, give me a New England boiled dinner.

JACK: Wait until I fix the drink for you.

(We hear him fixing it.)

MARY: Wait a minute, don't put any ice cream in it.

JACK: No ice cream, all right.

MARY: Wait—no malt, please.

JACK: I see—no malt either.

MARY: You might as well cut out the fudge, too.

JACK: Okay. (We hear the sound of charged water.)

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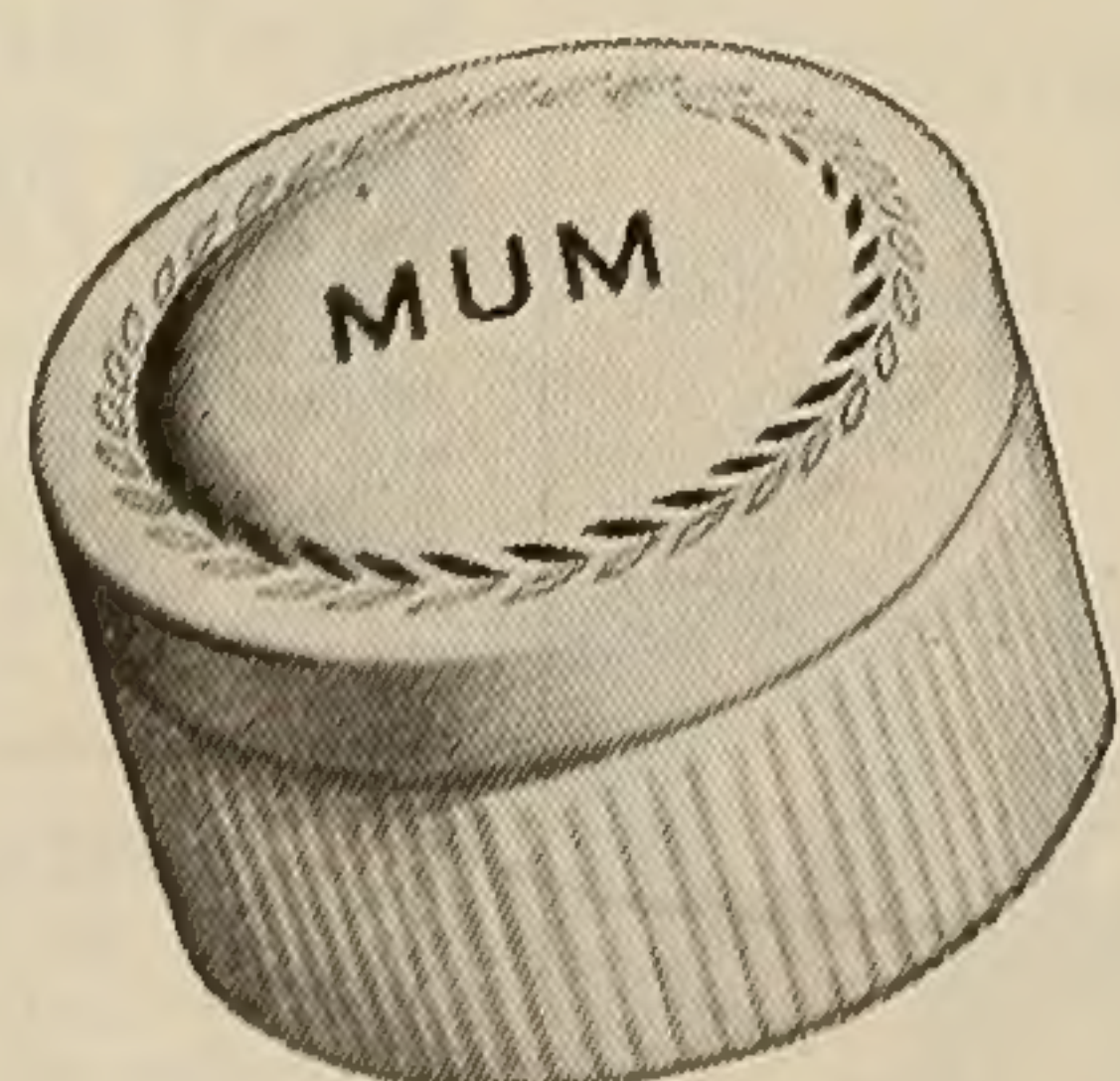
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USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO and you'll never have a moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

MARY: Wait a minute . . . just plain water.

JACK: Hey, all you've got here is a glass of plain water and a straw.

MARY: That's what I want.

JACK: This is a new drink, folks. A Scotch surprise. Here you are, Mary. That will be a penny for the straw.

MARY: I don't need the straw.

JACK: One more customer like you and this place will be a garage.

WOMAN CUSTOMER: Clerk, I want this prescription filled *immediately*. My husband is very low.

JACK: Oh yes, let's see that again . . . Hm, two grams of laudanum . . . one ounce of permanganate of potash . . . two ounces of perlmutter . . . (The door opens again) Pardon me, lady, I'll be right with you.

ANOTHER WOMAN: (Groaning) Oh oh oh oh!

JACK: What's wrong? What can I do for you? (She groans some more) Sit down here—I'll get you some water. (She groans louder) What's the matter?

THE OTHER WOMAN: Give me a three-cent stamp!

JACK: Oh!

WOMAN CUSTOMER: How about my prescription?

JACK: Are you still here? Mary, help me out—take care of that woman, will you?

MARY: Let me see that prescription, Toots . . . two grains of pyramidon . . . one gram of Schenectady . . . one ticket to Syracuse. . .

(The door opens again)

JACK: What can I do for you?

PHIL: Say, have you got any aspirin?

JACK: Yes.

PHIL: Well, why don't you take some, you look terrible.

(The door slams behind him)

JACK: Hm, now I know what's the matter with this place. *I'm sick.*

WOMAN CUSTOMER: Will you please hurry up with that prescription? My husband is *very* low.

JACK: Yes, ma'am, just a minute.

(That door opens again.)

DON: Good evening, good evening.

JACK: How do you do, sir. Anything for you?

DON: I'd like to get some Jell-O. You serve it here, don't you?

JACK: Yes, you little mind reader.

DON: Is it genuine Jell-O with the big red letters on the box?

JACK: It is, if we expect to be back on the air next Sunday.

DON: Then I'll have some.

JACK: There you are sir . . . Well, guess it's time I was locking up. Come on, Mary.

WOMAN CUSTOMER: How about my prescription. I've been waiting all day long and my husband is very low.

JACK: Lock her up, Mary, we'll take care of her tomorrow . . . Play, Phil!

(Phil Harris strikes up with "Strangers In the Dark.")

JACK: That was the last number of this special vacation broadcast, coming to you through the courtesy of RADIO MIRROR. Well, Mr. Gensler, now do you still say I can't act?

DIRECTOR: It was wonderful, Jack! Stupendous!

JACK: So I don't have to play the butler's part?

DIRECTOR: I should say not! You don't have to play any part. You're fired!

JACK: Oh! Good night, folks.

Jack Benny and his gang return to the air over the NBC-RED Network on Sunday, October 3, at 7:00 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, with a repeat West Coast broadcast at 8:30 P. M. Pacific Standard Time.

What a Difference Maybelline does Make!

What a Truly Marvelous Improvement **MAYBELLINE** Eye Beauty Aids Do Make!

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Maybelline creamy, harmonizing Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline Eye Cream—to soften, protect and smooth the tender skin around your eyes.



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